

3 vols



James Sheppard Scott

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~~THE BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH STAGE~~
THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
ENGLISH STAGE:

Consisting of the most affecting and sentimental

PASSAGES, | SIMILIES,
SOLILOQUIES, | DESCRIPTIONS, &c.

IN THE
ENGLISH PLAYS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Digested under proper HEADS in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, with the NAMES and DATES of the PLAYS and their several AUTHORS refer'd to.

The THIRD EDITION,

In which the ERRORS of the former EDITIONS are corrected, and the COLLECTION is continued down to the present YEAR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for E. WITHERS, at the *Seven Stars*, against *Chancery-Lane*, and A. and C. CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, against *St. Dunstan's Church*, both in *Fleet-street*.
M.DCC.LVI.

THE

BRITISH

ALPHABET

AND

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THE P R E F A C E.

THE Proprietors of this Collection thankfully acknowledge the
T favourable Reception it has hitherto met with; this, together
with the frequent Demand of late for it, and its Scarcity, induce them to hope another Edition will not be unwelcome, especially as they have endeavoured to render that, they now offer to the Public, not only more entertaining, but also more useful than either of the former Impressions.

To which Purpose, the several Passages are now arranged in a chronological Series, according to the Time when the respective Plays from whence the Extracts contained in this Publication are particularly taken, first appeared on the Stage, or in Print.

One Intention of this Arrangement is to shew the different Modes of *theatrical* Expression, from the Time of *Shakespear* to the present Day; and whereas the Sons of the Muses are but too much addicted to picking and stealing from each other, (we mean only poetical Treasure) it was further proposed hereby to furnish the intelligent Reader with a Means of detecting these little Thefts, to enable him to trace the Progress of particular Sentiments thro' a Variety of Hands, and thence to do Justice to the real Authors.

It has been thought necessary to strike out some Passages inserted in the former Additions, either on Account of their improper Disposition, or because of the Obscurity, or Uncertainty of their Authors; perhaps the Omission of more would not have been inexcusable.

In the Additions, most, if not all the Dramatic Performances, down to the Year 1755, that could afford Materials proper for such a Collection, and which had been before unnotic'd, have been consulted, and Extracts from the greater Part of them are occasionally inserted: In the Choice of these Additions no Regard has been had to the Success any particular Piece has met with on the Stage; Merit cannot always withstand the
Rage

The P R E F A C E. iii

Rage of Faction, or the Clamours of Prejudice : And some Plays that afford great Pleasure in the Closet, yield much less in the Representation. With Respect to such Compositions as have not been able to gain Admittance to the Theatres, it may, perhaps, be sufficient to observe, that this ought not to determine their real Worth, unless the Judgment of every theatrical Manager, or licensed Inspector of Plays, be supposed infallible.

However, the present Editor is far from contending for the Excellence of every Performance here taken Notice of ; many of them richly deserved the Contempt they have met with : Nevertheless, out of some, even of the worst, may here and there be gleaned a striking Sentiment, a pertinent Reflection, or an apposite Simile, that wanted nothing but a more elegant Dress, or to be in better Company, to recommend them. True ! it is like raking in a Dunghill to find a Pearl ; but as the Labour was not grudged on his Part, it is hoped Candour will take no Exception at such Insertions.

The modern Adaption of *Comus* to the Stage renders any Apology for the Extracts from thence unnecessary : And tho' the ingenious Mr. *Mason* never designed his *Elfrida*

iv *The* P R E F A C E.

for public Representation, its Form, as a Dramatic Poem, made it not improper to enrich this Collection with a few of the many Beauties with which that Composition abounds. The giving WEBSTER's *Unfortunate Dutchess of Malfi* a Place among the Additions, was principally designed to shew there was a Time when Fables were fashionable even in Tragedy.

The Use of the annexed List of Plays is too obvious to require a particular Explanation: The Dates are chiefly taken from JACOB's *Poetical Register*, and CIBBER's *Lives of the Poets*; it is to be wished these Authors had more exactly ascertained the first Appearance of the several Performances they mention; *Shakespear's*, and some others of the early Dramatic Writers, might not have come to their Knowledge; but more Accuracy, with Respect to the modern Poets, as ROWE, &c. might have been expected, especially from the latter of the abovemention'd Biographers, who has been so long and so intimately conversant in theatrical Matters.

Notwithstanding the Care that has been taken to correct the Imperfections of the former Editions, the Editor is conscious of some Inadvertencies: For Instance, under the Article *Dauntless*, two of the three Extracts

The P R E F A C E. v

tracts should have been placed under *Dead*; possibly there may be more Mistakes of the same Sort, tho' but a few. May this ingenuous Acknowledgement of one be accepted in Excuse for all his Defects; and if, upon the Whole, it shall appear that he has endeavoured to do well, it is hoped the candid Reader will with *Horace* say,

———— *Non ego paucis*
Offendar paucis —————

N. B. The Additions are severally distinguish'd by prefix'd Asterisks.



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AN
ALPHABETICAL
INDEX
OF THE
SEVERAL PLAYS

From whence the EXTRACTS in this COLLECTION are taken : With the Dates of their respective Appearance.

N. B. The Mark * denotes the Plays not to have been in the former Editions ; † signifies the Play never to have appeared on the Stage.

Abbreviations. T Tragedy, C Comedy TC Tragic-Comedy, M Masque, O Opera.

Names of Plays.	Authors.	Date
A.		
A Bdelazar, T	Mrs. Aphra Behn	1671
Abramule, T	Dr. Joseph Trap	1704
* Agamemnon, T	Mr. James Thompson	1733
Aglaura, TC	Sir John Sucklin	—
Albion & Albanus, O	John Dryden, Esq;	1685
Albovine, T.	Sir William Davenant	—
Alcibiades, T	Mr. Thomas Otway	1675

I N D E X.

Names of Plays.	Authors.	Date
Alexander, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1677
Alfred, M.	David Mallet, Esq;	1751
All for Love, T	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
All's well that ends well, C }	Mr. William Shakespear	—
* Alzira, T	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1736
*† Amafis, T	Mr. Charles Marsh	1738
Ambitious Step- mother, T }	Nicholas Rowe, Esq; †	1698
Amphytrion, C	John Dryden, Esq;	1691
Anthony and Cleopatra, T }	Sir Charles Sedley	1677
Antiochus, T	Mrs. Wifeman	1706
Appius and Vir- ginia, T }	Mr. John Dennis	1708
*† Arminius, T	Mr. William Paterfon	1740
Assignment, C	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
Atheist, C	Mr. Thomas Otway	1684
Aurengzebe	John Dryden, Esq;	1676

B.

* Barbarossa, T	—	1755
Belisarius, T	— Philips	—
* Boadicea, T	Mr. Glover	1753
Bonduca, T	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Brennoralt, T	Sir John Sucklin	—
British Enchanters, O	Lord Lansdown	1696
The Brothers, T	Mr. James Shirley	1652
* The Brothers, T	Dr. Edward Young	1753
Buſiris, T	The ſame Author	1719

C.

Cæſar Borgia	Mr. Nat. Lee	1680
* Cæſar in Ægypt, T	Colley Cibber, Esq;	1725
	Caius	

† Mr. Rowe's firſt Play.

INDEX

Plays.	Authors.	Date
Caius Marius, T	Mr. Thomas Otway	1680
Catiline, T	Ben. Johnson	1611
Cato, T	Joseph Addison, Esq;	1712
Chances, C	Originally wrote by Beaumont and Fletcher: Al- tered and revived by George Vil- lars, Duke of Buckingham	—
Cheats, C	Mr. John Wilfon	1671
Circe, O	Dr. Charles Davenant	1677
Cleomenes, T	John Dryden, Esq;	1692
Comus, M	Mr. John Milton	1634
Conquest of Gra- nada, T }	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
Constantine, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1684
* Constantine, T	Mr. Philip Francis	1754
Coriolanus, T	Shakespear	—
Coriolanus, T	Mr. Nahum Tate	1682
* Coriolanus, T	Mr. James Thomson	1749
Coxcomb, C	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
* Creusa, T	Mr. William Whitehead	1754
Custom of the Country, C }	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Cymbeline, T	Shakespear	—
Cynthia's Revels, C	Ben. Johnson	1600
D.		
Darius, T.	Mr. John Crowne	1688
Disappointment, C	Mr. Thomas Southern	1684
Distress'd Mother, T	Ambrose Phillips, Esq;	1713
Don Carlos, T	Mr. Thomas Otway	1679
Don Sebastian, T	John Dryden, Esq;	1690
Double Marriage, T	Beaumont and Fletcher	—

INDEX.

Plays.	Authors.	Date
Duke of Gloucester, T	Ambrose Philips, Esq;	1722
Duke of Guise, T	Dryden and Lee	1683
Duke of Lerma, T	Sir Robert Howard	1668

E.

* Earl of Essex, T	Mr. Henry Jones	1753
Earl of Warwick T	Mr. Tolson	1720
*† Edward and Eleonora, T	Mr. James Thomson	1736
* Edward the B. Prince, T	Mr. William Shirley	1750
* Edwin, T	George Jeffreys, Esq;	1724
* Elfrida	Mr. Mason	1752
* Elmeric, T	Mr. Lillo	1740
* Eugenia T,	Mr. Philip Francis	1752
* Eurydice T,	David Mallet, Esq;	1731

F.

Fair Captive, T.	Mrs. Eliza Heywood	1719
Fair Inconstant, T.	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1709
Fair Penitent, T.	Nicholas Rowe, Esq;	—
* Fall of Mortimer, T	—	1729
Fall of Saguntum, T	Philip Frowde, Esq;	1727
Fatal Divorce, T.	Mr. Charles Gildon	1698
* Fatal Love, T.	{ Osborne Sydney } { Wandesford, Esq;	1730
Fatal Marriage, T	Mr. Thomas Southern	1694
† Fatal Mistake	Mr. Joseph Haynes	1696
Fatal Vision, T	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1716
Fate of Capua, T	Mr. Thomas Southern	1700
* Force of Friendship, T	Mr. Charles Johnson	1710

Fre-

INDEX.

Plays.	Authors.	Date
Frederick Duke of Brunswick- Lunenburg, T	Mrs. Eliza Heywood	1728
G.		
Generous Con- queror, T	Mr. Bevil Higgons	—
Gloriana, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1676
Governor of Cy- prus, T	Mr. John Oldmixon	—
Greenwich-park, C	Mr. William Mountford	1691
*†Gustavus Vasa, T	Henry Brooke, Esq;	1739
H.		
Hamlet, T	Shakespear	—
Henry IV. 2parts, T.		
Henry V. T		
Henry VI. T		
Henry VIII. T	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1723
Henry V. T		
Heroic Love, T		
Humourous Lieu- tenant, C.		
	Lord Lansdown	1696
	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
J. & I.		
Jane Grey, T	Nicholas Rowe, Esq;	—
Jane Shore, T	The same	—
Jealous Lovers, C	Mr. T. Randolph	1668
Jew of Venice, C.	Lord Lansdown	—
Imperial Captives, T	Mr. John Mottley	1720
Indian Emperor, T	John Dryden, Esq;	1670
Indian Queen, T	Sir Robert Howard	1663
	* Injured	

INDEX.

Plays.	Authors.	Date
* Injured Innocence, T }	Mr. Fettiplace Bellers	1732
Iphigenia, T	Mr. John Dennis	1700
† Irene, T	Mr. Charles Goring	1708
* Irene, T	Mr. Samuel Johnson	1749
Island Princess, TC	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Julius Cæsar, T	Shakespear	—
K		
King and no King, TC }	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
King Arthur, T	John Dryden, Esq;	1691
King Charles I. T	Mr. William Havard	1737
King John, T	Shakespear	—
* King John, T	Colley Cibber, Esq;	1745
King Lear, T	Shakespear	—
King Lear, T	Mr. Nahum Tate	1687
King of Naples, T	Mr. George Powel	1691
Knight of Malta, TC	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
L		
Liberty Asserted, T	Mr. John Dennis	1704
Love and Duty	Sturmy	—
Love in a Tub, C	Sir George Etherege	1669
Love's Cruelty, T	Mr. James Shirley	1640
Love Triumphant, TC }	John Dryden, Esq;	1694
Lover's Progress, TC }	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Loyal Brother, T	Mr. Thomas Southern	1682
Loyal General, T	Mr. Nahum Tate	1680
Loyal Subject, C	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Lucius Junius Brutus, T }	Mr. Nat. Lee	1681
Lying Lover, C	Sir Richard Steel	1704
		M.

INDEX.

Plays.	Authors.	Date
M.		
Macbeth, T	Shakespear	—
* Mahomet, T	Rev. Mr. James Miller	1744
Maid's Tragedy, T	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Mariamne, T	Mr. Elijah Fenton	1723
Marriage A-la- mode, C }	John Dryden, Esq;	1673
Martial Maid, C	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Massacre of Paris, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1690
Mayor of Queen- borough, C }	Mr. Thomas Middleton	1661
* Medæa, T	Mr. Charles Johnson	1734
Merchant of Ve- nice, C }	Shakespear	—
* Merope, T	Aaron Hill, Esq;	1749
Midsummer- Night's Dream, C }	Shakespear	—
Mithridates, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1678
Mourning Bride, T	William Congreve, Esq;	1697
Much ado about Nothing, C }	Shakespear	—
* Mustapha, T	David Mallet, Esq;	1739
N.		
Nero, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1675
O.		
Oedipus, T	Dryden and Lee	1679
Old Batchelor, C	William Congreve, Esq;	1693
Oroonoko, T	Mr. Thomas Southern	1666
Orphan, T	Mr. Thomas Otway	1680
Othello, T	Shakespear	—

INDEX.

Plays.	Authors.	Date
P.		
• Parricide, T	Mr. William Shirley	1739
• Periander. T	Mr. John Tracy	1731
Perjur'd Husband, T	Mrs. Susanna Centlivre	1702
Perolla & Izadora, T	Colley Cibber, Esq;	1706
Phædra and Hip- polytus, T }	Mr. Edmund Smith	1707
Philaster, TC	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
• Philip of Macedon	Mr David Lewis	1727
• Philotas	Philip Frowde, Esq;	1731
Princess of Cleve	Mr. Nat. Lee	1689
Princess of Parma	Mr. H. Smith	—
Pyrrhus	Mr. Charles Hopkins	1695
Q		
Queen of Corinth, T	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
R.		
Raleigh, Sir Walter, T }	Dr. George Sewel	1719
•† Regicide, T	See Note, P. 17. Vol. 1.	1749
• Regulus, T	Mr. William Havard	1744
Revenge, T	Dr. Edward Young	1721
Revengeful, Queen, T }	William Philips, Esq;	1698
Richard II. T	Shakespear	—
Richard III. T		
Rinaldo and Ar- mida, T }	Mr. John Dennis	1699
Rollo, T	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
• Roman Father, T	Mr. William Whitehead	1750
Romeo and Juliet, T	Shakespear	—
Royal Convert, T	Nicholas Rowe, Esq;	—

INDEX.

Plays.	Authors.	Date
S.		
Sad One, T	Sir John Suckling	—
* Scanderbeg, T	Mr. William Havard	1733
Scipio, T	Mr. Charles Beckingham	1717
* Scowrrers, C	Thomas Shadwell, Esq;	1691
Sea-Voyage, C	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Secret Love	John Dryden, Esq;	1679
She-Gallants	Lord Lansdown	1696
Siege of Damaf- cus, T }	Mr. John Hughes	1720
Siege of Rhodes, T	Sir William Davenant	—
Sophonisba, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1676
* Sophonisba, T	Mr. James Thompson	1730
Sophy, T	Sir John Denham	1671
Spanish Curate, C	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
Spanish Friar, TC	John Dryden, Esq;	1681
Spartan Dame, T	Mr. Thomas Southern	1687
State of Inno- cence, T }	John Dryden, Esq;	1678
Successful Pirate, C	Mr. Charles Johnson	1712
Successful Strangers, C }	Mr. William Mountford	1690
Sultaneſs, T	Mr. Charles Johnson	1717
T.		
Tamerlane, T	Nicholas Rowe, Esq;	—
Taming the Shrew, C }	Shakespear	—
* Tancred and Sigismunda, T }	Mr. James Thompson	1744
Tempest, C	John Dryden, Esq;	1676
Themistocles, T	—	1739
Theodosius, T	Mr. Nat. Lee	1680
Timoleon, T	Mr. Benjamin Martyn	1730
	Timon	—

INDEX.

Plays.	Authors.	Date
Timon of Athens, T	Shakespear	—
Titus Andronicus, T		
Treacherous Brother, T	Mr. George Powel	1690
Troilus and Cressida, T	Shakespear	—
Troilus and Cressida, T	John Dryden, Esq;	1679
Twelfth Night, C	Shakespear	—
Two Gentlemen of Verona, C		
Tyrannic Love, T	John Dryden, Esq;	1679
V.		
Valentinian, T	Originally wrote by Fletcher, corrected by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester	—
Vestal Virgin, T	Sir Robert Howard	—
Victim, T	Mr. Charles Johnson	1715
• Virginia, T	—	1754
Unnatural Brother, T	Mr. Edward Filmer	1697
• Unfortunate Dutchess of Malfi, T	Mr. John Webster	1623
Volpone, C		
	Ben. Johnson	1605
W.		
Wife for a Month, TC	Beaumont and Fletcher	—
• Wife's Relief, C	Mr. Charles Johnson	1711
Winter's Tale, C	Shakespear	—
Z.		
• Zara, T	Aaron Young, Esq;	1736

An Alphabetical LIST of the several
HEADS in this WORK, with References
to each other, where necessary.

N. B. Those Articles mark'd with a * are new ones.

VOL. I.

A.		Astonishment. See Con-	
		sternation	P. 26
A bsence	Page 1	Atheist	28
* Action oppos'd to		Attention	29
Contemplation	6	Avarice	30
* Actions or Deeds	<i>ibid.</i>	Aversion	<i>ibid.</i>
Advice	7	Augur	31
Adultery	<i>ibid.</i>	Aurora. See Morning.	<i>ibid.</i>
* Affection Natural	8		
Affronts	9	B.	
African	<i>ibid.</i>	* Bacchus	30
Alps	10	Bad News	<i>ibid.</i>
Amazon	<i>ibid.</i>	* Banquet	33
Ambition	<i>ibid.</i>	Barbard	<i>ibid.</i>
* Anathema	17	Battle	35
Angel	18	Bawd	37
Anger	19	Beauty	39
* Antidote	20	* Bed	40
* Apostate	21	Bees	<i>ibid.</i>
Apothecary	<i>ibid.</i>	Beggar	51
Appearance	22	* Bigot	<i>ibid.</i>
Applause. See Popular	23	Birds	53
Arbitrary Power	<i>ibid.</i>	* Birth	53
Armour	24	Blast	54
Army	<i>ibid.</i>	Blessing	<i>ibid.</i>
* Art	25	Blindness	55
Aspick	26	Blash	56
			Bear

TABLE of HEADS.

Boar	pag. 57	Conspiracy	pag. 91
Boasting	58	Constancy. <i>See</i> Incon-	
* Bounty	60	stancy	92
* — Perverted	<i>ibid.</i>	Consternation	96
Bower	<i>ibid.</i>	* Contemplation	<i>ibid.</i>
Brave	62	Content	97
Bribery	63	* Continence, a noble In-	
Bride	<i>ibid.</i>	stance of	98
* Britain	64	Courage	100
Business	65	Court and Courtiers	103
C.		* Courtesy	107
Calm	65	Courtship	<i>ibid.</i>
Camp	<i>ibid.</i>	Coward	113
Care	67	* Credulity	114
Cato	<i>ibid.</i>	* Crossfades	<i>ibid.</i>
* Caution	68	* Crown	116
* Censoriousness	69	Cuckold	<i>ibid.</i>
Charnel House	<i>ibid.</i>	Curse. <i>See</i> Rival	119
Chaste	<i>ibid.</i>	Custom	123
* Chastity	71	D.	
Children	72	Damnation	124
* Christianity	73	* Dancing	125
City	74	Danger	<i>ibid.</i>
* Clemency	75	Darkness	126
Cliff	<i>ibid.</i>	Dauntless	127
Clouds	77	Dead	128
Cock	<i>ibid.</i>	Death	130
Combat	78	* Deceit	141
Comet. <i>See</i> Imprecations	<i>ibid.</i>	Deer	142
Comfort	79	* Defeat	143
* Community	81	Deformity	<i>ibid.</i>
Compassion	<i>ibid.</i>	Desart	145
Concealment	82	* Desire	146
Conceit	83	Despair	<i>ibid.</i>
Conflict	84	Devotion	153
Conjuration	85	Disappointment in Love	<i>ibid.</i>
Conquest	86	Disguise	155
Conscience	<i>ibid.</i>	* Dishonesty	

TABLE of HEADS.

* Dishonesty	pag. 156	ment. See Imprecati-
Dissembler	<i>ibid.</i>	on. See Inconstancy
Disimulation	157	pag. 196
Distraction	160	Fame 206
* Distrust	<i>ibid.</i>	Famine 207
Doubt	161	Fancy 208
* Dove	<i>ibid.</i>	Fate 209
Dreams	162	Fear. See Death 214
Drinking	163	Females 215
Drowning	164	Fight. See Battle <i>ibid.</i>
* Drunkenness	<i>ibid.</i>	* Filial Piety 216
Dungeon	166	Flattery and Flatterer 217
Dying	167	Flight. See Fear 220
Dying of old Age	169	Flood <i>ibid.</i>
		Flowers 221
E.		Fondness <i>ibid.</i>
Eagle	170	Fool 224
Eclipse	171	Forgiveness <i>ibid.</i>
Elder Brother	172	Fortitude 225
Eloquence	173	Fortune. See Fate, Fool,
Embrace	174	Vicissitude 229
Emperor and Empire.		Freedom 232
See Greatness	176	Friend 233
* Enchantment	179	Friendship 236
* Enemy	180	Protestation of 241
Enjoyment. See Falshood		Frown 242
	181	* Fugitive <i>ibid.</i>
Enthusiasm	188	Future State <i>ibid.</i>
Entry	189	Futurity 245
Error	190	G
Evening	191	* Garb 247
Eunuch	192	Ghost <i>ibid.</i>
Example	<i>ibid.</i>	Gold. See Avarice and
Existence	193	Miser 248
* Expectation	<i>ibid.</i>	* Glory 250
Eyes	194	Gratitude 251
F.		Grave 252
Fairies	196	Greatness <i>ibid.</i>
Falshood. See Enjoy-		Greatness

TABLE of HEADS.

Greatness and Power. <i>See</i>	Grief	pag 257
Scorn. <i>See</i> Emperor.	Grove	265
<i>See</i> Vicissitude. pag 253	Guilt	266

V O L. II.

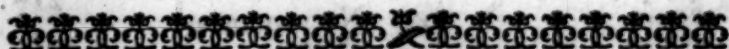
H A G	pag. 1	* Intention	pag. 52
Hand	2	Interest	<i>ibid.</i>
Happiness	<i>ibid.</i>	* Invocation	53
* Harangue	4	Joy	57
Hatred	6	Jove	58
Heart	7	* Irresolution	63
* Heaven	8	Justice	<i>ibid.</i>
Hell	9		
* Hero	10	K.	
Honesty	11		
Honour	12	King	64
Hope. <i>See</i> Supposition	16	Kisses and Kissing	74
Horror	17		
Hounds	19	L.	
Husband and Wife	20	Lady's Picture	77
* Hypocrisy	23	Lady at Prayers	<i>ibid.</i>
		Lamb	78
J. and L.		Lamentations	79
		Lark	<i>ibid.</i>
Jealousy. <i>See</i> Revenge.	23	Law and Lawyer	<i>ibid.</i>
		Libertine	81
Imprecations. <i>See</i> Fals-	32	Liberty	82
hood. <i>See</i> Rival	38	Life	84
Incest	40	Lightning	87
Inconstancy. <i>See</i> Fals-	41	Lion	88
hood	46	Looks	89
Ingratitude	<i>ibid.</i>	Loquacious	96
* Injustice	48	Love	97
Innocence		* Love Impure	115
* Instruction		* Love	

TABLE of HEADS.

* Love <i>Virtuous</i>	pag. 11	Moon	pag. 200
Falling in Love	117	Morning	201
In Love with an Enemy	126	Morrow	204
Protestations of Love	127	Mountebank	<i>ibid.</i>
Lover and Mistress	144	Murder	205
Loyalty	146	Self Murder	210
Lust	147	Musick	213
* Luxury	148		
		N.	
M.		Name	216
Madness	149	* Nature	217
Magician	153	Necromancer	219
Malecontent	155	Night	220
Man	157	Nightingale	224
Marriage	164	* Nile	225
Martyr	166	Nobility	<i>ibid.</i>
Massacre	167	Noise	226
Mediocrity	169	Nun	227
Meeting	172	* Nuptials	228
Melancholy	178		
Memory	180	O.	
Merchant	183	Oath	228
Mercy	184	Obedience	230
Merit	187	Obstinate	231
Mermaid	188	Old Age	<i>ibid.</i>
Mirth	189	Omens	235
Mischief	<i>ibid.</i>	Opportunity.	See Vicissitude
Miser	190	Oracle	238
Misery	192	Ornament	239
* Misfortune	193		240
Mist	194		
Mistress	<i>ibid.</i>	P.	
Mob	197	Pain	241
Modesty	198	Parasite	<i>ibid.</i>
* Monarch	199	Pardon	242
Monastic Life	<i>ibid.</i>	Begging	

TABLE of HEADS.

Begging Pardon pag.	243	* Perseverance	pag. 290
Parent	251	* Philosophy	<i>ibid.</i>
Parting	255	Physician	291
* Party	271	Pity	<i>ibid.</i>
Passions	272	Plague	293
Patience	278	Player	294
* Patriot and Patriotism	282	Pleasure	296
Peace	286	Plot	295
Penance	288	Poison	<i>ibid.</i>
* Persecution	289	* Pope	300



V O L. III.

P Opulace	pag. 1		
Popular	6		R.
Poverty	9		
* Power	10	Rack	pag. 37
* Praise	11	Rage	39
Prayer	<i>ibid.</i>	Rape	47
* Prepossession	12	Raving	53
Predestination	<i>ibid.</i>	Reason. See Priest	59
Self-preservation	13	Rebellion	63
* Pride	<i>ibid.</i>	Reconciliation	<i>ibid.</i>
Priest. See Reason	14	* Recovery	65
* Prince	21	Regicide	<i>ibid.</i>
Prison	22	Rejoicings	66
Prodigies	<i>ibid.</i>	Religion	68
* Promise	25	* Remorse	70
Prophet	<i>ibid.</i>	Repentance	71
Providence	26	Reputation	76
Complaints of Provi-		* Resignation	78
dence	31	Retirement.	79
* Prudence	36	Retreat	83
Punishment	<i>ibid.</i>	Revenge.	

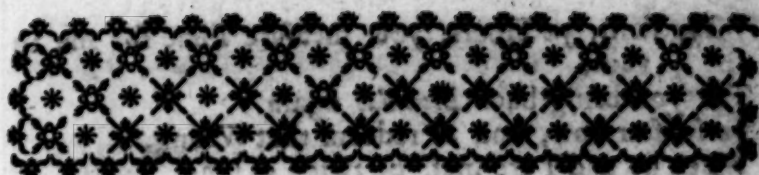
TABLE of HEADS.

Revenge. <i>See Jealousy</i>	Soldier	pag. 124
pag. 83	Solitude	134
* Riches 91	Sorrow	136
Rival. <i>See Curse. See im-</i>	Soul	138
precation <i>ibid.</i>	Speaking	140
* Rome or Romans <i>Anti. nt</i>	Sphinx	144
96	Spirits	<i>ibid.</i>
* Rome <i>Modern</i> 97	Stag	145
* Royalty 98	Stars	<i>ibid.</i>
* Ruffian 99	State	146
	Statesman	<i>ibid.</i>
S.	Stork	151
Sailing <i>ibid.</i>	Storm	152
* Salutation in a Morning	Stream	154
to the Sultan 100	Subjects	<i>ibid.</i>
Scorn 101	* Submission.	156
Scull 102	Success	158
Secrets 103	Sun	159
Sedition 105	* Superstition	160
* Self-Conviction <i>ibid.</i>	Supposition. <i>See Hope</i>	
Self-Murder <i>ibid.</i>		161
* Seraglio 106	Surprise	<i>ibid.</i>
Shame <i>ibid.</i>	Suspicion	162
Shepherd 107	Sweet	<i>ibid.</i>
Ship 108	Swimming	163
* Shipwreck 109	Swooning	164
Sickness <i>ibid.</i>		
Sigh 111	T.	
Sight 113	Tears	166
Silence <i>ibid.</i>	* Terror	172
Sin 114	Thanks	<i>ibid.</i>
* Sincerity 115	Thoughts	176
* Singing 116	Threatning	182
Siren 117	Thunder	193
Slander 118	Time	<i>ibid.</i>
Sleep 119	Timon's Curse	194
Smile 123	Title	195
* Society 124	Toil	

TABLE of HEADS.

Toil	pag. 196	Upbraiding	pag. 232
Tomb	<i>ibid.</i>	Usurper	238
Tongue	197		
Traitor	198	W.	
* Traveller	199		
Treachery	<i>ibid.</i>	Want	240
Treason	200	War	242
Tree	202	Weeping	249
* Treaty	<i>ibid.</i>	Welcome	256
* Trial	203	* Widow	257
Triumph	<i>ibid.</i>	Wife	<i>ibid.</i>
Trust	205	Wind	261
* Truth	206	Wisdom	<i>ibid.</i>
Turtle	<i>ibid.</i>	Wishes	262
Tyranny and Tyrant	207	Witch	263
		* Woman generally Cha-	
V. and U.		acterised	265
Vale	210	Woman Praise of	271
* Valour	<i>ibid.</i>	Woman Censured	274
Venality	211	Wooing	288
Vice	212	Words	297
Vicissitude of Fortune.		World	299
See Greatness	213	* Worth	300
Vicissitude. See Oppor-		Wounds	301
tunity	216	Wretch. See Want	302
Victory	217		
* Villager	<i>ibid.</i>	Y.	
Villain	218		
Vine	219	Youth	305
Virginity	220		
Virtue	221	Z.	
* Uncertainty	230		
Voice	231	* Zeal	307

THE



THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
ENGLISH STAGE.

ABSENCE.

Y Eyes are robb'd of what they lov'd
to see ;
M My Ears of the dear Words they us'd
to hear ;
My longing Arms of the Embrace they
covet.

Forgive me, Heaven, if when I these enjoy,
So perfect is the Happiness I find,
That my Soul satisfy'd, feels no Ambition
To change these humble Roofs, and sit above.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*;

Absence alone can make our Sorrows less ;
And not to see what we can ne'er redress.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*;

Vol. I.

B

Fly

The BEAUTIES of

Fly swift, ye Hours, you measure Time for me in vain,
Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.
Be swifter now, and to redeem that Wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long.

DRYDEN's *Marriage Alamode*.

Moments to absent Lovers tedious grow :
'Tis not how Time, but how the Mind does go.

SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Winds murmur'd thro' the Leaves your short Delay,
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chide your Stay :
But with your Presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And Walks wear fresher Green at your Return.

DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

With thee to live is Paradise alone,
Without the Pleasure of thy Sight is none. *Ibid.*

Life of itself will go, now thou art gone ;
Like Flies in Winter, when they lose the Sun.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

She's gone, and I like my own Ghost appear :
It is not living when she is not here. *Ibid.*

Without her Presence all my Joys are vain ;
Empire a Curse, and Life itself a Pain. *Ibid.*

It was not kind,
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me, ev'ry Place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blessed,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

What shall I do? Oh! how alone am I!
I walk, methinks, as half of me were lost. *Ibid.*

Every Moment
I'm from thy Sight, the Heart within my Bosom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whose Nurse had left it. OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years;
And every little Absence is an Age.

DRYDEN's *Amphitruon*.

The Joys of Meeting pay the Pangs of Absence;
Else who could bear it?
When thy lov'd Sight shall bless my Eyes again,
Then will I own I ought not to complain,
Since that one Hour is worth whole Years of Pain. }

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

Night must involve the World till she appear;
The Flowers in painted Meadows hang their Heads;
The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs;
Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labour:
Ev'n Nature seems to slumber till her Call,
Regardless of th' Approach of any other Day.

ROWE's *Ulysses*.

I charge thee, loiter not, but haste to bless me;
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage, I burn
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn:
Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,
And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind Delay.

Ibid.

Oh Love! how swiftly thy Hours fly away
When we are bless'd? How tedious are thy Minutes

The BEAUTIES of

When cruel Absence parts two longing Lovers ?

† CARROL's *Perjur'd Husband*.

This close Confinement pains me less,
Than Separation from my much lov'd Lord,
Were I with him in narrower Bounds imprison'd,
Imprisonment itself would please ; but since
His charming Conversation is deny'd me,
I like the Melancholy Nightingale,
Shut in a Cage and widow'd from her Lover,
Shall languish, droop, and pine myself to death.

TRAP's *Abramule*.

In my *Lucia's* Absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden ;
And yet when I behold that charming Maid,
I am ten times more undone, while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief and Rage, and Love rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

Then Sun, drive on, drive on in full Career,
And let thy Fiery Coursers fleet as Winds,
Guide the immortal Chariot round the Sphere
With more than common, with a Lover's Speed,
For that blest Hour shall both our Joys compleat,
Make mine as happy as thy own is great,
When, you retiring to your *Thetis'* Charms,
Revel in Love and wanton in her Arms ;
Then blest *Almeyda* shall behold her Lord,
Whom she so long hath lov'd, so long ador'd.

BECKINGHAM's *Scipio*.

Four Moons already I have sigh'd alone,
And with repeated Prayers invok'd his Name ;

† The Author of this Play is better known by the Name of
her last Husband, *Centlivre*.

But

But he, or deaf, or fearful of our Fates,
Shuns the sad Triumph of his conquering Eyes.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* I call to witness all my leisure Hours,
Spent in Retirement and the Thought of you;
And when the Court and Camp by Turns amus'd me
'Twas but a faint Relief to heighten Care:
For, oh! the Torment when I went to Rest,
And clos'd my Eyes in vain! when all at once
A thousand anxious Thoughts, that slept by Day
Swarm'd in my Brain, till it resembled Hell
Hot, dark and hot: My sick Imagination,
Assisted by the Shades of Night, would give
A gloomy Turn to each Idea there:
The Prospect then of Joys to come revers'd
Grew less and less, and doubtful and remote
Remembrance haunted me with past Endearments;
But most the Image of some happy Rival.
At length when Nature harrass'd to Repose
Forc'd on my half shut Eyes, a Minute's Slumber,
The Beatings of an aking Heart would wake me
From some black Dream of Horror and Despair;
Till morning Sleep reliev'd my wearied Soul;
And Hope, the Daughter of the Dawn, return'd.

JEFFREYS's *Edwin*.

* Let me kiss off these Tears. O beauteous Tears
If shed by doubting Love, if shed for Absence.
Instead of these Reproaches, ask me rather
How I that Absence bore: And here all Words,
All Eloquence is dumb, to speak the Pangs
That lurk'd beneath the rugged Brow of War.
When glaring Day was clos'd, and hush'd the Camp,
O! then, amid ten thousand other Cares
Those stung the keenest that remember'd thee,
That on my long-lost *Clytemnestra* thought
On what wild Seas and Mountains lay between us.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

B 3

* 'Twas

6 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

* 'Twas not in cruel Absence, to deprive me
Of your imperial Image.—Every where,
You reign, triumphant; Memory supplies
Reflexion, with your Power; and you, like Heaven
Are, always present——. HILL's *Zara*.

* Far in the Depths of thy sad Defarts, trac'd
My Heart will seek thee; *Fancy*, there misleads
My weary, wandering, Steps: There, *Horror* finds,
And preys upon my Solitude: There, leaves me,
To languish Life out, in *unheard* Complaints
To waste, and wither in the *Tear-less* Winds.

HILL's *Alzira*.

* Think, O think
What in this Age of Absence I have borne,
How combated each tender Thought, and liv'd
For thy dear Sake a Victim to Despair.

WHITEHEAD's *Creusa*.

ACTION *opposed to* CONTEMPLATION.

* This were to lose the very End of Being,
And render Virtue useless to the World.
'Tis *Action* gives its beauteous Image Life,
As it diffuses Health to human Kind.
Which is, without it, but a fair Idea,
A painted Prospect, void of all the Worth
Which its Appearance boasts. This were to be
The mere Outside, the Statue of a Man.

BELLERS's *Injur'd Innocence*.

ACTIONS *or* DEEDS.

* Our Actions are our own; their Consequence
Belongs to Heaven. The secret Consciousness
Of Duty well perform'd; the publick Voice

Of

Of Praise that honours Virtue and rewards it,
All these are Yours.— FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

A D V I C E.

When Things go ill, each Fool presumes to advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise;
All wretchedly deplore the present State,
And that Advice seems best which comes too late.
SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

A D U L T E R Y.

Oh you have done an Act,
That blots the Face and Blush of Modesty;
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
And makes a Blister there; makes Marriage Vows
As false as Dicers Oaths. O such a Deed!
Heaven's Face doth glow at it.
Yea, this Solidity, and compound Mass,
With triftful Visage, as against the Doom
Is thought-sick at the Act.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

Thou art as honest
As Summer Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou Weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,
That the Sense aches at thee!
Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book,
Made to write Whoreupon? O thou publick Commoner!
I should make very Forges of thy Cheeks,
That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,
Did I but speak thy Deeds.
Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,
And will not hear it.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Just reeking from my Arms ! O thou Adultress !
Whose Name to mention, sure, would rot my Lungs,
And blister up my Tongue ! Infatiate *Scylla* !
Bark'st thou for more ? Then let the Furies seize thee,
Whose burning Lust damns to the lowest Hell,
Smokes to the Heavens, and sullies all the Stars.
Had she not fallen thus, Oh ! ten thousand Worlds
Could ne'er have ballanced her ; for Heaven is in her,
And Joys which I must never dream of more.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

I would chuse to scramble at a Door ;
Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket,
With Dungeon Villains ; wallow in the Stews,
And get my Bread by poisoning my firm Limbs ;
E'er pass an Hour with her I have espoused,
If but in Thought consenting to another. *Ibid.*

All Women will deny :
What have we for your Truth, but your bare Words ?
The subtle Path is trodden without Print ;
Not the least Footstep to be traced for Truth.

LANSDOWN's *Heroick Love*.

The Stain of Violation is upon thee,
The ruddy Spot fresh ardent on thy Face :
Thy Cheeks are burning with the Adult'rer's Mark ;
His Print is on thy Lips ; thy melted Eyes
Yet glow with languish'd Lustre. *Ibid.*

* AFFECTION, *natural*.

The virtuous Man and honest — He's my Brother
And he alone ; for Nature never meant
By her Affections to engage our Hearts
To Villainy and Baseness. FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

* What

the ENGLISH STAGE.

* What so sweet
So beautiful, on Earth, and, ah! so rare,
As Kindred Love, and Family Repose.

YOUNG'S *Brothers*.

* Fathers alone, a Father's Heart can know
What secret Tides of still Enjoyment flow,
When Brothers love: But if their Hate succeeds,
They wage the War; but 'tis the Father bleeds. *Ibid.*

* Yet tell me, can I say to my Revenge
Be thou my Daughter? To this fierce Ambition
Bequeath my Power, and bid it to inherit
My Name and Honours? Can his deepest Groans
Charm my transported Soul, like those sweet Sounds,
That call'd me Father? FRANCIS'S *Constantine*.

AFFRONT S.

It wounds indeed,
To bear Affronts, too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to punish.

DRYDEN'S *Spanish Fryar*.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts:
Old Age is slow in both. ADDISON'S *Cato*.

A F R I C A N.

Behold the *African*,
That traverses the vast *Numidian* Deserts
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow:
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase;
Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst;
Toils all the Day, and at th' Approach of Night,
On the first friendly Bank he sits him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock till Morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game;
And if the following Day he chauce to find

10 *The* BEAUTIES of

A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

A L P S.

Thus where the Alps their airy Ridge extend,
Gently at first the melting Snows descend ;
From the broad Sloap, with murm'ring Lapse they glide ,
In soft Mæanders down the Mountains Side.
But lower fall'n Streams with each other crost,
From Rock to Rock impetuously are tost, }
Till in the *Rhone's* capacious Bed they're lost.
United there roll rapidly away,
And roaring reach o'er rugged Rocks the Sea.

FROWD's *Fall of Saguntum*.

A M A Z O N.

To weild the Sword, to fraim the twanging Yew,
To lash the foaming Steeds, and drive the Car
With rapid Wheels, o'er mangled Carcasses,
These are Amazonian Virtues !

FROWD's *Fall of Saguntum*.

A M B I T I O N.

Ambition's like a Circle on the Water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to Nought.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VI*.

Fling away Ambition :
By that Sin fell the Angels. How can Man then,
The Image of his Maker, hope to win it ?

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII*.

'Tis a common Proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,

Whereto

Whereto the Climber upwards turns his Face;
But when he once obtains the utmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base Degrees,
By which he did ascend. SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.]

Ambition, like a Torrent, ne'er looks back;
It is a Swelling, and the last Affection
A high Mind can put off. It is a Rebel
Both to the Soul and Reason, and enforces
All Laws, all Conscience; treads upon Religion,
And offers Violence to Nature's self.

BEN JOHNSON's *Cataline*.

Ambition, is like Love impatient
Both of Delays and Rivals. DENHAM's *Sophy*.

Ambition, the Disease of Virtue, bred
Like Surfeits, from an undigested Fulness,
Meets Death in that which is the Means of Life.
Ibid.

Yet true Renown is still with Virtue join'd,
But Lust of Power lets loose the unbridled Mind.
DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

The Blast which his ambitious Spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held. *Ibid.*

If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,
How then should Souls allay'd to Sense resist it.
DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

Ambition's never safe, till Power be past;
As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste.
SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Ambition is the Dropsy of the Soul,
Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul.
Ibid.

Am-

Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflam'd, and madder by Enjoyment.
OTWAY's Caius Marius.

Ambition is an Idol, on whose Wings
Great Minds are carry'd only to Extream;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing.
SOUTHERN's Loyal Brother.

Ambition is at a Distance
A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View;
The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heaven:
But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,
What Storms will batter, and what Tempests shake us.
OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

What is Ambition but Desire of Greatness?
And what is Greatness but Extent of Power?
But Lust of Power's a Dropsy of the Mind,
Whose Thirst encreases while we drink to quench it,
Till swell'n and stretched by the repeated Draught,
We burst and perish. *HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.*

Ambition! the Desire of active Souls,
That pushes them beyond the Bounds of Nature,
And elevates the Hero to the Gods.
ROWE's Ambitious Stepmother.

O Energy divine of great Ambition!
That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
And ripen 'em to Men in spite of Nature. *Ibid.*

What Pity 'tis,
That I had not your Birth, or you my Soul;
A Prince without Ambition!
O monstrous Contradiction! how it sounds!
TRAP's Abramule.

Already

Already *Cæsar* has ravaged
More than half the Globe ; and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword.
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battles, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods ! what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works !

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

What will not curs'd Ambition work in Woman !
Ambition first taught Angels to rebel :
Ambition made *Eve* fall : And sure, my *Elfrid*,
If ever Woman could resist, 'twas she,
Who knew no Power to wish, but was her own.

HILL'S *Fair Inconstant*.

Ambition never was my View,
Tho' Glory, still has been my great Pursuit :
I would by noble Actions in her Service,
Deserve the utmost Honours of my Country,
Nor higher do my Thoughts affect to rise.

FROWD'S *Fall of Saguntum*.

* The Cheat Ambition, eager to espouse
Dominion, courts it with a lying Shew,
And shines in borrowed Pomp to serve a Turn :
But the Match made, the Farce is at an End ;
And all the hireling Equipage of Virtues,
Faith, Honour, Justice, Gratitude and Friendship
Discharg'd at once.

JEFFEREYS'S *Edwin*.

* Ambition was my Charge ! Which when it climbs
O'er violated Laws, tramples on Virtue :
Yet of the narrow Mountain when possess'd
The Footing how unsure ! the Fall how dreadful !
Perhaps by Treason ! Treason has Ambition !
Or say thou wert secure, how vain the Glory !
To stand in Clouds, on Eminence, alone !
And view the happier social Slaves beneath thee.

Even

Even then must thou descend ! *Cæsar*, behold
Fix on this mould'ring Monument thy Eyes ;
Amidst the Wonder, that our *Nile* can boast,
This best might suit Ambition's Meditation !
Of all the spacious Earth his Soul subdu'd
Great *Alexander*, now, commands but this.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt.*

* Too much already has that Toy, Ambition
The Child of Vanity and Ignorance
Deluded and betrayed us both to Folly.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medæa.*

* Ambition ! nothing is too hard for thee !
Rul'd by the Influence of thy fatal Charms,
Man fears no Law, nor human, nor divine.

TRACY's *Periander.*

* Ambition, thou art like the Pelican,
The Parent of a numerous Race of Cares
Which prey upon the Breast that gives them Birth.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence.*

* O curst Ambition—thou devouring Bird
How dost thou from the Field of Honesty,
Pick every Grain of Profit or Delight,
And mock the Reapers Virtue !——

HAVARD's *K. Charles I.*

* God-like Power
Thou noble Thirst, thou Fever of the Soul,
Not to be quench'd, but from th' immortal Spring
Of ever-streaming Greatness !
Let Priests with cold enervate Hearts inculcate
And preach dull Morals to th' unthinking Vulgar ;
What know the Brave but Vengeance or Ambition ?
Ambition, that lifts up th' exalted Soul,

And

And places it in Jove's eternal Seat.

MARSH's *Amasis* †.

* Dire Ambition

By following thee, I headlong urge my Fate
And change secure Repose, for wretched State.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* Ambition ! deadly Tyrant !

Inexorable Master ! What Alarms,
What anxious Hours, what Agonies of Heart
Are the sure Portion of thy gaudy Slaves.
Cruel Condition ! Could the toiling Hind,
The shivering Beggar, whom no Roof receives,
Wet with the Mountain Shower, and crouching low
Beneath the naked Cliff, his only Home ;
Could he but read the Statesman's secret Breast
But see the Horrors there, the Wounds, the Stabs
From furious Passions and avenging Guilt,
He would not change his Rags and Wretchedness,
For gilded Domes and Greatness ! *Ibid.*

* Well hast thou warn'd us to oppose Ambition
A Passion oft so ignorant of Glory,
By its own Nature so corruptible
That it shall stoop to be a Tyrant's Slave
To play the greater Tyrant o'er its People.

CIBBER's *King John*.

* This sov'reign Passion, scornful of Restraint
Ev'n from the Birth affects supreme Command,
Swells in the Breast, and with resistless Force,
O'erbears each gentler Motion of the Mind.
As when a Deluge overspreads the Plains,
The wandering Rivulet and Silver Lake,
Mix undistinguish'd in the gen'ral Roar.

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

† This Play never appear'd on the Stage.

* Am-

* Ambition is the Stamp, impress'd by Heav'n,
 To mark the noblest Minds, with active Heat,
 Inform'd they mount the Precipice of Pow'r,
 Grasp at Command and tow'r in quest of Empire ;
 While vulgar Souls compassionate their Cares,
 Gaze at their Height, and tremble at their Danger :
 Thus meaner Spirits with Amazement mark
 The varying Seasons, and revolving Skies,
 And ask, what guilty Pow'r's rebellious Hand
 Rolls with eternal Toil the pond'rous Orbs ;
 While some Archangel nearer to Perfection,
 In easy State presides o'er all their Motions,
 Directs the Planets, with a careless Nod,
 Conducts the Sun, and regulates the Spheres.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

* No Tye so sacred binds endanger'd Valour
 Where hot Ambition spurs it—Every Rampart
 Gives way before him. *Law*, corrupted, guards him.
Wealth dresses, *Poverty* attends, *Pride* leads ;
 And *Priesthood* presses Gods who *hate*—to serve him †.

HILL'S *Merops*.

From Thirst of Rule what dire Disasters flow !
 How flames that Guilt Ambition taught to glow !
 Wish gains on Wish, Desire surmounts Desire,
 Hope fanns the Blaze, and Envy feeds the Fire :
 From Crime to Crime aspires the madd'ning Soul,
 Nor Laws, nor Oaths, nor Fears its Rage controul ;

† The present Editor of this Compilation would not have it understood, that *Ambition* was intended by the ingenious Author to be animated into a poetical Personage, of the *Masculine* Gender ; wherefore it may not be amiss to observe that Mr. *Hill* is here describing a successful Tyrant. The Citation might have been with Propriety concluded at the first *Break* ; but the Peculiarity of the *Climax* and Aptitude of the Sentiments were presumed sufficient to entitle the subsequent Lines to a Place in a Collection of this Sort.—Perhaps the proper Arrangement would have been under the Title of *Tyrant* : Should it be so thought by the Critical Reader, Candour, it is hoped, will excuse the Inaccuracy.

Till

Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
And levels all its tow'ring Schemes in Dust.

The Regicide †.

* Ambition —

Methinks, I see the radiant Goddess come,
And, like a Soldier's Mistress, to my Arms
Painted with Blood; how fiercely sweet her Beauties!

FRANCIS'S *Constantine*.

* O Dire Ambition! what infernal Power
Unchained thee from thy native Depth of Hell,
To stalk the Earth with thy destructive Train,
Murder and Lust! to waste domestic Peace
And every Heart-felt Joy. — *Barbarossa,*

* O false Ambition

Thou lying Phantom! whither hast thou lur'd me!
Ev'n to this giddy Height; where now I stand
Forsaken, comfortless! with not a Friend
In whom my Soul can trust. *Ibid.*

ANATHEMA.

* Hear then high Heav'n and Earth! Ye Saints above,
And Men below! Christians and Angels, hear!
Hear the tremendous Doom, our holy Church
On this accurst, apostate Head denounces!
Drive him ye mighty Kings, and Potentates
From Realm to Realm a lost abandon'd Exile!
All Bonds of Peace, Defence, Alliance, Commerce
Broken! absolv'd! annul'd! O sweep him forth,
Like the first bloody Cain, detestable!
This sacrilegious Parricide! whose Arm,
Against the sacred Bosom of our Mother,

† The Title of this Play ascribes it to the Author of *Roderick Random*: It has never been acted, which in the Preface is said to be owing to the Partiality or Prejudice of the Managers of both Theatres.

Has

Has drawn the impious Sword of Disobedience !
 From this immediate Moment be his Crown
 The Spoil, the Right, the just Reward of him
 Whose happier Hand shall rend it from his Brow !
 Be all his Subjects from Allegiance free,
 From Duty, Converse, all Benevolence,
 Support, or Correspondence interdicted !
 On Pains eternal to the Soul offending !
 And meritorious shall the meanest Soul
 Be deem'd rever'd to Ages canoniz'd
 Who shall by Violence or Stratagem
 For these his Crimes deprive him of his Life.

CIBBER's *K. John*.

* No sooner was the dread *Anathema* denounc'd
 But like the Burst of Thunder from the Heav'ns,
 It struck the shudd'ring Nation with Dismay
 Ev'n pale Devotion, at the Doom, stood silent,
 Nor dar'd to lift her downcast Eye for Hope ;
 O never was a State so terrible !
 Now all the Rights of holy Function cease !
 Infants unsprinkled want their Christian Names !
 Lovers, in vain betroth'd, resume Despair,
 Nor find a Sirè to sanctify their Vows !
 In vain the Dying Sinner groans for Pardon !
 Ev'n Penitence depriv'd of Absolution
 In all the Agonies of Fear expires !
 Nor after Death has at the Grave a Prayer
 Or for the parted Soul one *Requiem* sung. *Ibid.*

ANGEL.

So Angels, when they stoop to mortal Sight,
 Strike us with Awe, yet ravish with Delight.

LEE's *Nero*.

Mortals in Sight of Angels mute become :
 The Nobler Nature strikes th' inferior dumb.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

From

From the bright Empire of eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heaven's Commission stay,
Amariel flies : A darted Mandate came
From that great Will which moves this mighty Frame.
DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

ANGER.

Anger is like
A full-hot Horse : Allow him but his Way,
Self-Mettle tries him. SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII*.

Oh ! *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Man,
That carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much enforced shews a hasty Spark,
And straight is cold again.
SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

Can he be angry ? I have seen the Cannon
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air,
And like the Devil from his very Arm,
Pufft his own Brother ; and can he be angry ?
Something of Moment then. SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Anger like Madness is appeased by Rest.
HOWARD's *Indian Queen*.

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp,
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake.
He heav'd for Vent, and burst, like bellowing *Ætna*,
In Sounds scarce human. DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

My Heart swells at him, and my Breath grows short,
But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell. DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

Oh ! I burn inward ; my Blood's all o' fire :
Alcides, when the poison'd Shirt sat closest,
Had but an Ague Fit to this my Fever.
DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Oh !

Oh! do not look so terrible upon me!
 How your Lips shake, and all your Face disorder'd!
OTWAY's Venice Preserved.

Frowning he went;
 His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
 Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
 Would, like the raging Dog-Star, scorch the Earth,
 And kindle Rivers in its Course.

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage,
 It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction.

ROWE's Fair Penitent.

* Anger with Friends, like Obligations past;
 Should never be rehears'd.——

CH. JOHNSON's Medea.

* When I with Tameness,
 With Tameness, which astonish'd thy brave Spirit
 Seem'd to submit to that unequal Sway
 He arrogated o'er me; know my Heart
 Ne'er swell'd so high as in that cruel Moment.
 My Indignation, like th' imprison'd Fire
 Pent in the troubled Breast of glowing *Ætna*
 Burnt deep and silent.—— *THOMPSON's Coriolanus.*

ANTIDOTE.

* Oft have I seen its vital Touch diffuse
 New Vigour thro' the poison'd Streams of Life,
 When almost settled into dead Stagnation;
 Swift as a Southern Gale unbinds the Flood.

THOMPSON's Edward and Eleonora†.

† The Performance of this Play was forbid when it was ready
 to appear.

APOSTATE.

* Think on th' insulting Scorn, the conscious Pangs,
The future Miseries that await th' Apostate;
So shall Timidity assist thy Reason,
And Wisdom into Virtue turn thy Frailty.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

* The Soul once tainted with so foul a Crime
No more shall glow with Friendship's hallow'd Ardour
Those holy Beings whose superior Care
Guides erring Mortals to the Paths of Virtue,
Affrighted at Impiety like thine
Resign their Charge to Baseness and to Ruin. *Ibid.*

* Not Pow'r I blame, but Pow'r obtain'd by Crime,
Angelic Greatness is angelic Virtue:
Amidst the Glare of Courts, the Shout of Armies,
Will not th' Apostate feel the Pangs of Guilt,
And wish too late for Innocence and Peace?
Curst as the Tyrant of th' infernal Realms
With gloomy State and agonizing Pomp. *Ibid.*

APOTHECARY.

I do remember an Apothecary,
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples: Meagre were his Looks;
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
An Alligator stuff'd and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes; and about his Shelves
A beggarly Accompt of empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread; and old Cakes of Roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a Shew.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Roméo and Juliet*.

O how hast thou with Jealousy infested
 The Sweetness of Affiance! Shew Men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of noble Family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in Diet?
 Free from gross Passion, or of Mirth, or Anger?
 Constant in Spirit, not swerving with the Blood?
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest Compliments?
 Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
 And but in purged Judgement, trusting neither?
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem;
 And thus thy Fall hath left a Kind of Blot
 To make the full-fraught Man, the best endu'd
 With some Suspicion. — SHAKESPEAR's *Henry V.*

* Your good Appearances are necessary
 To countenance the Growth of Infant Power.

JEFFEREYS's *Edwin.*

* Thy plain and open Nature sees Mankind
 But in Appearances, not what they are.

FROWD's *Philotas.*

* Appearances deceive
 And this one Maxim is a standing Rule,
 Men are not what they seem. —

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg.*

* Gods! What is all Appearance?—What the Truth
 Of seeming Honesty and Patriot-Zeal,
 When one short Hour can change the gaudy Scene
 Presenting the Reverse.

HAVARD's *Regulus.*

APPLAUSE. See Popular.

Such a Noise arose
As the Shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
As loud and to as many Tunes, Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think flew up, and had their Faces
Been loose, this Day they had been lost,

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII.*

Caps Hands and Tongues, applaud it to the Skies.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet.*

* O Breath of publick Praise
Short liv'd and vain! Oft gain'd without Desert,
As often lost unmerited: Composed
But of Extreame: — Thou first begin'st with *Love*
Enthusiastick, Madness of Affection: Then,
(Bounding o'er Moderation and o'er Reason)
'Thou turn'st to Hate as causeless, and as fierce.

HAVARD's *Regulus.*

ARBITRARY POWER.

What alas is arbitrary Rule,
He's far the greater and the happier Monarch
Whose Power is bounded by coercive Laws,
Since while they limit they preserve his Empire.

TRAP's *Abramule.*

No Government can e'er be safe that's founded
On Lust, on Murder, and despotick Power.
'Tis not in lawless Strength, to turn and manage
This cumbrous and unweildy Bulk of Empire,
Which like the restless Sea still works and tosses,
Vex'd with continual Change and Revolution.
How few of my unhappy Successors
Will scape my Fate? Even while we keep the Throne,
We fear those Subjects Threats on whom we frown,
Infringe their Liberty, and lose our own;

}
And

And hourly prove by arbitrary Sway,
That he's the greatest Slave, whom none but Slaves obey.

TRAP's *Abramule*.

* Such are the Woes when arbitrary Power,
And lawless Passion, hold the Sword of Justice.
If there be any Land, as Fame reports
Where common Laws restrain the Prince and Subject,
A happy Land, where circulating Pow'r
Flows through each Member of th' embodied State,
Sure not unconscious of the mighty Blessing,
Her grateful Sons shine bright with ev'ry Virtue;
Untainted with the Lust of Innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her League of Rule
Unbroken as the sacred Chain of Nature,
That links the jarring Elements in Peace.

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

A R M O U R.

His Arms might well denote him,
The Milk-white Plume that nodded on his Helmet,
And Roman Eagle that adorn'd his Shield.

FROWD's *Fall of Saguntum*.

A R M Y.

* An Army more compleat, more martially
Prepar'd, yet never trod this Northern Herbage!
Their eager March comes onward straight to *Angiers*!
All flusht and confident in Strength and Spirit;
Not form'd of Mercenaries, Hands compell'd
But Volunteers, that sport with War, that come
Like crested Champions to a Tournament;
Jocund as Huntsmen at their Sun-rise Meeting
Or playful Shepherds piping o'er the Lawns,
That having tir'd the Courle of idle Pleasures
Now turn bright Honour into Modes more noble!

With

With these along a Troop of Beauties pass,
Who form the Court of Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
And those by Martial-Lovers are surrounded;
All plum'd and gorgeous, wanton Sons of Fame,
Who having fell'd their Grandfires Oaks at Home
Carry whole mortgag'd Manors on their Backs,
To make a Venture of new Fortunes here:
In brief, a braver Choice of dauntless Spirits
Than *English* Bottoms, now have wafted o'er
Did never float upon the swelling Tide,
To violate the Maiden Peace of *Europe*!

CIBBER's *King John*.

* See, where th' unnumber'd Trinobantians spread
In rude Disorder o'er the Vale beneath,
Whose broad Extent this Eminence commands.
Mark their wide-waving Multitude, confus'd
With mingling Standards, and tumultuous Cars.

GLOVER's *Boadicea*.

* Yonder see
The *Roman* Legions all array'd for Battle,
Are now descending; see their dreaded Eagles,
Their dazzling Helmets, and their crimson Plumes;
A Grove of Jav'lins glitters down the Steep. *Ibid*.

A R T.

* Art however innocent
Looks like deceiving. — HILL's *Zara*.

* Skill'd how to spread Craft's Nets, allure the People;
Train them by ev'ry Art: Poize ev'ry Temper,
Avarice will sell his Soul: Buy that and mould it;
Weakness will be deluded; there, grow eloquent.
Is there a tottering Faith? Grapple it fast
By Flattery: And profusely deal my Favours.
Threaten the Guilty. Entertain the Gay.
Frighten the Rich. Find Wives for the Wanton:

And *Reverence* for the Godly ;—Let none 'scape thee.
 Dive into *Hearts* : Sound every Nature's *Bias*—
 And bribe Men by their *Passions*— But these Arts
 Already thine, why waste I Time to *teach* thee !
 Vainly the *Sword* successful scales a Throne
 Since Fortune changing, Strength's lost Hope is flown.
 But *Art*, call'd in attracts reluctant *Will*
 And, what were lost by Power, is gain'd by Skill.
 HILL's *Merope*.

A S P I C K.

Welcome thou kind Deceiver,
 Thou best of Thieves ! who with an easy Key
 Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
 Ev'n steal us from ourselves : Discharging so
 Death's dreadful Office better than himself,
 Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,
 That Death stands by deceiv'd by his own Image,
 And thinks himself but Sleep. DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

A S T O N I S H M E N T. See Consternation.

I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
 Wou'd harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
 Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, start from their Spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
 And each particular Hair to stand on End,
 Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

I who before had crimson'd
 My Arms with Blood of Rebels ; I who moved
 With Whirlwind's Swiftnefs still on every Side,
 And tost like Leaves the weightiest Foes about me,
 Now stood as if *Gorgonian* Charms had fix'd me.

Your Sword

Fell from your Hand, your mighty Spirit left you,
 And

And as some famous Piece of antick Work
When the sunk Props and wasted Beams decay
Staggers and nods before the Ruin comes,
So wav'd your royal Fabrick e'er it fell.

LEE's Mitbridates.

Prepare to hear
A Story that shall turn thee into Stone.
Could there be hewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,
A Flaw made thro' the Centre by some God,
Thro' which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,
They would not wound thee as this Story will.

DRYDEN and LEE's Oedipus.

My Soul runs back,
The Words of Reason roll into their Spring.
DRYDEN and LEE's Duke of Guise.

My Heart sinks in me,
And every slacken'd Fibre drops its Hold,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life.
DRYDEN's Spanish Fryar.

Not the last Sounding could surprize me more,
That summons drowsy Mortals to their Dooms;
When call'd in Haste, they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble, unprovided for their Charge.
DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

This is a Sight that like the Gorgon's Head,
Runs thro' my Limbs, and stiffens me to Stone.
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice;
And stares, and gapes, like a forbidden Ghost.
DRYDEN's Cleomenes.

O my Heart pants, and every Nerve is shaken;
Upon my Forehead sits a Damp like Death:
My Blood runs cold; I feel the Channel freeze.
C 2 *Scarcely*

Scarce will my trembling Limbs support my Weight ;
But shake like Cowards on a Day of Battle.

LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

It drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,
And freezes ev'ry stiff'ning Limb to Marble.

ROWE's *Ulysses*.

What means that ghastly Look ?
Hast thou the Furies seen ? Why stand'st thou speechless ?
What means that deep-fetch'd Groan ? Why does Despair
Stare thro' thy haggard Eyes ?

DENNIS's *Ipbigenia*.

Thy late dreadful Tale
Had rais'd such various Furies in my Soul,
As left me impotent of Thought or Speech.

DENNIS's *Liberty Asserted*.

Fix'd in Astonishment I gaze upon thee.
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful Looks, a Monument of Wrath !

ADDISON's *Cato*.

Thy despairing Looks
Have told me all the tragick Tale already.

TRAP's *Abramule*.

Thy Looks do more than speak, my Son is dead.

FROWD's *Fall of Saguntum*.

A T H E I S T.

When Prejudice and strong Aversions work,
All whose Opinions we dislike are Atheists.
Now 'tis a Term of Art a Bug-bear Word,
The Villains Engine, and the Vulgar's Terror,
The Man who thinks and judges for himself,
Unsway'd by aged Follies reverend Errors

Grown

Grown holy by traditionary Dullness,
Of School Authority, he is an Atheist.
The Man who hating idle Noise preserves
A pure Religion seated in his Soul,
He is a silent dumb dissembling Atheist.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

ATTENTION.

When he speaks, the Air
A charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in Mens Ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd Sentences.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry V.*

I'll lie and listen here as reverently
As to an Angel. If I breathe too loud,
Tell me, for I would be as still as Night.

BEAUMONT's *King and no King*.

Oh! I will hearken like a doating Mother,
To hear her Children praised by flattering Tongues.

HOWARD's *Duke of Lerma*.

Still as a Statue, lo!
I stand; nor shall the Wind presume to blow:
Speak, and it shall be Night; not one shall dare
To sigh, tho' on a Rack he tortured were;
Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Prayer.

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

The Air grows sensible
Of the great Things you utter, and is calm,
The hurry'd Orbs with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still as *Jove* himself were talking.

DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Sure 'tis the Calm of Nature:
So hush'd a Silence, as if all the Gods

Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying.

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

As I listen'd to thee,

The happy Hours pass'd by us unperceived,
So was my Soul fixt to the soft Enchantment.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

My Soul is wrapt in dreadful Expectation,
And listens to thee as if Fate were speaking.

DENNIS's *Appius and Virginia*.

A V A R I C E.

Can nothing then content that greedy Tartar,
But trading with the Purchase of thy Virtue,
Damn'd Avarice, curs'd destructive Avarice,
Thou everlasting Foe to Love and Honour:
What will not this vile Merchant turn to Traffick,
If Chastity itself be set to Sale,
And Innocence and Virtue cannot 'scape him?

TRAP's *Abramule*.

A V E R S I O N.

As well the noble Savage of the Field
Might tamely couple with the fearful Ewe;
Tygers ingender with the fearful Deer;
Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermine;
Or Vultures sort with Doves; as I with thee.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

No! were we join'd, even tho' it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Fun'ral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* would be renewed,
And my divided Flames should break from thine.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Lead

Lead me o'er Bones, and Skulls, and mould'ring Earth
Of human Bodies ; for I'll mix with them :
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Corse,
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

AUGUR.

Some frantic Augur has disturb'd the Skies :
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong.
Shall I go publish *Hector* dares not fight,
Because a Madman dream'd he talk'd with *Jove* ?
What could the God see in a brainsick Priest,
That he should sooner talk with him than me ?

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Now, Dotard ; now, thou blind old Wizard Prophet !
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now,
Your Birds of Knowledge, that in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity ? DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*:

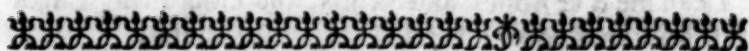
The sacred *Calchas*, who reads every Page
Of secret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods.

LANSDOWN's *Heroick Love*;

AURORA. See Morning.

Thus when her Son on *Pbrygian* Plains lay dead,
In humid Clouds *Aurora* veil'd her Head ;
Her rosy Cheeks thro' the dim Crystal glow
With fainter Colours, and confess her Woe,
Sadly her radiant Eyes the Tears adorn,
Yet in the fragrant Dew, more sweetly rose the Morn.

FROWD's *Fall of Saguntum*.



BACCHUS.

BACCHUS, that first from out the purple
 Grape
 Crush'd the sweet Poison of misused Wine,
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* Shore, as the Winds list'd,
 On *Circe's* Island fell :

This Nymph, that gaz'd upon his clust'ring Locks,
 With Ivy-Berries wreath'd, and his blithe Youth,
 Had by him, e're he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father. — MILTON's *Comus*.

Hail young-ey'd God of Wine ! Parent of Joys !
 Frolic, and full of thee (while the cold Sons
 Of Temperance, the Fools of Thought and Care,
 Lie stretch'd in sober Slumbers) we, the few
 Of purer Flame, exalt each living Hour
 With Pleasures ever new. — *Eurydice*.

BAD NEWS.

Because I knew 'twas harsh, I would not tell
 All at once, but by Degrees and Glimpses
 I let it in, lest it might rush upon you,
 And quite o'erpower your Soul : In this, I think,
 I shew'd a Friend. Your Part must follow next,
 Which is to curb your Choler, tame your Grief,
 And bear it like a Man.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

I bring you, Brother, most unwelcome News ;
 But since of Force you are to hear it told,
 I thought a Friend and Brother best might tell it :
 Therefore, before I speak, arm well your Mind,
 And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the Quick ;

That

That so prepared for Ill, you may be less
Surpriz'd to hear the Worst.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Seek him, whilst I go meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this Report
Into his Ears, I may say thrusting it;
For piercing Steel and Darts invenom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As Tidings of this Sight.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

BANQUET.

* Prepare a Banquet; costly let it be,
And in Magnificence bespeak my Mind:
Whate'er the East of Delicacy yields
Is in my present Spoils. Let the Commanders,
Worthy Companions in the well-fought Field,
Be summon'd to partake. The chearful Goblet
Shall raise our Souls, while, with a decent Pride,
Conscious we'll boast the Dangers we have known;
And War's great Toils shall be the Soldier's Theme.

FROWD's *Philotas*.

* The Banquet waits ours Presence; festal Joy
Laughs in the mantling Goblet, and the Night,
Illumin'd by the Taper's dazzling Beam,
Rivals departed Day.—

Barbarossa.

BASTARD.

Thou Nature, art my Goddess; to thy Law
My Services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the Plague of Custom, and permit
The Curiosity of Nations to deprive me.
For that I am some twelve or fourteen Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,

My Mind as generous, and my Shape as true,
 As honest Madam's Issue. Why brand they us
 With Base, with Baseness, and with Bastardy;
 Who in the lusty Stealth of Nature take
 More Composition, and fierce Quality,
 Than does within a dull, stale, tired Bed,
 Go to the creating a whole Tribe of Fops,
 Got between Sleep and Waking?

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
 That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?
 E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most noble, who was born most free:
 Each of himself was Lord and unconfin'd,
 Obey'd the Dictates of his Godlike Mind.
 Law was an Innovation brought in since,
 When Fools began to love Obedience,
 And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
 Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
 Because I came not in the common Road,
 But born obscure, and so more like a God?

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

He's a Bastard! Got in a Fit of Nature!
 She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;
 His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,
 And taking from the Mint the fiery Oar,
 His Image blest'd, and cry'd, it is my own.
 Yet more! A Priest begot him; and 'tis thought,
 That Earth is more obliged to Priests for Bodies,
 Than Heaven for Souls. Nay, and a young Priest
 too!

Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
 Who ventur'd Life to clasp the hasty Joy.

LEE's *Cæsar's Borgia*.

* Do not these Veins contain
 The same rich Blood, that circles in the King's?

Tho'

Tho' but a Bastard Scion of his Stem :
 Tho' mark'd with Infamy, and quite despoil'd
 Of that inherent Right, which Infant-Nature,
 In her first uncorrupted State, allow'd
 To all : yet the ethereal Energy,
 The actuating Principle, that moves
 The Soul to Godlike Acts—that Thirst of Sway
 Which was implanted in me at my Birth,
 Has not forsook me.— MARSH'S *Amasis*.

* What ! tho' my Father, without priestly Form,
 Infus'd his Godlike Soul into my Mother ;
 And I am but the Produce of stol'n Joys,
 When vigorous Nature prompted them to love !
 My Spirit ! that aspiring heav'nly Spark !
 Struck out from *Jove* to lighten up this Clay,
 Would soar aloft.—Beyond the vulgar Ken
 In her imperial Seat look down on Men,
 As the strong Eagle mounts, and scorns the distant
 Wren. *Ibid.*

BATTLE.

This Battle fares like to the Morning's War,
 When dying Clouds contend with growing Light ;
 Now sways it this Way like a mighty Sea,
 Forc'd to retire by Fury of the Wind.
 Here on this Mole Hill will I set me down,
 To whom God will, there be the Victory :
 For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too,
 Have chid me from the Battle : Swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry VI.*

When my fierce Courser with a Javelin flung,
 First rear'd in Air, then tearing with a Bound
 The trembling Earth, plung'd deep amidst the Foe,
 And now a thousand Deaths from every Side
 Had but one Mark, and on my Buckler rung

Thro'

Thro' the throng Legions ; like a Tempest rush'd
 This Friend o'er gasping Heroes rolling Steeds,
 And snatch'd me from my Fate. YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* Hark—the Death-denouncing Trumpet sounds
 The fatal Charge, and Shouts proclaim the Onset—
 Destruction rushes dreadful to the Field,
 And bathes itself in Blood : Havock let loose,
 Now undistinguish'd, rages all around ;
 While Ruin, seated on her dreary Throne,
 Sees the Plain strew'd with Subjects truly her's,
 Breathless and cold.— HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* With such a strenuous, such a labour'd Conflict,
 Sure never Field was fought ! until *Gustavus*
 Aloud cry'd, Victory ! and on his Spear
 High rear'd the imperial Diadem of *Denmark*.
 Then slack'd the Battle, then recoil'd our Host ;
 His eccho'd Victory ! and now would know
 No Bounds. Rout follow'd, and the Face of Fight.
 BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* The wafting Winds, in audible Perception,
 Set all the Terrors of the Field before me !
 This Jar of Drums ! The lofty Trumpets Ardour !
 The vaunting Ecchoes of the neighing Steeds !
 This Clang of Armour ! these Sky-rending Shouts
 Of charging Squadrons, speak the Battle raging !
 CIBBER's *King John*.

* Involv'd in Clouds
 Impervious to the View, the Battle long
 Continu'd doubtful, 'midst the mingling Sounds
 Of Trumpets, neighing Steeds, tumultuous Shouts
 Of fierce Assailants, doleful Cries of Death,
 And clattring Armour ; till at length the Noise
 In distant Murmurs dy'd. *The Regicide*.

B A W D.

B A W D.
 * I find by this fair Lady
 The Calling of a Bawd to be a strange,
 A wife and subtil Calling : And for none
 But staid, discreet and understanding People.
 And as the Tutor to great *Alexander*
 Would say, A young Man should not dare to read
 His moral Books till after five and twenty ;
 So must that he or she that will be bawdy,
 (I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
 If they will rise and gain Experience,
 Well steeped in Years and Discipline begin it—
 I take it 'tis no Boys Play.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

* I charge you, in the Name of Chastity,
 Tempt me no more : how ugly you seem to me !
 There is no Wonder Men defame our Sex,
 And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,
 When such as you shall bear the Name of Women !
 If you had Eyes to see yourselves, or Sense
 Above the base Rewards ye earn with Shame !
 If ever in your Lives ye heard of Goodness,
 Tho' many Regions off,—as Men hear Thunder ;
 If ever ye had Fathers, and they Souls,
 Or ever Mothers, and not such as ye are !
 If ever any Thing were constant in you
 Besides your Sins !
 If any of your Ancestors
 Dy'd worth a noble Deed—that would be cherished,
 Soul-frighted with this black Infection,
 You would run from one another's Repentance,
 And from your guilty Eyes drop out those Sins
 That made you blind and Beasts.

Ibid.

* Go—get you from me ;
 Ye are your Purfes Agents not the Princes.

Is this the virtuous Love ye train'd me out to ?
 Am I a Woman fit to imp your Vices ?
 But that I had a Mother, and a Woman,
 Whose ever-living Fame turns all it touches
 Into the Good itself was, I should now
 Ev'n doubt myself ; I have been search'd so near
 The very Soul of Honour. Why should you Two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am !
 Fairer I think by much, (for yet your Faces
 Like ancient well-built Piles shew worthy Ruins)
 After that Angel-Age, turn mortal Devils !
 For Shame, for Womanhood, for what you have
 been,

(For rotten Cedars have borne goodly Branches)
 If you have Hope of any Heav'n but Court,
 Which like a Dream you'll find hereafter vanish :
 Or at the best but subject to Repentance !
 Study no more to be ill spoken of.
 Let Women live themselves ; if they must fail,
 Their own Destruction find them.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

Your own dark Sins dwell with you, and that
 Price
 You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,
 Run to Diseases with you.—I despise you,
 And all the Nets you have pitch'd to catch my
 Virtue,
 Like Spiders Webs I sweep away before me. *Ibid.*

Curse on that formal steady Villain's Face.
 Just so do all Bawds look : Nay, Bawds they say,
 Can pray upon Occasion, talk of Heaven,
 Turn up their goggling Eye-Balls, rail at Vice,
 Dissemble, lie, and preach like any Priest.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY.

Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
Like a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear.

Beauty ! too rich for Use, for Earth too dear.

So shews a snowy Dove, trooping with Crows,

As yonder Lady o'er her Fellow shows.

SHAKESPEAR's *Romeo and Juliet*.

A Beauty ripe as Harvest,

Whose Skin is whiter than Swan all over,

Than Silver, Snow or Lillies ; a soft Lip,

Wou'd tempt you to Eternity of kissing,

And Flesh that melteth in the Touch to Blood,

Bright as your Gold, and lovely as your Gold,

All her Looks are sweet

As the first Grapes or Cherries.

BEN. JOHNSON's *Volpone*.

She's outwardly

All that bewitches Sense, all that entices ;

Nor is it in our Virtue to uncharm it

BEAUMONT's *Captain*.

With this Reward, the great Reward of Beauty,

The batter'd Soldier crowns his glorious Labours,

And softens all the rugged Toils of War.

BEAUMONT's *Bondica*.

Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less

Care :

Ladies are happiest moderately fair.

ETHERIDGE's *Love in a Tub*.

Not purple Violets in the early Spring,

Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring ;

The orient Blush which does her Cheeks adorn,

Makes Coral pale, vies with the rosy Morn.

Cupid

Cupid has ta'en a Surfeit from her Eyes,
 Whene'er she smiles, in lambent Fire he fries,
 And when she weeps dissolv'd in Pearls, he dies.

LEE's *Nero*.

Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray ;
 Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery Way ?
 Pleas'd with the Passage, we glide swiftly on,
 And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Beauty is seldom fortunate when great,
 A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt. *Ibid.*

All Hearts alike, all Faces cannot move,
 There is a secret Sympathy in Love.
 The powerful Loadstone cannot move a Straw,
 No more than Jet the trembling Needle draw.

SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Beauty ! thou art a fair, but fading Flower ;
 The tender Prey of ev'ry coming Hour.
 In Youth, thou, Comet-like, art gaz'd upon ;
 But art portentous to thyself alone :
 Unpunish'd thou to few wer't ever given,
 Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heav'n. *Ibid.*

Her Galley down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
 The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold :
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails :
 Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,

Where she, another Sea-born *Venus* lay.
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
 And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
 As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,
 Neglecting she could take them. Boys like *Cupids*,
 Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
 That play'd about her Face. But if she smil'd,

A dart-

A darting Glory seem to blaze Abroad,
That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept Time : And while they play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat
more !

For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice.

DRYDEN's *All for Love.*

Her Eyes have Power beyond *Thessalian* Charms,
To draw the Moon from Heav'n. For Eloquence,
The Sea-green *Syrens* taught her Voice their Flattery :
And while she speaks Night steals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of those that hear. Then she's so charming,
Age buds at Sight of her, and swells to Youth :
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,
'They bless her wanton Eyes. Ev'n I who hate her,
With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it. *Ibid.*

Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
Of fighting Kings, and at her Feet were laid
The Sceptres of the Earth, expos'd on Heaps,
To chuse where she wou'd reign. *Ibid.*

Oh she is the Boast,
The lovely Chance-work Master-piece of Nature ;
Who blush'd to see what her own Hands had made,
As if, mistaking Moulds, she unawares
Had cast *Semandra* in a Form divine.

LEE's *Mitbridates.*

Behold her stretch'd upon a flow'ry Bank,
With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber :

The

The Summer's Heat had to her nat'ral Blush
 Added a brighter and more tempting Red :
 The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall,
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues :
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
 That seem'd t' embrace the Body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love.
 While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
 Waving her Robes, display'd such well-turn'd Limbs,
 As Artists would in polish'd Marble give
 The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid,
 She charms her Gallant God to new Enjoyment.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

A lavish Planet reign'd when she was born,
 And made her of such kindred Mould to Heav'n,
 She seems more Heav'n's than ours.

DRYDEN's *Oedipus*.

O she is all Perfection !
 All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair ;
 All that the gawdy Heavens could drop down
 glorious.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

But *Theodosius* comes ! Hide, hide thy Charms :
 If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,
 The royal Youth, who doats to Death for Love,
 I fear would forfeit all his Vows to Heaven,
 And fix upon the World, thy World of Beauty.

Ibid.

But oh ! what Thought can paint that fair Per-
 fection ?
 Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
 When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her Coral Lips,
 All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,
 Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightness.

Her

Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her
Breasts,

So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre,
Such all Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty.

LEE's *Theodorus*.

Is she not as harmless as the Turtles of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
As op'ning Flowers untainted yet with Winds?
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

Oh! she has Beauty might ensnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown
At Random, to be scuffled for by Slaves! *Ibid.*

Oh! she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at Odds!

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. *Ibid.*

For endless Joys are in that Heaven of Love,
A thousand *Cupids* dance upon her Smiles;
Young bathing Angels, wanton in her Eyes,
Melt in her Looks, and pant upon her Breasts:
Each Word is gentle as a Western Breeze,
That fans the Infant Bosom of the Spring;
And every Sigh more rosy than the Morn.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother*.

Is she not brighter than a Summer's Morn,
When all the Heav'n is streak'd with dapple Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes like a ris'd Maid.

LEE's *Duke of Guise*.

Beauty

Beauty has Bounds,
And can no more to every Heart be so,
Than any Coin thro' every Land can go.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

Mark her majestick Fabrick ! She's a Temple
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine :
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there ;
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

She whose Eyes
Meet ready Victory where'er they glance :
Whom gazing Crowds admire, whom Nations court :
One who could change the Worship of all Climates,
And make a new Religion where'er she comes,
Unite the differing Faith of all the World,
To idolize her Face. DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

Her Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shapes, her
Features
Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand ; by Love
Himself in Love. *Ibid.*

What Images shall Eloquence prepare
To paint a Form so perfect and divine ?
Others by slow Degrees advance in Love,
And Step by Step, and leisurely get Ground :
We article with Judgment e'er we yield,
Reason rejecting oft, where Fancy's fond.
She seizes Hearts, not waiting for Consent,
Like sudden Death, that snatches unprepar'd ;
Like Fire from Heaven, scarce seen so soon as felt :
All other Beauties seem inferior Stars,
At her Appearance vanishing apace ;
Whene'er she mounts they set.

LANDDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

As at Troy,

When *He'en* passes thro' the crowded Streets,
Who curs'd her out of Sight, strait blest'd aloud,
And cry'd, she's worth the War: Who would not
fight,

Tho' sure to die, to save such wondrous Beauty?
So when the fair *Chruseis* comes in View,
Her Beauty reconciles the most enraged;
The Sick, who know they perish for her Sake,
Crawl from their Tents to gaze upon her Face,
And, looking on her, feel Returns of Strength.
Soldiers and Captains swarm in Crowds about her;
All with loud Cries approve the General's Love,
And with one Voice consent to their own Ruin,
To lose the Sight, seems what they fear
More than the Loss of Life or Victory.

LANDDOWN's *Heroic Love.*

She was her Sex's Pride:

Nor think my Tongue too lavish, if I speak her,
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet chaste
As its cold Precepts, wise beyond her Sex,
And blooming Youth soft as forgiving Mercy.
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her Honour.

ROWE's *Tamerlane.*

The Bloom of op'ning Flowers, unsullied Beauty,
Softness, and sweetest Innocence she wears,
And looks like Nature in the World's first Spring.

Ibid.

Is she not more than Painting can express,
Or youthful Poets fancy when they love.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent.*

She is so exquisitely fram'd,
That I who many Years have dealt in Beauty,
And had the fairest Females from all Parts
Committed to my Care, ne'er yet beheld
Mongst such Variety of foreign Charms,

A Virgin

A Virgin half so lovely.
 She is all Perfection, and tho' born
 In a cold frozen Clime o'erspread with Ice,
 And driving Snow (which if compar'd with her,
 Loses its Whiteness) yet her Eyes dart Fire,
 Able to melt the most benum'd of Hearts
 With kindling Warmth, and thaw it into Softness.

TRAP's *Abramule.*

Whether you blush, or weep, or smile or frown,
 You always charm, nor can you coin your Face
 To an unpleasing Shape. *Ibid.*

Sure never were there Charms like thine, on which
 The Fate of this great Monarchy depends ;
 Let dull Astrologers foretel the Doom
 Of Kingdoms, from the Stars, and with their Schemes
 And Calculations, cheat the giddy Crowd :
 More ruling is the Aspect of thy Beauty,
 Than that of those bright Orbs, to States and Em-
 pires ;
 More fatal Influence flashes from thy Eyes,
 Than all those glittering Balls that light the Skies.

Ibid.

If that be she who yonder pensive comes,
 She seems some bright Inhabitant of Heav'n,
 Shot with a falling Star from yon bright Region,
 To light the World below. HILL's *Fair Inconstant.*

'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
 The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire :
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
 Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.

ADDISON's *Cato.*

Her Beauties glow'd upon my Mind,
 And sparkled in each Thought. YOUNG's *Busiris.*

What

What tender Force, what Dignity divine,
What Virtue consecrating every Feature;
Around that Neck what Dross are Gold and Pearl!

YOUNG's *Busiris*

What art thou, Beauty!

Whose Charm makes Sense and Valour grow as tame
As a blind Turtle.

FENTON's *Mariamne*.

Mariamne with superior Charms
Triumphs o'er Reason; in her Look she bears
A Paradise of ever-blooming Sweets.
Fair as the first Idea Beauty prints
On the young Lover's Soul: A winning Grace
Guides every Gesture, and obsequious Love
Attends on all her Steps: For Majesty,
Streams from her Eye to each Beholder's Heart,
And checks the Transport which her Charms inspire. *Ibid.*

* Beauty, like the fair *Hesperian* Tree
Laden with bloom Gold had need the Guard
Of Dragon-watch with unenchanted Eye,
To save her Blossoms and defend her Fruit
From the rash Hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd Heaps
Of Misers Treasure by an Outlaw's Den
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity
And let a single helpless Maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding Waste.

MILTON's *Comus*.

* Beauty is Nature's Coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the Good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken Bliss,
Unfavoury in th' Enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip Time, like a neglected Rose,
It withers on the Stalk with languish'd Head.

Beauty

Beauty is Nature's Brag, and must be shewn
 In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the Workmanship.
 It is for homely Features to keep Home,
 They had their Name from thence : Coarse complexions
 And Cheeks of sorry Grain, will serve to ply
 The Sampler, and to tease the Housewife's Wool.
 What need a Vermeil-tinctur'd Lip for tha',
 Love-darting Eyes, and Tresses like the Morn ?
 There was another Meaning in these Gifts.

MILTON's *Comus*.

* Beauty

That transitory Flower ; ev'n while it lasts
 Palls on the roving Sense, when held too near,
 Or dwelling there too long : By Fits it pleases ;
 And smells at Distance best : Its Sweets, familiar
 By frequent Converse, soon grew dull and cloy'd you.

JEFFEREYS's *Edwin*.

* All Glory in her Eye ! Perfection thence
 Looks from its Throne ; and on her ample Brow
 Sits Majesty. Her Features glow with Life,
 Warm with heroic Soul. Her Mien !—She walks
 As when a towering Goddess treads this Earth.

THOMPSON's *Sophonisba*.

* O thou compleatest Pattern of thy Kind !
 Beauties thy Face, and Virtues grace thy Mind.
 In Wisdom, like *Minerva*, sprung from *Jove*
 In Beauty, like the *Paphian* Queen of Love.
 When thou wert form'd by the Almighty Hand,
 On Earth he plac'd thee with this great Command,
 Go, teach the World, what thou canst prove alone,
 Beauty and Virtue may be join'd in one.

TRACY's *Periander*.

* Description is too weak to paint her Charms,
 Her Form is like the op'ning Dawn of Spring

That

That Joy diffuses thro' the whole Creation :
Her Soul ! where is the Language can express it ?
Divinity sits strong implanted there,
And in her Looks such Dignity appears,
That all Beholders Adoration pay,
And change th' inferior Deities for her.

TRACY's *Periander*.

* Such is the fatal Growth of hapless Beauty !
In her soft Spring she puts forth tender Buds
And blooming Flowers, which the Sun's genial Warmth
Calls forth to Fruit, and ripens to High-Taste :
When comes the Savage, the Despoiler, Man,
With Hand rapacious ravages the Boughs,
Then leaves her naked, stript of all her Honours.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* Her Beauty's dangerous ;
'Tis some strange Witchcraft, or I know not what,
But I have mark'd it oft, and Forms like hers,
If there's an active Spirit in a Country,
Are sure to find it out, and fire it too,
And then they're mad, forsooth, with high-flown Honour,
All Point, and Puncto, nor will swerve an Inch
Wide of their own chimeric Schemes of Action,
Into the beaten Road of human Doings.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence*.

* Flatter'd too long, Beauty at length grows wanton
And, insolently scornful, slights its Praise.

HILL's *Alzira*.

* Fancy not fairer paints those Heaven-born Maids,
Daughters of Paradise for ever young,
For ever blooming ; who on Beds of Flowers,
By Streams of living Waters, soft repose
To crown th' immortal Bliss of happy Souls
With Raptures unconceiv'd.—

MALLET's *Musapha*.

* O fatal Beauty ! Why art thou bestow'd
On hapless Woman still to make her wretched !
Betray'd by thee, how many are undone.—

PATERSON'S *Arminius*.

B E D.

* O thou gentle Scene
Of sweet Repose, when by th' oblivious Draught
Of each sad toilsome Day, to Peace restor'd
Unhappy Mortals lose their Woes awhile.

THOMPSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

B E E S.

So work the Honey-Bees ;
Creatures that, by Rule in Nature, teach
The Art of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of Sorts :
Where some, like Magistrates, correct at Home ;
Others, like Merchants, venture Trade Abroad ;
Others, like Soldiers, armed in their Ships,
Make Boot upon the Summer's Velvet Buds,
Which Pillage they with merry March bring Home
To the Tent Royal of their Emperor ;
Who (busied in his Majesty) surveys
The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold ;
The civil Citizen kneading up the Honey ;
The poor mechanick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy Burdens at his narrow Gates ;
The sad-ey'd Justice, with his surly Hum,
Delivering o'er to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone. SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry V.*

Imagine to thyself a Swarm of Bees
Driv'n to their Hive by some impending Storm,
Which at its little Port in clust'ring Heaps,
And climbing o'er each other's Backs they enter.

FROWD'S *Fall of Saguntum*.

B E G

B E G G A R.

I'd rather wander thro' the World a Beggar,
And live on fordid Scraps at proud Mens surly Doors.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Will you then quite cast off your poor *Luvinia*,
And turn me like a Vagrant, out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's Plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the Cold, wet windy Nights,
To seek a Shelter under dropping Eves?
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?
Must I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain?

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

B I G O T.

* He was an execrable Bigot
Who for such horrid Purposes, had crept
Into the cheated Sultan's Court and Service;
As by the Traitor's Papers we have learn'd.
For know there lives upon the craggy Cliffs
Of wild *Pœnician* Mountains, a dire Race,
A Nation of Assassins. Dreadful Zeal
Fierce and intolerant of, all Religion
That differs from their own, is the black Soul
Of that infernal State. Soon as their Chief,
The old Man (so they stile him of the Mountains)
Gives out his baleful Will, however fell,
However wicked and abhorr'd it be,
Tho' cloath'd in Danger, the most cruel Death,

D 2

They

They swift and silent, glide thro' every Land,
 As fly the gloomy Ministers of Vengeance,
 Famine and Plague; they lye for Years conceal'd
 Make light of Oaths, nay sometimes change Religion,
 And never fail to execute his Orders.

Of these the Villain † was, these ruffian Saints
 The Curse of Earth, the Terrors of Mankind.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Elanora*.

B I R D S.

So in the Fields

When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,
 The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
 Seeking, when Danger's past, to meet again,
 Make Moan, and all by such Degrees approach,
 Till joining thus, they bill, and spread their Wings,
 Murm'ring Love and Joy, their Fears are over.

OTWAY'S *Orphan*.

Secure and free they pass their harmless Hours,
 Gay as the Birds that revel in the Grove,
 And sing the Morning up.

TATE'S *Loyal General*.

The watchful Birds impatient for the Morning,
 Already, hark! begin to call it forth,
 With Notes, like Trumpets sounding a Retreat.

HOPKINS'S *Pyrrhus*.

So to th' appointed Grove the feather'd Pair
 Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare;
 Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
 The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught;

† One employed to stab Prince *Edward*, and who executed his Purpose with a poisoned Dagger.---Perhaps the Author might in this Description have in View a Set of more modern Saints, the Jesuits, as many Parts correspond with their Character; but this is only a Conjecture of the Editor.

In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain
Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Man.

LANSDOWN'S *British Inchanter*.

Thus when the big impending Clouds appear,
And struggling Winds proclaim some Tempest near,
The trembling Birds, the coming Danger fly,
And seek for Shelter from the lowering Sky ;
In wild Confusion and Affright divide,
The mournful Mate is sever'd from his Bride ;
But when the Gloom is clear'd, the Storm o'er past,
Each seeks his Consort, with impatient Haste ;
Grieves till she's found, when found the joyful Pair,
With warbling Transports charm the list'ning Air.

BECKINGHAM'S *Scipio*.

B I R T H.

* Birth is a Shadow. Courage, self-sustain'd
Out-lords Succession's Phlegm—and needs no Ancestors.
I am *above* Descent ; and prize no Blood.

HILL'S *Merops*.

* Her Birth, her Parents yet unknown, her Poverty ;
Is she not rich in Virtue ? Or look round
Among the titled great ones of the World
Do they not spring from some proud Monarch's Flatterer,
Some favourite Mistress ; or ambitious Minister,
The Ruin of his Country, while their Blood
Rolls down thro' many a Fool, thro' many a Villain
To its now proud Possessors ? — FRANCIS'S *Eugenia*.

* Thy Birth ?

Did I not early teach thee to despise
A casual Good ? Thou art thyself, *Il-fus*.
Inform me, Youth, wouldst thou be what thou art
Thus fair, thus brave, thus sensibly alive
To Glory's finest Feel ; or give up all
To be descended from a Line of Kings,

The tenth perhaps from *Jove*?—I see thy Cheek
Glow a repentant Blush.—Our greatest Heroes,
Those Gods on Earth, those Friends of Human-kind,
Whose great Examples I would set before thee
Were once unknown like thee.—

WHITEHEAD's *Cruela*.

B L A S T.

Behold my Arm thus blasted dry and wither'd,
Shrunk like a foul Abortion and decay'd,
Like some untimely Product of the Seasons,
Robb'd of its Properties and Strength of Office.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard III.*

B L E S S I N G.

The bounteous Heavens
Rain on your Head whole Deluges of Mercies,
For this great Goodness. Hear me, O ye Powers!
Hear me upon my Knees! where'er he goes
Guard him with Blessings; give him his own Wishes:
If to the Wars he pass, Renown attend him,
And growing Conquest dwell upon his Arms:
Let him attain by a long Course of Valour,
And gallant Acts, to the old *Roman* Greatness;
And when at last in Triumph he returns,
May all the fighting Virgins strew his Way,
And with new Garlands crown his coming Glory.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

Angels, preserve my dearest Father's Life,
Bless it with long uninterrupted Days!
Oh, may he live till Time itself decay,
Till good Men wish him dead, or I offend him!

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Hear

Hear me, bounteous Heaven!
 Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous Head,
 Where everlasting Sweets are always springing.
 With a continual giving Hand : Let Peace,
 Honour, and Safety always hover round her ;
 Feed her with Plenty ; let her Eyes ne'er see
 A Sight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning ;
 Crown all her Days with Joys, her Nights with Rest,
 Harmless as her own Thoughts ; and prop her Virtue.
 OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Kind Heaven has surely endless Stores
 Hoarded for thee of Blessings yet untasted. *Ibid.*

The Seal of Providence is sure upon thee,
 And thou wert born for yet unheard-of Wonders. *Ibid.*

O gracious Heaven !
 Thou that hast endless Blessings still in Store
 For Virtue and for filial Piety ;
 Let Grief, Disgrace, and Want be far away ;
 But multiply thy Mercies on his Head :
 Let Honour, Greatness, Goodness still be with him,
 And Peace in all his Ways. ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Reward him for the noble Deed, just Heavens :
 For this one Action guard him and distinguish him
 With signal Mercies, and with great Deliverance,
 Save him from Wrong, Adversity and Shame.
 Let never-fading Honours flourish round him,
 And consecrate his Name ev'n to Time's End :
 Let him know nothing else but Good on Earth,
 And everlasting Blessedness hereafter.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

BLINDNESS.

Oh Happiness of Blindness ! Now no Beauty
 Inflames my Lust ; no others Good my Envy,

Or Misery my Pity : No Man's Wealth
 Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn.
 Yet still I see enough ! Man to himself
 Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the Level.

DENHAM's *Sophy*.

All dark and comfortless !
 Where are those various Objects that but now
 Employ'd my busy Eyes ? Where are those Eyes ?
 Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately shot
 O'er flow'ry Vales to distant sunny Hills,
 And drew, with Joy, the vast Horizon in.
 These groping Hands are now my only Guides,
 And Feeling all my Sight.
 Shut from the Living while among the Living ;
 Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World ;
 At once from Bus'ness and from Pleasure barr'd ;
 No more to view the Beauty of the Spring ;
 Nor see the Face of Kindred, or of Friend.

TATE's *King Lear*.

B L U S H.

How brightly her betraying Blushes move,
 And seem a glorious Traitor to her Love.

HOWARD's *Vestal Virgin*.

See, my *Palmyra* comes ; the frightened Blood
 Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks :
 Like the first Streaks of Light broke loose from Darkness.
 And dawning Blushes. DRYDEN's *Marriage Alamode*.

What means, alas !
 That Blood which flushes guilty in your Faces.

DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

O call not to this aged Cheek,
 The little Blood which should keep warm my Heart.

DRYDEN's *Oedipus*.

Let

Let me for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born Glories that adorn thee:
From ev'ry Blush that kindles in thy Cheeks,
Ten thousand little Loves and Graces spring,
To revel in the Roses. ROWE'S *Tamertane*.

Confound me not with Shame, nor call up all
The Blood that warms my trembling Heart
To fill my Cheeks with Blushes. TRAP'S *Abramule*.

B O A R

Forth from the Thicket rush'd another Boar,
So large he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his Prey;
Till brandishing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
With this bold executing Arm I struck
The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.

OTWAY'S *Orphan*.

We pursued the Chase,
When from behind the Wood, with rustling Sound,
A monstrous Boar rush'd forth: His baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire, and his stiff-pointed Bristles
Rose high upon his Back: At me he made,
Whetting his Tusks, and chewing hideous Foam.
Then, then *Hippolitus* flew in to aid me!
Collecting all himself, and rising to the Blow,
He launch'd the whistling Spear, the well-aim'd Javelin
Pierced his tough Side, and quiver'd in his Heart;
The Monster fell, and gnashing with huge Tusks,
Plough'd up the crimson Earth.

SMITH'S *Phedra and Hippolitus*.

B O A S T I N G.

Send Danger from the East unto the West,
 So Honour cross in from the North and South,
 And let them grapple ; the Blood more stirs
 To rouse a Lion than to start a Hare.
 By Heaven, methinks it were an easy Leap,
 To pluck bright Honour from the pale fac'd Moon,
 Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
 Where fathom'd Line could never touch the Ground,
 And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry IV. Part 1.*

I've seen the Day,
 That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
 I have made my Way thro' more Impediments
 Than twenty Times your Stop.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello.*

'Tis yet to know
 (Which when I know that boasting is an Honour,
 I shall promulgate) I fetch Life and Being
 From Men of royal Sieges, and my Demerits
 May speak unbonnetted as proud a Fortune,
 As this that I have reach'd.

Ibid.

Discretion,
 And hardy Valour, are the Twins of Honour ;
 And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror ;
 Divided, but a Talker :
 And we that have been Victors, beat ourselves,
 When we insult upon our Honour's Subject.

BEAUMONT's *Bonduca.*

My Arm a nobler Victory ne'er gain'd,
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
 Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain ;
 Can none remember, yes I know all must,
 When Glory like the dazzling Eagle stood

Perch'd

Perch'd on my Beaver in the *Granick* Flood,
When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the Shore;
When all th' Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God.

LEE's *Alexander*.

But when we join'd Battle,
Fierce as a Winter-Storm upon the Main,
I rang'd the Field, whilst my affrighted Foes,
Like Billows at the angry *Neptune's* Frowns,
Successively did vanish from my Sight.
Did I not pour upon their foremost Ranks
Sudden and fierce as Lightning; rush among
Their thickest Squadrons, and in glorious Heat,
Like Thunder breaking from a teeming Cloud,
Make Desolation wait upon my Arms?
With my drawn Sword I pointed out the Paths
Of dazzling Fame, which none but I could tread;
Mounting that stately Pyramid alone,
Whilst all my Army lagg'd, and you below,
Trembling like Girls but to behold my Daring.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brothers*.

By *Mars*, the single Virtue of this Arm
Dispers'd their Troops, and drove them from the Field.
Did his Genius
Know mine, the stronger *Dæmon*, fear the Grapple,
And, looking round him, found this Nook of Fate,
To skulk behind my Sword.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Jove has poured the *Nile* into my Hand,
The Prince of Rivers, Ocean's eldest Son;
Rich of myself, I make the fruitful Year,
Nor ask precarious Plenty from the Sky,
Throw all my G ories open to his View.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

B O U N T Y.

B O U N T Y.

* Bounty's self
When ill conferr'd, is Prodigality.
FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* I long have known your Bounty
(My very Being your's) let it extend
In doing Acts of Charity, Compassion,
And universal Love. Open the Gates
Of Liberty to Wretches, lost in Dungeons;
Relieve th' Opprest, assert the Orphan's Rights,
And teach the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy.
With Bounty guide the partial Hand of Fortune
And make the Virtuous happy. FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

B O U N T Y *perverted*.

* There will I lay a Scene shall turn this royal
Bounty
Those flattering Favours into deadly Poison;
'Their promis'd Safety here shall prove their Ruin.
So where the Eye of Heav'n with fullest Ray,
Pours on the pregnant Glebe a Flood of Day
Tho' the rich Clime ambrosial Odours cheer
And Summer smiles round all the radiant Year;
Fell Mischief lurks in the fair-seeming Scenes
In spicy Gales disguis'd and fragrant Greens.
'The Scorpion's Sting, the Viper's venom'd Brood
And Calentures that fire the boiling Blood.
Curst in his Paradise the Native pining lies
Or smit with Madness in a Frenzy dies.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence*.

B O W E R.

Go bid her steal into the pleached Bower,
Where Honey-Suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,

Forbid

As if they meant to waste that World he had conquer'd.
 Now Bands of mimic Maskers, light-heel'd *Gauls*,
 Melodious Virgins, or the warbling Eunuch,
 Beguile the languid Intervals of Love!
 To soft enervate Sounds, their Souls dissolve,
 As Fame and Virtue were the Scorn of Greatness.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt*.

* Hie thee, poor Pilgrim to yon neighb'ring Bower
 O'er which an old Oak spreads his awful Arm,
 Mantled in brownest Foliage, and beneath
 The Ivy, gadding from th' untwisted Stem
 Curtains each verdant Side.— MASON's *Elpida*.

B R A V E.

The Brave do never shun the Light ;
 Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers ;
 Freely without Disguise they love or hate :
 Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
 And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions.
 ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Not all the lying Legends of Antiquity,
 Can shew a Heroe that e'er suffer'd more
 For his dear Country or his dearer Friend,
 Than he has for his greatest Enemy ;
 To him whose Life and Honour I betray'd.
 This unexampled Bravery so affects me,
 That I could weep for his untimely Fall,
 And curse myself, the Author of his Ruin.

TRAP's *Abramule*.

* The Brave are ever tender
 And feel the Miseries of suffering Virtue.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

B R I B E R Y.

Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice Sake ?
 What Villian touch'd his Body that did stab,
 And not for Justice ? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost Man of all this World
 But for supporting Robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our Fingers with base Bribes,
 And sell the mighty Space of our large Honours,
 For so much Trash as may be grasped thus !
 I'd rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
 Than such a *Roman* ! SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

That Gold is well employ'd,
 It works like Poison thro' our weakned State,
 And fits our freeborn Souls for foreign Yokes.
 SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

He scorned the Wages of disloyal Crimes
 To rust in Peace and stretch a lazy Hand
 For fordid Bribes. *Ibid.*

B R I D E.

What strange Disorders youthful Brides express,
 Impatient Longings for the Happiness ;
 Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
 As Needles always tremble near the Pole.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

I'm mad ! as promis'd Bridegrooms, borne away
 With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day.

OTWAY's *Caius Marius*.

She is reserved you say, when you approach her ;
 Why let her weep too : Was it ever known
 A subtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding-Day,
 Or clasp'd her Lover int he Eye o' th' World ?

It is their Trade,
The very Nature, Soul, and Life-Blood of them,
To whine, and cry, and turn their Heads away,
When their Hearts doat on what they seem to scorn.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

These are the Fears which wait on every Bride,
And only serve for Preludes to her Joys ;
Short Sighs, and all those Motions of thy Heart
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Desires :
Soon as the friendly Goddess of the Night
Shall draw her Veil of Darkness o'er thy Blushes,
These little, cold, unnecessary Doubts
Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms ;
And when I press thee trembling to my Bosom,
Thou shalt confess, if there be Room for Words,
Or even for Thoughts, that all those Thoughts are Bliss.

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

The Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,
To see the End of all her Wishes near ;
When, blushing from the Light, and publick Eyes,
To the kind Covert of the Night she flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves ;
Melts in his Arms, and with a Loole she loves.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

BRITAIN.

Britain, the Queen of Isles, our fair Possession
Secur'd by Nature, laughs at foreign Force ;
Her Ships her Bulwark, and the Sea her Dike,
Sees Plenty in her Lap, and braves the World.

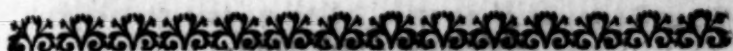
HAYARD's *King Charles I.*

BUSINESS.

BUSINESS.

The Day was made
To number out the Hours of busy Men,
Let them be busy still, and still be wretched,
And take their Fill of anxious drudging Day.

DRYDEN'S *Amphitruon*.



C A L M.

THE Tempest is o'erblown, the Skies are clear,
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still,
That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

We often see against some Storm
A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack stand still,
The bold Winds speechless, and the Orb below
Is hush'd as Death.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

C A M P.

Danger and Death in Camps I've learn't to court;
In Camps where Death's rough Business is a Sport.

DAVENANT'S *Circus*.

Go to the Camp, Preferment's noblest Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the fairest Play, you'll
find

Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,
Almost in every Band. How many Men
Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's
Service,

Yet now pine under Want; while Selfish Slaves,
That even would cut their Throats whom now they
fawn on,

Like

Like deadly Locusts, eat the Honey up,
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

So in a Camp, tho' at the Dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful Voice is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Rest,
And every Heart awakes as mine does now. *Ibid.*

Before an Engagement.

* From Camp to Camp, thro' the *thick Shade* of
Night,
The Hum of either Army stilly sounds !
The out-fix'd Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each other's Watch :
Fire answers Fire ; and thro' their paly Flames
Each Battle sees the other's umber'd Face !
Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neigh,
Piercing the Night's dull Ear ; and from the Tents,
The Armourers, accomplishing the Chiefs,
With Clink of Hammers, closing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation.

HILL's *Henry V.*

After a Defeat.

* I have been led by solitary Care
To yon dark Branches, spreading o'er the Brook,
Which murmurs thro' the Camp ; this mighty Camp,
Where once two hundred thousand Sons of War,
With restless Dins awak'd the Midnight Hour.
Now horrid Stillness in the vacant Tents
Sits undisturb'd ; and these incessant Rills,
Whose pebbled Channel breaks their shallow Stream,
Fill with their melancholy Sounds my Ears,
As if I wander'd, like a lonely Hind,
O'er some dead Fallow, far from all Resort :
Unless that ever and anon a Groan

Bursts

Bursts from a Soldier, pillow'd on his Shield
In Torment, or expiring with his Wounds,
And turns my fix'd Attention into Horrour.

GLOVER's *Boadicea*.

C A R E.

Care that in Cloysters only seals her Eyes,
Which Youth thinks Folly, Age as Wisdom owns :
Fools by not knowing her, outlive the wise,
She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones.

DAVENANT's *Gondibert*?

ALL Creatures else a Time of Love possess,
Man only clogs with Care his Happiness ;
And while he should enjoy his Part of Bliss
With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

C A T O.

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty and *Rome* :
His Sword ne'er fell but on the guilty Head :
Oppression, Tyranny, and Power usurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon them.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

Not all the Pomp and Majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato*'s Presence :
His Virtues render our Assemblies awful ;
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make e'en *Cæsar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest.

Ibid.

Turn up thy Eyes to *Cato*,
There may't thou see to what a Godlike Height
The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man,

While

While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing Sleep, and Food, and Rest, and Ease;
 He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat;
 And when his Fortune sets before him all
 The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
 His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

CAUTION.

* Caution 'tis true
 Is not unworthy of the bravest Prince:
 But those can only know a slavish Fear,
 Who think they merit what they always dread.

E. HAYWOOD's *Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh*.

* Tho' brave Deeds be warm at first conceiv'd,
 Let the best Purpose cool, nor miss your Blow.
 More firm and sure the Hand of Courage strikes,
 When it obeys the watchful Eyes of Caution.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

* His Mien is lofty, his Demeanour great,
 Nor sprightly Folly wantons in his Air,
 Nor dull Serenity becalms his Eyes.
 Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
 But cautious Age suspects the flattering Form,
 And only credits what Experience tells.
 Has Silence press'd her Seal upon his Lips?
 Does adamant Faith invest his Heart?
 Will he not bend beneath a Tyrant's Frown?
 Will he not melt before Ambition's Fire?
 Will he not soften in a Friend's Embrace?
 Or flow dissolving in a Woman's Tears?

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

CENSORIOUSNESS.

* O that the too-censorious World would learn
This wholesome Rule, and with each other bear !
But Man, as if a Foe to his own Species,
Takes Pleasure to report his Neighbour's Faults,
Judging with Rigour every small Offence,
And prides himself in Scandal. Few there are
Who injur'd, take the Part of the Transgressor,
And plead his Pardon, e'er he deigns to ask it.

EL. HAYWOOD'S *Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.*

CHARNEL-HOUSE.

Behold a Charnel-House,
O'er cover'd quite with dead Men's rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Sculls.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Romeo and Juliet.*

CHASTE.

Chaste as the Icicle
That's curdled by the Frost from purest Snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* Temple.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Coriolanus.*

Chaster than Chrystal on the *Scythian* Cliffs,
The more the proud Winds court it, still the purer.

BEAUMONT'S *Double Marriage.*

Oh ! she's a Cake of Ice,
Whom all the Love in th' Empire cannot thaw ;
A dull cross Thing, insensible of Glory,
Deaf to all Promises, dead to all Desire :

She has in her

All the Contempt of Glory, and vain Seeming
Of all the *Stoicks* ; all the Truth of Christians,
And all their Constancy : Modesty was made

When

When she was first intended : When she blushes
 It is the holiest Thing to look upon,
 The purest Temple of her Sex that e'er
 Made Nature a blest'd Founder.
 If she were any Way inclining
 To Ease or Pleasure, or affected Glory
 Proud to be seen or worshipp'd, 'twere a Venture :
 But on my Soul, she's chaster than old Camphire.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

In vain your Vassals have endeavour'd
 By Promises, Persuasions, Reason's Wealth,
 All that can make the foremost Virtue bend,
 To alter her : Our Arguments, like Darts
 Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,
 Are lost, and do not leave the least Impression.

Ibid.

Cold as candy'd Ice ;
 Not a Thought starting free from warm Desires :
 As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
 Cover'd with Snow, beaten with constant Winds,
 That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

She's chaste as the fann'd Snow,
 Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blasts.

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

In thy fair Brow there's such a Legend writ
 Of Chastity, as blinds the adult'rous Eye :
 Not the Mountain Ice,
 Congeal'd to Chrystal is so frosty chaste
 As thy victorious Soul, which conquers Man,
 And Man's proud Tyrant Passion.

DRYDEN's *Albion and Albanus*.

CHASTITY.

* Yet a hidden Strength
Which if, Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis Chastity, my Brother, Chastity,
She that has that, is clad in compleat Steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen,
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous Wilds;
Where, through the sacred Rays of Chastity,
No Savage fierce, Bandit, or Mountaineer
Will dare to soil her Virgin Purity:
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells,
By Grots and Caverns shagg'd with horrid Shades
She may pass on with unblench'd Majesty,
Be it not done in Pride or in Presumption.

Some say, no evil Thing that walks by Night
In Fog, or Fire, by Lake or moorish Fen,
Blue meagre Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost,
That breaks his magick Chains at *Curfew* Time,
No Goblin, or swart Fairy of the Mine,
Hath hurtful Power o'er true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*,
To testify the Arms of Chastity?
Hence had the Huntress *Dian* her dread Bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brindled Lions
And spotted Mountain-pard, but set at Nought
The friv'lous Bolt of *Cupid*: Gods and Men
Fear'd her stern Frown, and she was Queen o' th'
Woods.

What was the snaky-headed *Gorgon* Shield,
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her Foes to congeal'd Stone,
But rigid Looks of chaste Austerity,
And noble Grace, that dash'd brute Violence

With

With sudden Adoration and blank Awe.

 So dear to Heaven is faintly Chastity,
 That when a Soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand live-ris'd Angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each Thing of Sin and Guilt,
 And in clear Dream and solemn Vision
 Tell her of Things, that no gross Ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heav'nly Habitants
 Begin to cast and teem on th' outward Shape,
 The unpolluted Temple of the Mind,
 And turn it by Degrees to the Soul's Essence
 Till all be made immortal. MILTON's *Comus*.

* What is this Deity that you adore?
 What is your fav'rite Idol but a Shadow?
 Women, when old, and slighted by the World,
 First preach the rigid Doctrine to their Sex
 And envy Joys they have not Pow'r to taste.

TRACY's *Periander*.

* Bright Goddess Chastity!
 Thou to whose Honour, antient *Rome* decreed
 Temples and Altars when thy own *Lucretia*
 For Glory bled! Do thou protect thy Votary
 From Violence and Shame! *Virginia*.

CHILDREN.

Children, the blind Effects of Love and Chance,
 Bear from their Birth the Impressions of a Slave.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

When Parents their Commands unjustly lay,
 Children are privileg'd to disobey.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

For Children Blessings seem, but Torments are,
 When young our Folly, and when old our Fear.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

Why

Why do we pray for Children, call them Blessings,
And deem the barren Womb a Curse? O Marriage!
Unhappy, most unhappy of all States!
Matching with Sorrows teeming still with more,
The vexed Womb seems to bring forth to vex.

LANSDOWN'S *Heroic Love*.

* Look here and weep with Tenderness and Transport!

What is all tasteless Luxury to this?
To these best Joys, which holy Love bestows?
O Nature, Parent Nature, thou alone
Art the true Judge of what can make us happy.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* Our Orphan Children

Bind me to Life.—O dear, O dangerous Passions!
The valiant in himself what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single Woes?
But when alas he multiplies himself
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender Fair,
To those whose Bliss, whose Being hang upon him,
To helpless Children! then, O then! he feels
The Point of Misery fest'ring in his Heart,
And weakly weeps his Fortune like a Coward.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Eleonora*.

CHRISTIANITY.

* The Christian Beam

Illuminates my Faith, and bids me trust
All that may happen to the Will of Heav'n

New Force inspires me, and my strengthen'd Soul
Feels Energy divine: The fair Example
Of steadfast Martyrs, and of dying Saints
Has warm'd me into better Thoughts: I now
Can with a Smile behold Misfortune's Face,

VOL. I.

E

And

And think the Weight of Miseries, a Trial.
 The heav'nly Precepts brighten to my Mind
 No useful Part of Duty left behind :
 Here the consenting Principles unite
 A Beam divine directs our Steps aright
 And shews the Moral, in the Christian Light.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* Th' *Almighty Christian Power* that knows me innocent
 Exacts (they say) long *Life*, in *fix'd* Distress
 And suffers not the Brave to shorten Woe.

HILL's *Alxira*.

* If these are *Christian Virtues*†, I am *Christian*,
 The *Faith* that can inspire this gen'rous *Change*
 Must be *Divine*, — — — and glows with all its God!
 — — — Friendship, and Constancy, and Right, and Pity,
 All these, were Lessons I had learnt before,
 But this unnat'ral Grandeur of the Soul
 Is more than mortal ; and outreaches Virtue.
 It draws,—It charms,—It binds me, to be *Christian*.

Ibid.

CITY.

This antient City,
 How wanton sits she, amidst Nature's Smiles,
 Nor from her highest Turret has to view
 But golden Landships and luxuriant Scenes,
 A Waste of Wealth, the Store-house of the World ;
 Here fruitful Vales far stretching fly the Sight,
 There Sails unnumber'd whiten all the Stream,
 While from the Banks full twenty thousand Cities
 Survey their Pride, and see their gilded Towers
 Float on the Waves, and break against the Shoar.

Various Nations meet
 As in a Sea, yet not confin'd in Space,

† See an Extract from the same Play under the Head of *Forgiveness*.

But

But streaming freely thro' the spacious Streets,
Which sends forth Millions at each brazen-Gate ;
Whene'er the Trumpet calls high over Head,
On the broad Walls the Chariots bound along.

YOUNG's *Besiris*.

CLEMENCY.

* The Rulers of the World
Unmercifully just, who punish all
To the severest Rigour of the Laws
Are most unjust themselves, and violate
The Laws they seem to guard. There is a Justice
Due to Humanity. —

CH. JOHNSON's *Medea*.

* Yet no Attribute
So well befits th' exalted Seat supreme,
And Power's disposing Hand, as Clemency.
Each Crime must from its Quality be judg'd ;
And Pity there should interpose, where Malice
Is not th' Aggressor. —

JONES's *Earl of Essex*.

* So prone to Error is our mortal Frame,
Time could not step without a Trace of Horror,
If wary Nature on the human Heart
Amid its wild Variety of Passions
Had not impress'd a soft and yielding Sense,
That when Offences gave Resentment Birth,
The kindly Dews of Penitence may raise
The Seeds of mutual Mercy and Forgiveness.

GLOVER's *Boadicea*.

CLIFF.

From the dread Summit of this chalky Bourne
Look up a Height, the shrill-gor'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen nor heard. SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

76 *The BEAUTIES of*

Behold a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep :
How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low !
The Crows and Choughs that wing the midway Air,
Shew scarce so gross as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire : Dreadful Trade !
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach
Appear like Mice ; and yond tall anch'ring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge
Cannot be heard so high. SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

As from steep and dreadful Precipice
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him ;
If then some neighbouring Shrub, how weak soever,
Peep up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall. DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

We seem to lean over some hanging Cliff,
O'erlooking all the Wrecks that float below :
Should we stretch more beyond the Verge, we fall
Infinite Fathoms down, and sink for ever.

HOPKINS's *Pyrrhus*.

Let us advance tow'rds the Cliff's dreadful Brow,
From which the fearful Downfal of the Precipice,
And the wild Horrors of the rocky Beach,
Lie subject to our View.

DENNIS's *Iphigenia*.

Behold with what laborious Task they mount
To climb the craggy Steepness of the Cliff ;

While

While some at Distance, with unequal Pace,
Pursuing, pant behind 'em. DENNIS's *Iphigenia*.

Behold the Summit of yon shaggy Mountain,
That bending its black Brow, with dreadful Scowl,
Over the gloomy Deep, affrights great Neptune. *Ibid.*

From the Brow
Of a wild Precipice, immensely horrible
And painful to the Sight: The curdling Blood
Chills in his Heart who treads the dangerous Cliff;
For from the out-jetting Top, a dreadful Steep
Falls many a Mile direct: The dizzy Eye
Akes with Contraction, and grows dim in vain
To search the unfounded Bottom.

HILL's *Fatal Vision*.

CLOUDS. *See Morning.*

The low'ring Clouds that dip themselves in Rain,
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

The gathering Clouds like meeting Armies
Come on apace.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

The Rack of Clouds is driving on the Wind,
And shews a Break of Sun-shine.

DRYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

COCK.

I have heard

The Cock that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day,
Some say, that ever against that Season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
This Bird of dawning singeth all Night long.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

The BEAUTIES of COMBAT.

Behold those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn's* sedy Bank,
In single Opposition, Hand to Hand,
He did confound the best Part of an Hour,
In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower*.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon Agreement of swift *Severn's* Flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crisped Head in the hollow Bank,
Stain'd with the Blood of those brave Combatants.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry IV.*

When at the Legion's Head the brave old King,
And I, like Clouds with Thunder charg'd,
Encountring rush'd together.

Long was the Tug of Fate, and mutual Wounds
On each Side were receiv'd; at last my Stars
Prevail'd, and *Gondibert*, o'erthrown by Fate,
Resign'd that Life he so deserv'd to keep.

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror.*

COMET.

When Beggars dye there are no Comets seen,
TheHeavens themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar.*

Bid Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalation's spent,
That fed their short-liv'd Glory. LEE's *Mitbridates.*

Long bearded Comets stick
Like flaming Porcupines
As they would shoot their Quills. DRYDEN's *Oedipus.*

For

For like a blazing Meteor, hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping Train of Fire along.
DRYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

Fallen is that Comet which on high
Portended Ruin, he has spent his Blaze,
And shall distract the World with Fears no more.
ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

COMFORT.

Of Comfort no Man speak;
Lets talk of Graves, and Worms and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes,
Write Sorrow on the Bosom of the Earth.
SHAKESPEAR's *Richard II.*

And can't thou minister to a Mind diseased;
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow;
Raze out the written Trouble of the Brain;
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the foul Bottom of that perilous Stuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart?
SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth*.

I would bring Balm, and pour it in your Wound,
Cure your distemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.
DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Thy Words have darted Hope into my Soul,
And Comfort dawns upon me.
SOUTHERN's *Disappointment*.

A Beam of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the black Horror, and directs my Way.
DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

I came
To sooth the secret Anguish of her Soul,
E 4 To

To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.
ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Comfort, like the golden Sun,
Dispels the sullen Shade with her sweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy House of Care.
ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

Now whither shall I fly to find Relief ?
What charitable Hand will aid me now ?
Will stay my falling Steps, support my Ruins,
And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort ?
Ibid.

Who talks of Comfort to a Wretch like me,
This is the House of Sorrow, here it dwells,
And multiplies a Race of unblest Children.
SEWEL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Comfort — — 'tis for Ease and Quiet
It sleeps upon the Down of sweet Content,
In the sound Bed of Industry and Health.
HAYARD's *Regulus*.

COMMUNITY.

* My Country, Sir, is not a single Spot
Of such a Mould, or fixed to such a Clime ;
No, 'tis the social Circle of my Friends,
The lov'd Community in which I'm link'd
And in whose Welfare all my Wishes center.
MILLER's *Mahomet*.

* Thou hast not thence a Right to lift thy Hand
Against the whole Community, which forms
Thy ever sacred Country.—That consists
Not of coæval Citizens alone :
It knows no Bounds, it has a Retrospect

To

To Ages past; it looks on those to come;
And grasps of all the general Worth and Virtue.

THOMPSON'S *Coriolanus*.

COMPASSION.

What Rage could hurt a Gentleness like thine,
Whose tender Soul could weep
O'er dying Roses, and at Blossoms fall.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Coriolanus*.

Nature has cast me in so soft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure,
Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood.

DRYDEN'S *All for Love*.

O thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind, as sympathizing Nature!
When a sad Story has been told, I've seen
Thy little Breast, with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds.

OTWAY'S *Orphan*.

When Fortune, or the Gods afflict Mankind,
Compassion to the Miserable's due:
But when we suffer what we may prevent,
At once we forfeit Pity and Esteem.

HICCON'S *Generous Conqueror*.

A Flood of Tenderness comes o'er my Soul;
I join my Grief to your's, and mourn the Evils
That hurt your Peace, and quench your Eyes in Tears.

ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*.

When most my Heart was lifted with Delight,
If I withheld the Morsel from the Hungry,
Forgot the Widows Want and Orphans Cry,
If I have known a Good they have not shar'd,
Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion with me,

82 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

Let my reproachful Enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the Succour which I gave not then.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

How few, like thee, enquire the Wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity !
Like thee, reserve their Rayment for the Naked,
Reach out their Bread to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix the pitying Tears with those that weep !

Ibid.

Let them be cruel who delight in Mischief ;
I'm of a softer Mold : Poor *Phædra's* Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart, and wound my Soul.

SMITH's *Phædra and Hippolitus*.

Sure Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
Enfeebl'd all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak Sex :
Pity and Love by Turns oppress my Heart.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

What is Compassion, when 'tis void of Love ?
To one who asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death.

Ibid.

* A generous Warmth opens the Hero's Soul
And soft Compassion flows where Courage dwells.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medæa*.

* 'Tis gen'rous ev'n to feel foreign Woe,
In a responsive Sympathy to others.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

CONCEALMENT.

A murd'rous Guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than Love that would seem hid.

SHAKESPEAR's *Twelfth Night*.

She

She ne'er told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Prey on her Damask Cheek : She pined in Thought,
And sat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VI.*

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches Cunning even to Innocence ;
And where he gets Possession, his first Work
Is to dig deep within a Heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a Miser in the Dark,
To feast alone. DRYDEN's *Tempest.*

I wore my Flames conceal'd ;
And silent as the Lamps that burn in Tombs,
Sigh'd only to myself, and to the Winds ;
Gaz'd on your Beauties with the distant Crowd :
Yourself at last perceiv'd my drooping Care,
And forc'd the trembling Secret from my Breast.
TATE's *Loyal General.*

I love like thee, and yet conceal my Flame,
Which burns the more, the more it is suppress'd.
HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror.*

CONCEIT.

Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest works.
SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet.*

I know not how Conceit may rob
The Treasure of Life, when Life itself
Yields to the Theft. SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear.*

Dangerous Conceits are in their Nature Poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little Act upon the Blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphur.
SHAKESPEAR's *Othello.*

C O N -

CONFLICT.

Whither wander my bold Thoughts
 Broke loose from Reason, how did they run mad,
 And now they are come Home all arm'd with Stings,
 And pierce my bleeding Heart;
 I beg the Gods to disappoint my Crime,
 Yet almost wish 'em deaf to my Desire.
 I long, repent; repent, and long again,
 And every Moment differs from the last.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* But let me think
 Ere yet my sliding Feet forego the Shore,
 That quitted once can never be recover'd,
 In what a boundless Ocean am I plunging
 With only one uncertain Light to guide me!—
 If that should fail I sink o'erwhelm'd for ever.—
 But should the grateful *Elmerick* stretch forth
 His saving Hand, and snatch me from the Billows,
 Love will return a thousand solid Joys
 For every transient Pain —But O the Hazard—
 A Woman and a Queen to offer Love,
 And hear herself refus'd!—'Tis Misery
 'Tis everlasting Shame! 'Tis Death and Hell!
 I will not think so poorly of my Fate
 Myself or *Elmerick*—My present Lot
 Is cheerless and forlorn—Impetuous Gusts
 Of stormy Passions drive me thro' the Gloom
 Unsteady and uncertain. All before me
 Is the profound, unfathomable Deep;
 And all behind a dark and boundless Waste.—

LILLO's *Elmerick*.

* His Mind appear'd
 A mighty Ocean stirr'd by fighting Winds
 His Pace uncertain, Fury in his Aspect,
 His Bosom heaving with convulsive Thoughts,

By

By Turns he cast his Eyes severe to Heaven ;
By Turns he bent them gloomy on the Ground :
A Pause of Silence where dumb Horror reign'd
More wild and more expressive to the Sight,
Than on the Ear the Storm of Words can pour,
MALLET's Mustapha.

In Change of Place there is no Change of Pain.
Contending Passions urging each its Claim
Tear up my Bosom with intestine War.
Shall Treason go unpunish'd ? Shall I dip
My Hands in filial Blood ? O fatal Choice !
O cruel Conflict !— *Ibid.*

* Off, off vain Cumbrance ye conflicting Thoughts !
Leave me to Heav'n. O Peace !—it will not be—
Just when I rose above Mortality
To pour her wond'rous Weight of Charms upon me !
At such a Time it was, it was too much !
To pluck the soaring Pinion of my Soul,
While Eagle-eyed she held her Flight to Heaven
O'er Pain and Death triumphant ! Help, ye Saints,
Angelic Ministers descend, descend !
And lift me to myself ; hold, bind my Heart
Firm and unshaken, in the approaching Ruin,
The Wreck of Earth-born Frailty.—

BROOKE's Gustavus Vasa.

CONJURATION.

I'll to the Grove of Furies,
There I can force th' infernal Gods to shew
Their horrid Forms.
Each trembling Ghost shall rise,
And leave their griesly King without a Waiter.

DRYDEN and LEE's Oedipus.

CON-

CONQUEST.

Then Crimson Conquest clasp'd me in her Arms,
And laurell'd Triumphs welcom'd my Return.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother*.

I claim by Right
Of Conquest ; for when Kings make War,
No Law betwixt two Sov'reigns can decide,
But that of Arms, where Fortune is the Judge,
Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field.

DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

Conquest is not given by Chance,
But bound by fatal and resistless Merit,
Waits on his Arms. ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

It is too much, you dress me
Like an Usurper in the borrow'd Attribute
Of injur'd Heaven : Can we call Conquest ours ?
Shall Man, this Pigmy, with a Giant's Pride,
Vaunt of himself, and say, Thus have I done this ?
O vain Pretence to Greatness ! Like the Moon,
We borrow all the Brightness which we boast ;
Dark in ourselves and useless : If that Hand
That rules the Fate of Battles, strike for us,
Crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Honour,

'Twere most ungrateful to disown the Benefit,
And arrogate a Pride that is not ours. *Ibid.*

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the Strong in Awe.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard III.*

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in Awe,
But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law ?

Even

Even you yourself, to your own Breast shall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell:
What Business has my Conscience with a Crown,
She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown;
If Mirth should fail, I'll busy her with Cares,
Silence her clam'rous Voice with louder Wars,
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the
Throne,

As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon;
Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,
Spring back more strongly like a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murderer.
Your ill-got Power, wan Looks and Care shall bring,
Known but by Discontent to be a King;
Of Crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

I wou'd be drunk with Death and steaming
Slaughter
To stupify the Sense of inward Torment.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

Were all well here, what Force, what *Roman*
Arms,
What General marching at the Head of Millions,
Could daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates*?
But here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Bosom,
The fatal Enemy undermines me quite;
Black Legions are my Thoughts: Not *Pompey*, but
Ziphares comes with all his Wrongs, and Arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods against me.
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his Side, and cries out, kill, kill, kill,
That

That curſed Parricide, that Ravisher.
Oh Heaven ! ſuſtain me, or I ſhall grow mad !

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

I tell thee, Boy, Remorſe and upſtart Fear
Oppreſs me even in Spight of all my Knowledge ;
Tho' none of thoſe that boaſt Philoſophy
Have made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb
Than I ; (the Midnight Moon has ſeen my Watch-
ings :))

I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds
Like me ; nor better know her Sparks of Light.
Thoſe Gems that ſhine in the blue Ring of Heaven :
None knows more Reason for or 'gainſt yond firſt
Bright Cauſe, can talk of Accidents, above me.
Yet there's a Thorn, call'd Conſcience, makes its
Way

'Thro' all the Fence of Pleaſure, fortified
With Reasons, that this Ill ſeems Good to me,
And ſtings thy guilty Father to the Soul. *Ibid.*

Oh Power of Guilt ! How Conſcience can up-
braid !

It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what ſhe would moſt conceal.

DRYDEN's *Conqueſt of Granada*.

Oh Power of Conſcience ! even in wicked Man,
It works, it ſtings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, not to clear himſelf
From the moſt baſe, deteſted, horrid Act,
That e'er could ſtain a Villain. *LEE's Oedipus*.

How ſhall I ſcape the Stings of my own Con-
ſcience ?

Which will for ever wrack me with Remembrance,
Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night ;

Caſting

Casting my blotted Honour in the Way?
Where'er my melancholy Thoughts shall guide me?

LEES *Lucius Junius Brutus.*

Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may
lose me;

Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget myself, and this Day's Guilt:
Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

OTWAY's *Venice Preserved.*

Oh! what's this that rends my Heart,
That rides my Days, and clouds my Nights with
Horror!

Is it not Conscience, which sometimes appears
Like a She-wolf, and drags me on the Floor?
Then in a Lion's Form it comes,
And grins, and roars, just gaping to devour me!

LEE's *Massacre of Paris.*

I'll to the Wars; and as the *Corybantes*,
With clashing Shields, and braying Trumpets,
drown'd

The Cries of Infant *Jove*, I'll stifle Conscience,
And Nature's Murmurs, in the Din of Arms.

SMITH's *Phædra and Hippolitus.*

We cheat the World
With florid Outside, till we meet Surprise;
Then, Conscience working inward like a Mole,
Crumbles the Surface, and reveals the Dirt
From which our Actions spring.

FENTON's *Mariamne.*

* Conscience, that in the Day of Fortune's Favour
Securely slept, now rouses into strong
And dread Conviction of her Crime. I broke
The sacred Oath sworn to a dying Father,
To free my Country from her Chains. My Soul
Shakes as I roll this Thought. O Providence

Awfully

Awfully just, tho' Guilt may shut her Eye,
Thine ever wakes to mark, to trace, to punish!

Eurydice.

* In vain, O *Jove*, you plac'd in human Breasts
Conscience, your great Vicegerent here below;
To warn us from the first Approach of Guilt:
Thou Tempter Gold! who can resist thy Charms?
Ambition bears down all with mighty Sway,
Insatiate Avarice takes up ev'ry Thought;
Each Passion throws a Veil before our Eyes,
That tear, as the envenom'd Adders Young,
The unhappy Bosom where such Vipers breed.

TRACY's Periander.

* O Justice! Justice!
In vain are Glory, Worship, and Dominion!
All Conqueror as I am, I am a Slave,
And by the World ador'd, dwell with the Damn'd.
My Crimes have planted Scorpions in my Breast.—
There is Remorse! is Conscience then! O Furies!
Here, here I feel ye. 'Tis in vain to brave
The Host of Terrors that invade my Soul;
I might deceive the World, myself I cannot.

MILLER's Mabomet.

* Is Death more cruel from a private Dagger
Than in the Field, from murdering Swords of thou-
sands?

Or does the Number slain make Slaughter glorious?
Why then is Conscience more restrain'd in me,
Than in a crown'd Ambition? Conscience there can
sleep

Secure by Custom and Impunity:
Shall Custom then excuse the Crimes of Power,
And shall the brave be baffled by a Shadow?
Let sickly Conscience shake the vulgar Soul,

That

That Brute-like plods the beaten Paths of Life
Without Reflection on its Slavery.

CIBBER's *King John*.

* In vain affected Raptures flush the Cheek,
And Songs of Pleasure warble from the Tongue,
When Fear and Anguish labour in the Breast,
And all within is Darkness and Confusion.
Thus on deceitful *Ætna's* flow'ry Side
Unfading Verdure glads the roving Eye,
While secret Flames, with unextinguish'd Rage
Infatiate on her wasted Entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous Beauties into Ruins.

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

* Where are thy Terrors, Conscience? Where thy
Justice?
That this bad Man dare boldly own his Crimes,
Insult thy sacred Power, and glory in it.

FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

* *Conscience*, what art thou? thou tremendous
Power!

Who dost inhabit us without our Leave;
And art within ourselves, another Self,
A Master Self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the Monarch frankly as the Slave.
How dost thou light a Torch to distant Deeds?
Make the Past, Present, and the Future frown?
How, ever and anon, awake the Soul,
As with a Peal of Thunder, to strange Horrors.
In this long restless Dream, which Ideots hug,
Nay, wise Men flatter with the Name of Life?

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

CONSPIRACY.

Between the acting of a dreadful Thing,
And the first Motion all the Interim, is

Like

Like a Phantasma or a hideous Dream,
The Genius and the mortal Instruments,
Are then in Council, and the State of Man
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an Insurrection.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

Oh Conspiracy !

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free ? O then by Day,
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous Visage ? Seek for none ;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability ;
For if thou put thy native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dark enough
To hide thee from Prevention. *Ibid.*

Oh, the curs'd Fate of all Conspiracies !
They move on many Springs ; if one but fail,
The restive Machine stops. DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

CONSTANCY. See INCONSTANCY.

O Constancy, be strong upon my Side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue,
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

I could be well moved if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me ;
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Let me a little shew it. *Ibid.*

There's no such Thing as Constancy we call,
Faith tyes not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all ;
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
First Constancy in Love a Virtue made ;
From Friendship they the Land-mark did remove,
And falsly plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

Fair

Fair tho' you are
As Summer-Mornings, and your Eyes more bright
Than Stars, that twinkle in a Winter's Night;
Tho' you have Eloquence to warm and move
Cold Age, and praying Hermits into Love;
Tho' *Almahide* with Scorn reward my Care;
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair. *Ibid.*

Whisper to him some Angel what I'm doing,
By Sympathy of Soul, let him too tremble
To hear my wondrous Faith, my wondrous Love,
Whose Spirit not content with an Ovation
Of ling'ring Fate, with Triumph thus resolv'd,
Thus in the rapid Chariot of the Soul,
To mount and dare as never Woman dar'd.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Constant as Courage to the Brave in Battle;
Constant as Martyrs burning for their Gods. *Ibid.*

Be constant, *Bellamira*, to thy Vow,
So shall we shine as in the inmost Heaven,
The fix'd and constant Stars, with silent Glory,
Where never Storms nor Lightnings flash, nor Stroke
Of Thunder comes: But if you fail in aught,
Then shall we fall, like the curs'd Angels, down,
Never to rise again. LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

Not rooted Oaks, the Force of raging Winds,
Nor Nature's Bars, on their strong Basis fix'd,
Repel the Fury of insulting Waves
With greater Firmness, than resolv'd *Armida*
Defies the Charms of Majesty and Power.

HIGGON's *Generous Conqueror*.

When I am false, forsake me all that's true.
What! parcel Love, Like

Like common Dole, by Scraps, to every Eye
 That hungers after Lust ! Shall I do this ?
 No, my frank Soul gives largely all at once,
 Nothing by Halves : True Love has no Reserve.
 Yes, my *Chryseis*, I am only thine,
 Only and all : The Soul thar's snatch'd by Death
 Returns no more, nor will her Eyes give back
 The Heart she keeps in her eternal Chain.

LANSDOWN's *Heroick Love*.

When yet a Virgin free and undispos'd,
 I lov'd, but saw you only with my Eyes ;
 I could not reach the Beauties of your Soul :
 I have liv'd since in Contemplation,
 And long Experience of your growing Goodness ;
 What then was Passion is my Judgment now,
 Thro' all the several Changes of your Life
 Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

HAYNES's *Fatal Mistake*.

Peruse the Prospect of thy growing Hopes,
 Repeat thy Looks, thy Wishes, and thy Vows,
 For constant Kindness is the surest Charm,
 And Danger dares not stir, when Love is warm.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Be proud no more : But dare be honest.
 Far from presuming to reproach my Tears,
 Honour my *Constancy* ; and praise my *Vertue*.
 Cease to regret the *Dues* I pay the Dead :
 And *merit*, if you can, a Heart thus faithfull.

HILL's *Alzira*.

* Canst thou thy *Tancred* deem so dully form'd,
 Of such gross Clay, just as I reach the Point—
 A Point my wildest Hopes could never image—
 In that great Moment, full of every Virtue,
 That I should then so mean a Traitor prove,
 To the best Bliss and Honour of Mankind,

So much disgrace the human Heart, as then
For the dead Form of Flattery and Pomp,
The faithless Joys of Courts, to quit kind Truth,
The cordial Sweets of Friendship and of Love
The Life of Life ! my all, my *Sigismunda* !

THOMPSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

* Hear first that *Atbelwold*'s sad Widow swears
To rear a hallow'd Convent o'er the Place ;
Where stream'd his Blood, there will she weep thro'
Life

Immur'd with this chaste Throng of Virgins, there
Each Day shall six Times hear her full-voic'd Choir
Chaunt the slow Requiem to her martyr'd Lord ;
There too when Midnight lours with awful Gloom,
She'll rise observant of the stated Call
Of waking Grief, bear the dim livid Taper
Along the winding Isles, and at the Altar
Kiss ev'ry pale Shrine with her trembling Lips,
Press the cold Stone with her bent Knee, and call
On fainted *Atbelwold*. — — — — —

Hear next, that *Atbelwold*'s sad Widow swears
Never to violate the holy Vow
She to his Truth first plighted ; swears to bear
The sober Singleness of Widowhood
To her cold Grave. If from this chaste Resolve
She ev'n in Thought should swerve, if gaudy Pomp,
Or flatt'ring Greatness e'er should tempt one Wish
To stray beyond this Purpose, may that Heav'n
Which hears this Vow, punish its Violation
As heav'nly Justice ought. — *Mason's Elfrida*.

CONSTERNATION.

See ASTONISHMENT.

Never was known a Noise of such Distraction!
 Noise so confus'd and dreadful: Justling Crowds
 That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
 Like Meteors, by each other in the Streets.

DRYDEN's Spanish Fryar.

Wherefore stare you thus with haggard Eyes?
 Why are your Arms a-cross?
 Your heavy and desponding Heads hung down?
 What is't you more than speak in these sad Signs?

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

* Why are thy Fyes thus fix'd? What means this
 Posture?

Thou look'st a very Statue of Surprise
 As if a Lightning Blast had dry'd thee up,
 And had not left thee Moisture for a Tear.

MARTYN's Timoleon.

CONTEMPLATION.

* 'Tis most true,
 That musing Meditation most affects
 The pensive Secrecy of desert Cell,
 Far from the chearful Haunt of Men and Herds,
 And sits as safe as in the Senate-House:
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
 His few Books, or his Beads or Maple Dish
 Or do his grey Hairs any Violence?

MILTON's Comus.

* Nor sunk in Sloth, nor hating Human-kind,
 But to their Service dedicated more,
 The Book of Nature open to my View
 With Care I would explore the wond'rous Work

There

There read the Dictates of th' Almighty Mind,
By his own Hand exprest, in Characters
Thro' the whole fair Creation legible
In ev'ry Tongue and Land. — — — A solemn Institute
Of Laws eternal, whose unalter'd Page
No Time can change, no Copier can corrupt.
Science and Vertue my sole Contemplation,
I'll leave this bias'd, busy World to turn
On its two stated Poles of Fraud and Folly.

BELLERS's *Injured Innocence.*

* Last Night, when with a Draught from that cool
Fountain

I had my wholesome sober Supper crown'd;
As is my stated Custom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the solemn Gloom and glittering Sky
To feed my Soul with Prayer and Meditation.
And thus to inward Harmony compos'd,
That sweetest Musick of the grateful Heart,
Whose each Emotion is a silent Hymn,
I to my Couch retir'd. — MALLET's *Alfred.*

CONTENT.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches endless is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello.*

Since all great Souls still make their own Content,
We to ourselves may all our Wishes grant;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor.*

They cannot want who wish not to have more;
Who ever said an *Anchoret* was poor?

DRYDEN's *Secret Love.*

Rest we contented with our present State ;
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate.

DRYDEN's *King Arthur*.

Were it not better in some distant Clime
To live, and love, and peaceably possess
The small Remainder of our Lives to come ?
What tho' we quit all glitt'ring Pomp and Greatness,
The busy noisy Flattery of Courts,
We shall enjoy Content : In that alone
Is Greatness, Power, Wealth, Honour, all summ'd up.

POWEL's *King of Naples*.

C O N T I N E N C E, *A noble Instance of.*

* What with Admiration
Struck every Heart was this.——A noble Virgin
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive Dames,
Was mark'd the General's † Prize. She wept, and
blush'd,

Young fresh and blooming like the Morn. An Eye
As when the blue Sky trembles through a Cloud
Of purest White. A secret Charm combined
Her Features and infus'd Enchantment through them,
Her Shape was Harmony —But Eloquence
Beneath her Beauty fails ; which seem'd on Purpose,
By Nature lavish'd on her, that Mankind
Might see the Virtue of a Hero try'd
Almost beyond the Stretch of human Force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast Eyes,
Where gentle Sorrow swell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modest Cheek a trickling Tear.
The *Roman* Legions languish'd, and hard War
Felt more than Pity. Ev'n their Chief himself
As on his high Tribunal rais'd he sat,
Turn'd from the dangerous Sight, and chiding ask'd

† *Scipio*.

His

His Officers, if by this Gift they meant
To cloud his Virtue in its very Dawn.

— — — — —
She, question'd of her Birth, in trembling Accents,
With Tears and Blushes broken, told her Tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old Captive Parents the sole Joy ;
And that a hapless *Celtiberian* Prince
Her Lover and belov'd, forgot his Chains,
His lost Dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender Soul ; sudden the Heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, God-like *Roman*
Felt all the great Divinity of Virtue.
His wishing Youth stood check'd, his tempting Power
Restrain'd by kind Humanity. — At once
He for her Parents and her Lover call'd.
The various Scene imagine : How his Troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant ;
While stretch'd below the trembling Suppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thousand mingling Passions, Fear
Hope, Jealousy, Disdain, Submission, Grief,
Anxiety and Love in every Shape.
To these as different Sentiments succeeded,
As mixt Emotions, when the Man divine
Thus the dread Silence to the Lover broke.
“ We both are young, both charm'd. The Right of
“ War

“ Has put thy beauteous Mistress in my Power ;
“ With whom I could in the most sacred Ties
“ Live out a happy Life : But know that *Romans*
“ Their Hearts, as well as Enemies can conquer.
“ Then take her to thy Soul ; and with her take
“ Thy Liberty and Kingdom. In Return
“ I ask but this. When you behold these Eyes
“ These Charms, with Transport ; be a Friend to
“ *Rome.*” THOMPSON'S *Sophonisba*.

C O U R A G E.

I dare do all that may become a Man,
He who dares more is none

SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth*.

He dares much;

And to that dauntless Temper of his Mind,
He has a Wisdom that still guides his Valour
To act in Safety.

Ibid.

What Man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcanian* Tyger,
Take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble.

Ibid.

Did Mountains of black Horror me surround,
I'd scale them all.
When Fortune, Honour, Life, and all's in Doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

SUCKLING's *Aglaure*.

A wise well-temper'd Valour,
For such is his : Those Giants, Death and Danger,
Are but his Ministers, and serve a Master
More to be fear'd than they ; and the blind Goddess
Is led among the Captives in his Triumph :
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is over-borne
By Numbers, as the long-resisting Banks
By the impetuous Torrent.

DENHAM's *Sophy*.

The greatest Proof of Courage we can give,
Is then to die when we have Power to live

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

All desp'rate Hazards Courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has least Estate :

Presence

Presence of Mind; and Courage in Distress,
Are more than Armies to procure Success.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

But when true Courage is of Force bereft,
Patience the only Fortitude is left.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

Make thy Demands to those that own thy Power!
Know I am still beyond thee: And tho' Fortune
Has stript me of this Train, this Pomp of Greatness,
This Outside of a King, yet still my Soul
Fix'd high, and of herself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal! and even now
As at the Head of Battle, does defy thee!
I know what Power the Chance of War has given thee,
And dare thee to the Use on't. ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

A noble Freedom

Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd.

Ibid.

Let us appear, nor rash, nor diffident;
Immoderate Valour swells into a Fault;
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betrays like Treason.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

Forbid it If,

That whilst *Busiris* treads the sanguine Field,
The foremost Spirit of his Host should conquer,
But by Example, and beneath the Shade
Of this high brandish'd Arm, didst thou fear,
Sure 'tis an Act I know not how to fear.

'Tis one of the few Things beyond my Power;
And if Death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy Master is immortal.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

True Courage, is not where fermenting Spirits
Mount in a troubled and unruly Stream,

The Soul's its proper Seat, and Reason there
Presiding, guides its cool or warmer Motions.

FROWDE's *Fall of Saguntum*.

* Courage is poorly hous'd that dwells in Number :
The Lion never counts the Herd about him,
Nor weighs how many Flocks he has to scatter.

HILL's *Henry V*.

* True Courage but from Opposition grows ;
And what are fifty, what a thousand Slaves
Match'd to the Sinew of a single Arm
That strikes for Liberty. BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* True Valour—

Lies in the Mind, the never-yielding Purpose,
Nor owns the blind Award of giddy Fortune.

THOMPSON's *Coriolanus*.

* True Courage scorns
To vent her Prowess in a Storm of Words :
And to the Valiant, Actions speak alone.

The Regicide.

* This is true Courage, not the brutal Force
Of vulgar Heroes, but the firm Resolve
Of Virtue and of Reason. He who thinks
Without their Aid to shine in Deeds of Arms,
Builds on a sandy Basis his Renown ;
A Dream, a Vapour, or an Ague-Fit
May make a Coward of him—

WHITEHEAD's *Roman Father*.

* Courage, on the Heights and Steeps of Fate,
Dares snatch her glorious Purpose from the Edge
Of Peril : And while sick'ning Caution shrinks
Or Self-betray'd, falls headlong down the Steep ;
Calm Resolution, unappal'd, can walk
The giddy Bank, secure,—

Barbarossa.

* Th'

Th' Intent and not the Deed
Is in our Power : And therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly. — *Ibid.*

C O U R T and C O U R T I E R.

Courtiers are
High Cowards in Revenge amongst themselves,
And only valiant when they mischieve others :
Stars that would have no Names
But for the Ills they threaten in Conjunction :
A Race of shallow and unthinking Pilots,
Who oft misguide the Ship even in a Calm,
And in great Storms serve but as Weights to sink it.
SUCKLING's Brennoralt.

The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,
Upon whose magick Skirts, a thousand Devils
In chrystal Forms sit, tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre. *LEE's Nero.*

I have no Business there ;
I have not slavish Temp'rance enough
T' attend a Fav'rite's Heels, and watch his Smiles,
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me, for his Favour.
OTWAY's Orphan.

Courts are the Places where best Manners flourish,
Where the Deserving ought to rise, and Fools
Make Shew. Why should I vex and chafe my Spleen,
To see a gaudy Coxcomb shine, when I
Have Sense enough to sooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to Advantage as I please. *Ibid.*

What Man of Sense would rack his gen'rous Mind,
To practise all the base Formalities
And Forms of Bus'ness ? Force a grave starch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart ?

Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
When privately, perhaps, they meet together,
And lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin?
Such Things are done in Courts. OTWAY's *Orphan*:

Bertram has been taught the Arts of Courts;
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin.
DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment,
Too heavy for the Sunshine of a Court. *Ibid.*

But Courtiers are to be accounted good,
When they are not the last and worst of Men. *Ibid.*

Be still, and learn the smoothing Arts of Courts;
Adore his Fortunes, mix with flattering Crowds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest.
DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Of all Court-Service learn the common Lot,
To-day 'tis done, To-morrow 'tis forgot. *Ibid.*

The Court is full of Eyes,
As Eagles sharp, fatal as Basilisks,
Who live on looking, and who see to Death.
DRYDEN's *Love Triumphant*.

Learn the cruel Arts of Courts;
Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,
And suffer Crimes thou want'st the Power to punish:
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;
Search, and know all Mankind's mysterious Ways;
But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none:
This is the Way;
This only, to be safe in such a World as this is.
ROWE's *Ulysses*.

Would you be happy, leave this fatal Place;
Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighbourhood,
Where

Where Innocence is shunn'd, and blushing Modesty
Is made the Scorners's Jest; where Hate, Deceit,
And deadly Ruin, wear the Masks of Beauty,
And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

I am no Courtier, no fawning Dog of State,
To lick and kiss the Hand that buffets me.
Nor can I smile upon my Guest, and praise
His Stomach, when I know he feeds on Poison,
And Death disguis'd sits grinning at my Table.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

Oh how I hate this Tribe of kissing Courtiers!
There is some Flavour in a Woman's Breath,
And Nature bids us meet it with a Gust;
But these new Kisses
Make Perjury conclude where Lust begins. *Ibid.*

All his gaudy Courtiers basking round him
Like poisonous Vermin in a Dog-day Sun.
YOUNG's *Bufois*.

* Why did mistaking Fortune place me here,
Amidst the artful Guiles that reign in Courts;
Where Men betray each other? Where each Smile
Is big with Ruin—and where Innocence
Is sure to meet Destruction—— MARSH's, *Amasis*.

* Bred in Camps,
Train'd in the gallant Openness of Truth
That best becomes a Soldier; thou, my Friend,
Art happily a Stranger to the Baseness
The Infamy of Courts.—ACHMET, the *Caspian*,
When terrible with Tempest, is less fatal
To the frail Bark that plows it, than a Court
To Innocence and Worth. MALLETT's *Mussapha*.

* Unhappy Lot of all that shine in Courts ;
For forc'd Compliance, or for zealous Virtue,
Still odious to the Monarch, or the People.

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

* Do Laws and Kings then call Injustice *Vengeance*?
Shame on the Great! Why long'd my Eyes for Courts?
—Haughty of Heart, why have they Souls thus abject?
You threaten, praise, fright, flatter, and insult me!
—Gods! what a creeping climbing, hot cold, Creature
Is this big little Flutt'rer, call'd a *Courtier*!

HILL's *Merope*.

* Thou art too good for Courts—where *Ruin* preys
On Innocence ; and nought but *Guile* is safe. *Ibid*.

* The noblest Proof of Love
That *Abelwold* can give, is still to guard
Your tender Beauties from the blasting Taint
Of courtly Gales. The delicate soft Tints
Of snowy Innocence, the Crimson Glow
Of blushing Modesty, there all fly off
And leave the faded Face no nobler Boast
Than well-rang'd, lifeless Features. Ah, *Elfrida*!
Should you be doom'd, which happier Fate forbid!
To drag your Hours thro' all that nauseous Scene
Of Pageantry and Vice ; your purer Breast,
True to its virtuous Relish, soon would heave
A fervent Sigh for Innocence and *Harewood*.

MASON's *Elfrida*.

* He's cautious, Sir, he's subtle, he's a Courtier.
Dymas is now for you, now for your Brother ;
For both, and neither : He's a Summer Insect,
And loves the Sunshine : On his gilded Wings
While Scales waver, he'll fly doubtful round you ;
And sing his Flatteries to both alike :

The

The Scales once fix'd, he'll settle on the Winner,
And swear his Prayers drew down the Victory.
YOUNG's *Brothers*.

* These Statesmen nothing woo, but Gold and
Power,
I'm a bold Advocate for *other* Love ;
Tho', at *their* Bar, indicted for a Fool ! *Ibid.*

COURTESY.

* Shepherd, I take thy Word,
And trust thy honest-offer'd Courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly Sheds
With smoaky Rafters, than in Tap'stry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended.—— MILTON's *Comus*.

COURTSHIP.

He preferr'd me
Above the Maidens of my Age and Rank ;
Still shun'd their Company, and still sought mine:
I was not won by Gifts ! yet still he gave ;
And all his Gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his Love :
He pick'd the earliest Strawberries in the Woods,
The cluster'd Filberts, and the purple Grapes :
He taught a prating Stare to speak my Name ;
And when he found a Nest of Nightingales,
Or callow Linnets, he would shew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

DRYDEN's *Marriage Alamode*.

See, fairest Queen of Love and Beauty, here,
Your faithfullest and humblest Worshipper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice
To those eternal Glories of your Eyes ;
It is a Heart as spotless and sincere

As the chaste Vows of holy Vestals are :
Accept, divine one, and pronounce my Doom.

OTWAY's *Alcibiades*.

Still as I woo'd, when at her Feet I lay,
Begging the Bounty of a Look to bless me :
Had'st thou but seen with what a modest Pride,
A Virgin Innocence and chaste Reservedness,
She took the humble Offering of my Love ;
How still in all the winding of my Passion
Thro' the high Tide of Vows and strong Temp-
tations,

She kept an equal Mind : By Heav'n, I think,
Had'st thou seen the temp'rate Virgin stand,
Cold to my Flame, as Marble to the Sun,
(Not flush'd and haughty with the Conquest made,
As other vainer of her Sex would be)
Thou wouldst have lov'd her rigid Virtue too.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother*.

O *Semante* ! how shall I convince thee !
What shall I say, or how shall I protest,
To conquer thy Belief ?
Could'st thou discern the Workings of my Soul,
Pass thro' this Bosom to my throbbing Heart ;
Oh ! there thou wouldst behold thy heav'nly Form
Deep writ, and never to be raz'd away. *Ibid.*

Happiness !

There's none for me without you : Riches, Name,
Health, Fame, Distinction, Place and Quality,
Are the Incumbrances of human Life,
To make it but more tedious without you.
What serve the Goods of Fortune for ? To raise
My Hopes that you at last will share them with me.
Long Life itself, the universal Pray'r,
And Heav'n's Reward of Well-deservers here
Would prove a Plague to me : To see you always,

And

And never see you mine ! Still to desire,
And never to enjoy ! SOUTHERN'S *Fatal Marriage*.

Can I behold thee, and not speak of Love,
Ev'n now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn ;
Thy Softness steals upon my yielding Senses,
'Till my Soul faints and sickens with Desire.

ROWE'S *Jane Shore*.

I will forget the Monarch, and lay by
My Royalty, then court you like a Slave,
Sigh at your Feet, and woo you to Compliance.

TRAP'S *Abramula*.

Tho' he riots 'midst a thousand Beauties,
He wants the Lover's greatest Happiness,
He the fair Slaves commands, and to his Arms
They strait resign their unresisting Charms ;
But I my various Arts and Plots prepare,
And court at Distance the refusing Fair ;
While I from Hope a silent Joy conceive,
And even my Fears a doubtful Pleasure give,
Till she submits to Love's resistless Laws,
And cures the Sickness which herself did cause.

Ibid.

Indulge me yet a little in my Ruin ;
Ah ! suffer me to look my Life away ;
While, prostrate at thy Feet, I tell my Love,
And let my latest Accent sigh *Aspatia*.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Force of Friendship*.

He often taught his Tongue a filken Tale,
Descended from himself and talk'd of Love.

YOUNG'S *Busiris*.

Mandane powerful Being, whose first Sight
Gives me a Transport not to be express'd,
And with one Moment over-pays a Year,

OF

Of Danger, Toil, and Death, and Absence from
thee.

Leave me not,
I've much to say, much more than you can conceive,
Yes by the Gods much more than I can utter;
May I not breathe my Soul upon this tender Hand,
When your Eyes triumph and insult my Pain,
Permit me here to take a small Revenge.

See my Heart beat *Mandane*,
Believe not me, but tell yourself my Passion,
Is it in Art to counterfeit within?
To drive the Spirits and inflame the Blood,
Each Nerve is pierc'd with Lightning from your Eye,
And every Pulse is in the Throbs of Love.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* *Mabomet* †. Wilt thou descend, fair Daughter
of Perfection,
To hear my Vows, and give Mankind a Queen?
Ah! cease, *Irene*, cease those flowing Sorrows
That melt a Heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy Thoughts henceforth to Love and Em-
pire,

How will the matchless Beauties of *Irene*,
Thus bright in Tears, thus amiable in Ruin,
With all the graceful Pride of Greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the Blaze of Jewels and of Gold,
Adorn a Throne and dignify Dominion.

Irene. Why all this Glare of splendid Eloquence,
To paint the Pageantries of guilty State?
Must I for these renounce the Hope of Heav'n,
Immortal Crowns, and Fulness of Enjoyment?

† The peculiar Turn Mr. *Johnson* has given to this Scene of
Courtship, between *Mabomet*, an imperious Conqueror, and *Irene*,
a doubting Christian Slave, has induced the Editor to insert it here
entire; as the greater Part of its Beauties must have been lost by
any Mutilations.

Mabomet.

Mahomet. Vain Raptures all.—For your inferior
Natures

Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting ;
Heav'n has reserv'd no future Paradise,
But bids you rove the Paths of Bliss, secure
Of total Death, and careless of Hereafter ;
While Heav'n's high Minister, whose awful Volume
Records each Act, each Thought of sovereign Man,
Surveys your Plays with inattentive Glance,
And leaves the lovely Trifler unregarded.

Irene. Why then has Nature's vain Munificence
Profusely pour'd her Bounties upon Woman ?
Whence then those Charms thy Tongue has deign'd
to flatter,

That Air resistless and enchanting Blush,
Unless the beauteous Fabrick was design'd
A Habitation for a fairer Soul.

Mahomet. Too high, bright Maid, thou rat'st ex-
terior Grace :

Not always do the fairest Flow'rs diffuse
The richest Odours, nor the speckled Shells
Conceal the Gem : Let female Arrogance
Observe the feather'd Wand'ers of the Sky,
With Purple varied and bedrop'd with Gold,
They prune the Wing and spread the glossy Plumes.
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary Passenger with Musick.

Irene. Mean as we are, this Tyrant of the World
Implores our Smiles and trembles at our Feet :
Whence flow the Hopes and Fears, Despair and
Rapture ?

Whence all the Bliss and Agonies of Love ?

Mahomet. Why when the Balm of Sleep descends
on Man,
Do gay Delusions, wand'ring o'er the Brain,
Sooth the Soul delighted with empty Bliss ?
To Want give Affluence, and to Slav'ry Freedom ?
Such

Such are Love's Joys, the Lenitives of Life,
A fancy'd Treasure, and a waking Dream.

Irene. Then let me once, in Honour of our Sex,
Assume the boastful Arrogance of Man.
Th' attractive Softness, and th' endearing Smile,
And pow'rful Glance, 'tis granted are our own;
Nor has impar'ial Nature's frugal Hand
Exhausted all her nobler Gifts on you:

Do not we share the comprehensive Thought,
Th' enlivening Wit, the penetrating Reason?
Beats not the female Breast with gen'rous Passions,
The Thirst of Empire, and the Love of Glory?

Mahomet. Illustrious Maid, new Wonders fix me
thine,

Thy Soul compleats the Triumphs of thy Face.
I thought, forgive my Fair, the noblest Aim,
The strongest Effort of a female Soul,
Was but to chuse the Graces of the Day;
To tune the Tongue, to teach the Eyes to roll,
Dispose the Colours of the flowing Robe,
And add new Roses to the faded Cheek.
Will it not charm a Mind like thine exalted,
To shine the Goddess of applauding Nations,
To scatter Happiness and Plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate Captive rise and live,
To see new Cities tow'r at thy Command,
And blasted Kingdoms flourish at thy Smile?

Irene. Charm'd with the Thought of blessing
Human-kind,

Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring Sounds.

Mahomet. O seize the Power to bless.—*Irene's*
Nod

Shall break the Fetters of the groaning Christian;
Greece, in her lovely Patroness secure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd Palaces.

Irene. Forbear,—O do not urge me to my Ruin!

Mahomet. To State and Pow'r I court thee, not to
Ruin:

Smile

Smile on my Wishes, and command the Globe.
Security shall spread her Shield before thee,
And Love infold thee with his downy Wings.

If Greatness please thee, mount th'imperial Seat;
If Pleasure charm thee, view this soft Retreat;
Here ev'ry Warbler of the Sky shall sing,
Here ev'ry Fragrance breathe of ev'ry Spring:
To deck these Bow'rs each Region shall combine,
And ev'n our Prophet's Gardens envy thine:
Empire and Love shall share the blissful Day,
And varied Life steal unperceiv'd away.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

C O W A R D.

Cowards die many Times before their Death,
The Valiant never taste of Death but once.
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Man should fear;
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come when it will come.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Cæsar*.

Milk-liver'd Man.

That bear'st a Cheek for Blows, a Head for Wrongs;
Who hast not in thy Brows an Eye discerning
Thine Honour from thy Suffering.

SHAKESPEAR'S *King Lear*.

Thou Coward yet

Art living, canst not, will not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death,
Tho' thousand Ways lead to his thousand Doors,
Which Day and Night are still unbar'd for all.

DRYDEN'S *Oedipus*.

A Coward is the kindest Animal;
'Tis the most forgiving Creature in a Fight.

DRYDEN'S *Cleomenes*.

Cowards

Cowards have Courage when they see not Death,
 And fearful Hares that skulk in Forms all Day,
 Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light;
 But valiant Men
 Still love the Sun should witness what they do.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

* Cowards in Ill, like Cowards in the Field,
 Are sure to be defeated. To strike home
 In both is Prudence.— YOUNG's *Brothers*.

CREDULITY.

* Should we, by too much Confidence betray'd,
 Fall a defenceless Prey to Villainy,
 What could be said for us? 'Tis wrong to trust
 Those, whom their very Priests instruct to keep
 No Faith with us.
 When wicked Men make Promises of Truth,
 'Tis Weakness to believe 'em.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* O Credulity,
 Thou hast as many Ears as Fame has Tongues,
 Open to every Sound of Truth as Falsehood!
 HAVARD's *King Charles I.*

CROISADES.

* I ne'er approv'd this rash, romantick War,
 Begot by hot-brain'd Bigots, and fomented
 By the Intrigues of proud designing Priests.
 All Ages have their Madness, this is ours.

LILLO's *Elmerick*.

* Then this Start
 To *Palestine*, this warlike Pilgrimage,
 This holy Madness will bear no Excuse.

Ibid.

* I here

* I here attend him
In Expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,
In holy Wars — Your Pardon, reverend Father. —
I must declare I think such Wars the Fruit
Of idle Courage, or mistaken Zeal ;
Sometimes of Rapine, and religious Rage,
To every Mischief prompt. - - - - -

- - - - - Sure I am 'tis Madness,
Inhuman Madness, thus, from half the World
To drain its Blood and Treasure, to neglect
Each Art of Peace, Each Care of Government ;
And all for what ? By spreading Desolation,
Rapine and Slaughter o'er the other Half
To gain a Conquest we can never hold.

I venerate this Land. Those sacred Hills,
Those Vales, those Cities, trod by Saints and Pro-
phets,

By God himself, the Scenes of heav'nly Wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful Joy.

But the same God, my Friend, pervades, sustains,
Surrounds and fills this universal Frame ;
And every Land, where spreads his vital Presence,
His all-enliv'ning Breath, to me is holy.

Excuse me, *Theald*, if I go too far :
I meant alone to say, I think these Wars
A Kind of Persecution. And when that,
That most absurd and cruel of all Vices,
Is once begun, where shall it find an End ?
Each in his Turn, or has or claims a Right
To wield its Dagger, to return its Furies,
And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Eltonora*.

CROWN.

C R O W N.

* Call it not Virtue, to resist what tempts not.
 What Heirs from Heirs receive, blind Fortune gives,
 Where Birth prefers the Infant to the Man!
 While heritable Crowns entail not Virtue,
 The Boast were greater to bestow than wear them.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt*.

* What's all the gaudy Glitter of a Crown?
 What, but the glaring Meteor of Ambition,
 That leads the Wretch benighted in his Errors,
 Points to the Gulph, and shines upon Destruction.

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

C U G K O L D.

I know our Country Disposition well;
 In *Venice*, they do let Heaven see those Pranks.
 They dare not shew their Husbands.

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

O Curse of Marriage!

That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,
 And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
 And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
 Than keep a Corner in the Thing I love
 For other Uses. Yet 'tis the Plague of great ones,
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base;
 'Tis Destiny unhunnable, like Death.

Ibid.

What Sense had I of her stol'n Hours of Lust?
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
 I slept the next Night well, was free and merry;
 I found not *Cassio*'s Kisses on her Lips.
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Ibid.

I had

I had been happy if the gen'ral Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. SHAKESPEAR'S *Othello*.

Think every bearded Fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper Beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar, your Case is better ;
O 'tis the Spite of Hell, the Fiends arch Mock,
To lip a Wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Ibid.

Do but incave yourself,
And mark the Fleers, the Gibes, and notable Scorns
That dwell in every Region of his Face,
For I will make him tell the Tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He hath, and is again, to cope your Wife. *Ibid.*

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with Affliction, had he rain'd
All Kinds of Sores and Plagues upon my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Given to Captivity me and my Hopes,
I should have found in some Place of my Soul,
A Drop of Patience. But alas to make me
A fix'd Figure for the Hand of Scorn,
To point his slow unmoving Finger at ;
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live or bear no Life,
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a Cistern for foul Toads
To knot and gender in Turn thy Complexion there.
Ibid.

May the Husband's Curse
 Light here upon my Forehead, for the Boys
 To find me out by, as I pass along,
 The common Scorn and Jest of laughing Fools.

SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.

She might have number'd out the Stars in Sin,
 Fed her hot lustful Appetite with Change
 Of every high-fed wanton Fool in *Florence*;
 Yet I had been happy ignorantly blest'd:
 Like a true Marriage-Fool, I might have sat
 Contented at the lower End o' th' Feast,
 To welcome all without a further Thought;
 And when the Business of the Day was over,
 When all the Company had danc'd her round,
 At Night I might have ta'en her to my Heart,
 With Praises on her Truth and Constancy,
 And Thanks to Heaven for such a virtuous Wife.
 But to know myself a Monster! Death and Hell!
 Children and Fools will have me in the Wind,
 And I shall stink of Cuckold to the World. *Ibid.*

It is a Woman's falsest vainest Pride,
 To boast a Virtue that has ne'er been try'd:
 In equal Folly too those Husbands live,
 Who peevishly against themselves contrive
 By early Fears to hasten on the Day;
 For Jealousy but shews our Wives the Way:
 And if the forked Fortune be our Doom,
 In vain we strive, the Blessing will come Home.

Ibid.

Now the broad Shame comes staring in thy Face,
 And Boys shall hoot the Cuckold as he passes.

ROWE'S Fair Penitent.

CURSE,

CURSE. See RIVAL.

My Heart will break,
Unless I curse them: Poison be their Drink:
Gall, Gall and Wormwood, Hemlock, Hemlock
quench them;

Their sweetest Shade, a Den of dusky Adders;
Their fairest Prospect, Fields of Basilisks;
Their softest Touch, as soft as Viper's Teeth;
Their Musick horrid, as the Hiss of Dragons;
And boding Schriech-Owls make the Concert full;
All the foul Terrors of dark-seated Hell.

Now by my Wrongs that turn my Heart to Steel,
Well could I curse away a Winter's Night,
Tho' standing naked on a Mountain's Top,
And think it but a Minute spent in Sport.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry VI.*

Now Hell's bluest Plagues
Receive her quick, with all her Crimes upon her:
Let her sink spotted down; let the dark Host
Make Room, and point, and hiss her as she goes;
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoice, and cry, Here comes a blacker Fiend.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Troilus and Cressida.*

Blasts and Fogs upon thee,
Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curse
Pierce every Sense about thee.

SHAKESPEAR'S *King Lear.*

All the stored Vengeances of Heaven fall
On her ungrateful Top, strike her young Bones,
You taking Airs, with Lameness.
You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding Flames
Into her scornful Eyes, infect her Beauty,
You sensuck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun
To fall and blister.

Ibid.

If

If there be a Man
Subtle in Curses, that exceeds all others,
His worst Wish on thee.

BEAUMONT's *King and no King*.

O all tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the
Night,
And Hags of Fancy, wing him thro' the Air;
From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and Death be set before him.

DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

May he be rooted where he stands for ever,
His Eye-balls never move; Brows be unbent;
His Blood, his Liver, Entrails, Heart, and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wish him, Hell.

Ibid.

May all my Curses, and ten thousand more,
Heavier than them, fall back upon my Head:
Pelion and *Offa* from the Giant's Grave,
Be torn by some avenging Deity,
And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
Who durst invade the Skies

DRYDEN's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Diseases wait 'em! Wherefore should I curse them?
If that my Breath were sulphurous as the Lightning,
That murders with a Blast; or like the Vapours,
The choaking Stench which those that die o'th' Plague
Send with their parting Groans; then I would curse them,
With Accents that should poison from my Tongue,
Deliver'd strongly thro' my gnashing Teeth,
More harsh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in her Cave, or Madmen in their Dens:
My Tongue should stammer in my earnest Words;
My Eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint;

My

My hoary Hair should start, and stand on End,
And all my shaking Joints should curse them.

LEE's Caesar Borgia.

Seize him, ye Fiends, and Furies damn him, damn
him !

May Hell have infinite Stories, and this Devil
Be damn'd beneath the bottomless Foundation. *Ibid.*

Oh ! I will curse thee till thy frightened Soul
Runs mad with Horror. *Ibid.*

Let Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horror.

Oh ! let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever.

May every Thing I look on seem a Prodigy,

To fill my Soul with Terrors, till I quite

Forget I ever had Humanity,

And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Curs'd be my Days, and doubly curs'd my Nights !

Blasted be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree !

Curs'd be the Rain that falls upon the Earth !

And may the general Curse reach Man and Beast.

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

Hear me, just Heav'ns !

Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head

With never-ceasing Vengeance : Let Despair,

Dangers, or Infamy, nay all surround me.

Starve me with Wantings ; let my Eyes ne'er see

A Light of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace :

But dash my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors,

Wild as my own Thoughts are. *Ibid.*

Kind Heav'n ! let heavy Curses

Gall his old Age, Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones.

VOL. I..

G

And

And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart.
 Oh ! let him live till Life becomes a Burden ;
 Let him groan under it long, linger an Age
 In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
 And find its Ease but late.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd.*

But Curses stick not : Could I kill with Cursing,
 By Heav'n, I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
 Should not be blasted : Senators should rot
 Like Dogs on Dunhills ; but their Wives and Daugh-
 ters

Die of their own Diseases : Oh, for a Curse
 To kill with ! *Ibid.*

Curs'd be the fatal Day that gave me Birth,
 In Clouds of Darknefs let it still be hid,
 And roul no more in the vast Rounds of Time :
 Fearing Remorse, and never ceasing Vengeance,
 Racks, Hell, and burning Sulphur be my Lot.

H. SMITH's *Princess of Parma.*

I curse thee not !

For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,
 Than to be what they are : That Curse be thine.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian.*

The bluest Blast of pestilential Air,
 Strike, damp, deaden her Charms and kill her Eyes ;
 Perdition catch them both, and Ruin part them.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride.*

Remorse and Heaviness of Heart still wait thee,
 And everlasting Anguish be thy Portion.

ROWE's *Jane Shore.*

O repay him,
 Thou great Avenger ! Give him Blood for Blood :
 Guilt haunt him, Fiends pursue him, Lightnings blast
 him ;

Some

Some horrid curst Kind of Death o'ertake him
Sudden, and in the Fulness of his Sins.

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

* Now Heav'n fulfil my Curses on thy Head, !
May ev'ry Purpose of thy Soul be frustrate !
May Infamy and Ruin o'ertake thee !
May base Captivity and Chains overwhelm thee !
May shameful Crimson from thy Shoulders start,
Like mine, dishonour'd by the servile Scourge !
With Pain all shiv'ring, and thy Flesh contracting,
Low mayst thou crouch beneath th' expected Stroke
Ev'n from the Hands, thou sav'st ! —

GLOVER's *Boadicea*.

* May Heav'n incens'd pour down its Vengeance
on him ;
Blast all his Joys, and turn them into Horror ;
Till Phrenzy rise, and bid him curse the Hour
That gave his Crimes their Birth. *Barbarossa*.

C U S T O M.

Habitual Evils change not on a sudden,
But many Days must pass, and many Sorrows :
Conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,
To curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,
And work a second Nature in the Soul,
Each Virtue can resume the Place she lost,
'Tis else Diffimulation —

Rowe's *Ulysses*.

* Custom forms us All ;
Our Thoughts, our Morals, our most fix'd Belief
Are Consequences of our Place of Birth :
Born beyond *Ganges* I had been a Pagan ;
In *France* a Christian ; — I am here a *Saracen*.

HILL's *Zara*.

* Custom, the Deity of half Mankind,
All-powerful o'er the Soul, on whom Opinion

G 2

Waite

Waits with obsequious Blindness, hath made sacred
Such dreadful Deeds; and bids our Eastern World
Hold them in venerable Estimation.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* Custom, 'tis true, a venerable Tyrant
O'er servile Man extends her blind Dominion.

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

~~And yet And yet And yet And yet And yet And yet~~

DAMNATION.

B ID the Damn'd be happy,
Who in sad Flames for ever must be tost,
Yet still in View of the lov'd Heav'n they've lost.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

What! thou a Statesman,
And make a Business of Damnation
In such a World as this! Why 'tis a Trade:
The Scrivener, Usurer, Lawyer, Shopkeeper,
And Soldier, cannot live, but by Damnation:
The Politician does it by Advance,
And gives All-gone before-hand.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

What do the Damn'd endure, but to despair?
But knowing Heaven, to know it lost for ever?

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

Ev'n thus in Hell wander the restless Damn'd;
From scorching Flames to chilling Frosts they run;
Then from their Frosts to Fires return again,
And only prove Variety of Pain. ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

DANCING.

DANCING.

* Now softly flow let *Lydian Measures* move
And breathe the pleasing Pangs of gentle Love
In swimming Dance on Air's soft Billows float
Soft swell your Bosoms with the swelling Note;
With pliant Arm in graceful Motion vie,
Now sunk with Ease, with Ease now lifted high;
Till lively Gesture each fond Care reveal,
That Musick can express, or Passion feel.

MILTON's *Comus*.

DANGER.

By a divine Instinct Mens Minds mistrust,
Pursuing Danger; as by Proof we see
The Water swell before a boist'rous Storm.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard III.*

Now I stand as one upon a Rock,
Environ'd with a Wilderness of Sea,
Who marks the waxing Tide go Wave by Wave,
Expecting every where some envious Surge,
Will in his brinish Bowels swallow him.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

Great Things thro' greatest Hazards are atchiev'd,
And then they shine. BEAUMONT's *Loyal Subject*.

Danger, thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giant's Cloaths
That shew't far off still greater than thou art.

SUCKLING's *Aglaura*.

I did not spy the Danger.
Without Fear I stood,
Like one who on a Beach descries from far,
A labouring Bark with which the Billows war,

Pities its State, wishing the Tempest gone,
 But views not the near Sea come rolling on;
 So did with me my unseen Fortune play,
 Till the Waves came and wash'd me quite away.

LEE's *Mitridates*.

'Tis with a secret Pleasure I look back,
 And see the many Dangers I have pass'd:
 The Merchant thus in dreadful Tempest tofs'd,
 Thrown by the Waves on some unlook'd-for Coast,
 Oft turns, and sees with a delighted Eye,
 'Midst Rocks and Shelves the broken Billows fly;
 And whilst th' outrageous Winds the Deep deform,
 Smiles on the Tumult, and enjoys the Storm.

A. PHILIPS's *Distress'd Mother*.

D A R K N E S S.

Oh! she does teach the Torches to burn bright;
 Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night;
 Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back,
 Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear;
 Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,
 That Birds would sing, and think the Day were
 breaking. SHAKESPEAR's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Alas! I am betray'd to Darkneſs here,
 Darkneſs which Virtue hates, and Maids moſt fear;
 Silence and Solitude dwell ev'ry where,
 Dogs ceaſe to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
 And roll themſelves aſleep upon the Shore;
 No Noiſe but what my Footſteps make, and they
 Sound dreadfully, and louder than by Day;
 They double too, and ev'ry Step I take
 Sounds thick, methinks, and more than one could make.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

Her

Her Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkneſs,
And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

* Darkneſs has almoſt reach'd its ſable Noon,
And thoſe who ſtray along the ſilent Streets,
Seem ſuch as borrow from the Robe of Night
A friendly Fold to hide the Rags, in which
The ſcanty Hand of pinching Penury
Has but half-clad their meagre ſtarving Bodies,
Avoiding ſo the Shame, and taunting Inſults,
With which the Proud and Gorgeous gird the Poor.
How few, alas, of thoſe whom Fortune lays
In the ſoft downy Lap of Luxury,
Conſider this dark Side of human Life,
Oh Pity! why is thy kind Eye cloſ'd up,
While Miſery and Night thus Hand in Hand
Go join'd in ſad Society together.
It looks as if Calamity had loſt
Its Birthright even in the very Sun,
And Darkneſs only were the Wretch's Day.

BELLER's *Injured Innocence*.

* The Night looks black and boding. Darkneſs fell
Precipitate and heavy o'er the World;
At once extinguishing the Sun. Mallet's *Muſappa*.

DAUNTLESS.

O ſhe is gone, the talking Soul is mute,
She's hush'd, no Voice, no Muſick now is heard,
The Bower of Beauty is more ſtill than Death,
The Roſes fade and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their Sweets has left 'em now for eve

LEE's *Alexander*.

Be Witneſs for me, all ye Powers divine,
If you be angry 'tis no Fault of mine;
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band

From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a Stand;
 Tho' all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
 And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on.

LEE's *Alexander*.

The Damp of Death has quench'd her quite,
 These spicy Doors her Lips are shut, close lock'd,
 Which never Gale of Life shall open more.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

DEAD.

Cold, my Life! She's gone!
 And in her Cheeks are scatter'd Purple Smiles,
 Like Streaks of Sunshine from a setting Day.

SHAKESPEAR's *Coriolanus*.

She's cold,
 Her Blood is settled, and her Joints are stiff;
 Death lies on her, like an untimely Frost
 Upon the sweetest Flower of all the Field.

SHAKESPEAR's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Death that has suck'd the Honey of thy Breath,
 Has had no Power as yet upon thy Beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd, Beauty's Ensign still
 Is Crimson in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks,
 And Death's pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there. *Ibid.*

Back, thou departed Life! back to thy Cell,
 Her Heart! in Heaven thou canst not sweeter dwell,
 Move the still Pulse, and thaw each frozen Vein.

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

For ever gone! All her sweet Stock of Breath
 Spent in one Sigh, the Riot of rich Death. *Ibid.*

O how

O how I grudge the Grave this heav'nly Form !
Thy Beauties will inspire the Arms of Death,
And warm the pale cold Tyrant into Life.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother.*

She's gone ! for ever gone ! The King of Terrors
Lays his rude Hands upon her lovely Limbs,
And blasts her Beauties with his icy Breath.

DENNIS's *Appius and Virginia.*

* Gentle Shade !

Whose timelefs Fate we mourn ; much happier thou
Enlarg'd from Clay, perhaps dost now behold
The Springs, the Causes, and the just Effects
Of Nature working by her gen'ral Rules !
If Spirits such as thee can look on Earth
And see the Follies of what once you were !

SHIRLEY's *Parricide.*

* O didst thou see his chang'd and ghastly Sem-
blance

Thy frighted Sense wou'd not remember him ;
That Canker Death has so devour'd his Beauties,
So blanch'd the Damask Bloom upon his Cheek ;
All the soft Smiles that wanton'd in his Eye,
The sweet and graceful Spirit of his Features,
So sunk, so faded from their native Hue,
That, e'en in Heav'n, my Soul must pause to know
him.

CIBBER's *King John.*

* How pale appear

Those clay-cold Cheeks where Grace and Vigour
glow'd !

O dismal Spectacle !—How humble now
Lies that Ambition which was late so proud !

The Regicide.

D E A T H:

Cowards die many Times before their Death,
The Valiant never taste of Death but once.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Caesar*.

Nothing more certain than to die, but when
Is most uncertain : If so, every Hour
We should prepare us for the Journey, which
Is not to be put off. I must submit
To the Divine Decree, not argue it,
And chearfully welcome it.

BEAUMONT'S *Lovers Progress*.

Let no Man fear to die : We love to sleep all,
And Death is but the sounder Sleep ; all Ages,
And all Hours call us : 'Tis so common, easy,
That little Children tread those Paths before us.

BEAUMONT'S *Humorous Lieutenant*.

Oh ! Nature !

How dost thou mock Mankind ! to make him free,
And yet make him fear ? Or when he lost
That Freedom, why did he not lose his Fear ?
That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know not,
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it.
Death, and what follows Death, 'twas that which
stamp'd

A Terror on the Brow of Kings ; that gave
Fortune her Deity, and Jove his Thunder :
Banish but Fear of Death, those Giant Names
Of Majesty, Power, Empire, finding Nothing
To be their Object, will be Nothing too.
Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,
May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and scorn
The cruel Wrinkle of a Tyrant's Brow.

DENHAM'S *Sophy*.

All the while I liv'd I have been dying :
Time equal Steps to Death and Life does give ;
And those that fear to die, must fear to live :
Death reconciles the World, and Nature's Strife,
And is a Part of Order and of Life.

HOWARD's *Vestal Virgin*.

Distrust and Darkness of a future State,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
Death in itself is Nothing ; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure ;
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.
Oh ! had I Courage but to meet my Fate ;
That short dark Passage to a future State ;
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath,
That Something, or that Nothing, after Death.

Ibid.

Death shuns the naked Throat and proffer'd Breast,
He flies when call'd to be a welcome Guest.

SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Poor Reason ! what a wretched Aid art thou ?
For still in spite of thee,
These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final Separation.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Oh ! that I less could fear to lose this Being !
Which, like a Snow-ball in my Coward Hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.

Ibid.

Now Death draws near, a strange Perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a Fear to die.
Courage uncertain Dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' Approach of certain Fate ?
The Wisest and the Best some Fear may show,
And wish to stay, tho' they resolve to go.

A,

As some faint Pilgrim standing on the Shore,
 First views the Torrent he would venture o'er,
 And then his Inn upon the farther Ground,
 Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round;
 Then dipping in his Staff, does Trial make
 How deep it is, and sighing, pulls it back;
 Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his Leap, and then
 Runs to the Bank, but there stops short again:
 So I at once
 Both heavenly Faith and human Fear obey,
 And feel before me in an unknown Way.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

When the Sun sets, Shadows that shew'd at Noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible:
 So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
 Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all Bounds;
 Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the Watch of Death;
 Nature's worst Vermin scare her Godlike Sons.
 Echoes, the very leaving of a Voice,
 Grow babling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves.
 Each Mole-hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus*;
 While we, fantastick Dreamers, heave and puff,
 And sweat with an Imagination's Weight.

DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
 To Innocence 'tis like a Bugbear, dress'd
 To frighten Children; Pull but off his Mask
 And he'll appear a Friend.

Ibid.

I feel Death rising higher still and higher
 Within my Bosom; every Breath I fetch
 Shuts up my Life within a shorter Compass;
 And, like the vanishing Sound of Bells, grows less
 And less each Pulse, till it be lost in Air.

DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

But

But Men with Horror Diffolution meet;
The Minutes e'en of painful Life are sweet.
DRYDEN's *Rival Ladies*.

Tyrant of Nature! I would view thee near,
Thou chief of Terrors, Death! A Form so horrid,
As even the Wretched shun. TATE's *Loyal General*.

The Dead are only happy, and the Dying:
The Dead are still, and lasting Slumbers hold 'em.
He who is near his Death, but turns about,
Shuffles a-while to make his Pillow easy,
Then slips into his Shroud and rests for ever.
LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd;
It seems as nat'ral as to be born.
Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,
Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obsequies,
Make Death a dreadful Thing. The Pomp of Death
Is far more terrible than Death itself.
LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene.
DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Death we should prize as the best Gift of Nature,
As a safe Inn where weary Travellers,
When they have journey'd thro' a World of Cares,
May put off Life, and be at Rest for ever,
If 'twere in private, void of Pomp and Shew;
But Groans, and weeping Friends, and ghastly Blacks,
Distract us with their sad Solemnity:
The Preparation's the Executioner;
For Death unmask'd, shews me a friendly Face,
And is a Terror only at a Distance.
For as the Line of Life conducts me on
To Death's great Court, the Prospect seems more fair;
Tis

'Tis Nature's Hospital, that's always open,
To take us in when we have drain'd the Sweets
Of Life, or worn our Days to Age and Wretchedness;
Death's then a soft Repose, a safe Retreat.

SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brothers*.

Death to a Man in Misery is Sleep.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Poor abject Creatures! How they fear to die?
Who never knew one happy Hour in Life,
Yet shake to lay it down. Is Load so pleasant?
Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,
That Men may dare to live? *Ibid.*

Death's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face;
Fear'd afar off
By erring Nature: A mistaken Phantom!
A harmless lambent Fire! she kisses cold,
But kind, as soft and sweet as my *Clara*.
Oh! could we know
What Joy she brings, at least, what Rest from Grief!
How should we press into her friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy!

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

Death's dark Shades
Seem as we journey on to lose their Horror:
At near Approach, the Monsters form'd by Fear
Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.
Amidst the gloomy Vale a pleasing Scene,
With Flowers adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
Inviting stands to take the Wretched in.
No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair,
Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,
But injur'd Lovers find *Elyzium* there.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

Death

Death is the Privilege of human Nature;
And Life without it were not worth our taking.
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner,
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

'Tis not the *Stoicks* Lesson got by Rote,
The Pomp of Words, and pedant Dissertation,
That can support thee in that Hour of Terror.
Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the Trial comes, they start and stand aghast.
Ibid.

'Tis but to die!

'Tis but to do what at this very Moment,
In many Nations of the peopled Earth,
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me:
'Tis but to close my Eyes, and shut out Day-light,
To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
And be a weeping Witness of their Woes.

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

I was born to die:

'Tis but expanding Thought, and Life is nothing.
Ages and Generations pass away,
And with resistless Force, like Waves o'er Waves,
Rolls down the irrevocable Stream of Time,
Into the insatiate Ocean of for ever.

STEELE's *Lying Lovers*.

Our Sleep's a short-liv'd Death;

Either is but the Loss of Time unknown,
And he that sleeps till from the Grave awak'd,
Feels not that Gap in his Eternity
To exceed a Moment.

CIBBER's *Perolla and Izadora*.

Vain Man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a Thread of Misery.

The

The longer Life the greater Choice of Evil,
The happiest Man is but a wretched Thing,
That steals poor Comfort from Comparifon.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

I fmile at Death,
For living here is living all alone,
To me a real Solitude, amidft
A Throng of little Beings grov'ling round me,
Which yet ufurp one common Shape and Name;
I thank thefe Wounds, the raging Pains which promife
An Interview with Equals foon elfewhere. *Ibid.*

O Death ! I've fought thee in the lifted Field,
'Midft shouting Squadrons and embattl'd Hofts,
Pursued thee in the Noon-day Sweat of War,
And liften'd for thee on the Midnight Watch.
In frozen Regions and in Sunburnt Climes,
In Winds, in Tempefts, and in troubled Seas,
In every Element I fought. But thou
Hafte fhun'd the Searcher in each dang'rous Path,
Spar'd him in Seas, in Battles and in Storms,
To feize the weary Wand'rer at his Reft,
And fink him in the Coward Arms of Peace.
Who, Providence, fhall mark thy fecret Ways,
Measure thy Wifdom, or difpute thy Power?

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

The Glafs is almoft run, the Scene is fhort,
Prefenting but one Object to my View;
O eloquent, O juft, O mighty Death,
Who fhall recount the Wonders of thy Hand?
Whom none can counsel thou haft well advis'd,
And whifper'd Wifdom to the deafeft Ear,
Whom all have trembled at, thy Might has dar'd,
Whom all have flatter'd thou alone haft fcorn'd,
And fweet poor deify'd Mortality
With common Afhes to an humble Grave;

Long

Long have I pluck'd thy Terrors from my Heart,
Call'd thee Companion in my active Life,
My solitary Days and studious Hours,
Made thee familiar to my Couch as Sleep.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

What art thou, O thou great mysterious Terror!
The Way to thee we know; Diseases, Famine,
Sword, Fire, and all thy ever-open Gates,
That Day and Night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them? Who will draw that Veil?
Yet Death's not there—No, 'tis a Point of Time,
The Verge 'twixt mortal and immortal Beings,
It mocks our Thought. On this Side all is Life,
And when we've reach'd it, in that very Instant
'Tis past the thinking of.—Or if it be
The Pangs, the Throws, the agonizing Struggle,
When Soul and Body part; sure I've felt it.
And there's no more to fear.

HUGHES's *Siege of Damascus*.

Death's a Name,
By which poor guessing Mortals are deceiv'd;
'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'st in vain
From Life, to meet again with that thou fly'st;
How wilt thou curse thy Rashness then? How start,
And shudder, and shrink back? Yet how avoid
To put on thy new Being. *Ibid.*

This vast, this solid Earth, that blazing Sun,
Those Skies thro' which it rolls, must all have End:
What then is Man, the smallest Part of Nothing?
Day buries Day, Month Month, and Year the Year;
Our Life is but a Chain of many Deaths:
Can then Death's self be fear'd? Our Life much
rather:

Life is the Desert, Life the Solitude;
Death joins us to the great Majority;
'Tis to be born to *Platos* and to *Cæsars*,

'Tis

'Tis to be great for ever;
 'Tis Pleasure, 'tis Ambition then to die.
YOUNG's Revenge.

* Those only wish to die, who fear to live,
 Fetter'd with Guilt, Reflection and Remorse,
 Made Cowards by an Age of former Crimes:
 Hence this Distate of Life, these desperate Thoughts.
MOTTLEY's Imperial Captives.

* Is Life so sweet,
 With all its Pains, that Death's great Writ of Ease
 Should be so dreadful to us, which is but
 Kind Nature's Alms, to Fortune's wretched Beggars!
 Sure he, who thro' his Life, like us hath scorn'd
 (When tempted) to shake off the human Nature,
 The Awe of Virtue, and the Love of Heav'n,
 Can never tremble, when his Honour calls,
 And bids him quit this Veil of Flesh and Misery!
 All we should fear is, while we act the Part
 Of Men, we sink not from the glorious Character;
 Or by some vile or vicious Act disgrace
 The noble human Being.—If we've fear'd that,
 Then, unappal'd, our Hearts may face Death's Terrors.
Themistocles.

* Shift not thy Colour at the Sound of Death;
 For Death appears not in a dreary Light,
 Seems not a Blank to me, a Loss of all
 Those fond Sensations, those enchanting Dreams
 Which cheat a toiling World from Day to Day,
 And form the Whole of Happiness they know.
 It is to me Perfection, Glory, Triumph.
 Nay fondly would I chuse it, tho' perswaded
 It were a long dark Night, without a Morning,
 To Bondage far prefer it!

THOMPSON's Sophonisba.

* Death

* Death is too proud an Enemy, I find;
And scorns to meet an unresisting Fo.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* What's this dying?

It may be—no—perhaps it is not that:
Is it to quit our Thought—Oh! if it is,
'Tis Bliss sufficient, when each Thought's a Pain.
Why then should Mortals startle thus at Death?
Gloomy indeed at the first View it looks
And black with Horror like a distant Wood;
But enter'd once, it opens to new Scenes
Of Joys untasted, unimagin'd Pleasures. *Ibid.*

* As Death's the sure and common Lot of all,
Sooner or later in the Race of Life,
We ought to bear the Sorrows it inflicts
With Steadiness becoming Minds resolv'd

WANDESFORD's *Fatal Love*.

* Death is a long and an unconscious Sleep
And every Passion conquers and contemns it.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medea*.

* 'Tis but to lose

A few unhappy Moments; 'tis to rest
The sooner from my Cares, to feel no more
The Bitterness of Misery and Insult
That bait my weary Soul. *Eurydice.*

* A Fool may think it Misery to die,
A wise Man knows it is a Port of Ease
Nor thinks he truly lives before his Death.

TRACY's *Periander*.

* What is this Fear of Death? This Shock of
Nature?

That makes us shudder thus at Dissolution:
Death's nothing but the wayward Child of Fancy,
A Phantom, that we dress in borrow'd Colours,
A Form.

A Form, that in our sickly Brain alone
Exists, and terrible to none but Cowards.

TRACY'S *Periander*.

* Death is the lightest Evil we should fear ;
'Tis certain, 'tis the Consequence of Life :
Th' important Question is not that we die
But how we die.

HAVARD'S *Scanderbeg*.

* How loud Death sounds, how terrible his Voice !
Death that in Chambers steals so softly on,
And comes like Sleep or Ease to tir'd Mortals ;
Here † boldly rouses ev'ry Faculty
With dreadful Preparation for the Blow
As if——

He scorn'd the Triumph of a single Fall :
But here, where Thousands perish, he exults
And gives the Stroke in his full Pomp of State *Ibid.*

* To die, I own
Is a dread Passage, terrible to Nature,
Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Eleonora*.

* No, thou shalt live—Life is thy proper Hell !
To die ! What is it but a free Discharge
From all th' Mis'ries that oppress us here ?
'Tis to be loos'd from Pain, from sharp Reflection
And all the Train of Terrors, that attend
And rack the sinful Mind !

MARSH'S *Amasis*.

* The Cause alone
For which we suffer makes Death terrible.
What can he more, with all his Terrors arm'd,
When we oppose fair Virtue to his Blow,
But first enlarge the Soul to Liberty ?
And then to Bliss immortal ?

MALLET'S *Mustapha*.

† In Battle.

* The

* The Death of those distinguish'd by their Station,
But by their Virtue more, awakes the Mind
To solemn Dread, and strikes a sadd'ning Awe:
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves
Left to the Toil of Life.—And yet the best
Are, by the playful Children of this World
At once forgot, as they had never been.

THOMPSON'S *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

* How poor a Thing is *Life*, drag'd on to Age
To stand the pitied Mark of Fortune's Rage!
Death shuts out Mis'ry; and can, best, restrain
The Rack of Insult, and the *Wring* of Pain.

HILL'S *Merops*.

* This hideous Monster, Death,
When seen at Distance, shocks weak Nature's Eye;
But Reason as it draws more near defies it.

JONES'S *Earl of Essex*.

* Oh! truly welcome
Thou Freedom of the Soul, at whose glad Bidding
Th' immortal Spirit wings its gladsome Way
Throws off its Earth, and sports without its Weight
In yonder Fields of Light. FRANCIS'S *Constantine*.

D E C E I T.

* Time lends a vast Propriety to Actions.
Last Night that Conduct would have look'd like
Nature;

Then to have fled as from my Brother's Treason,
And sought for Refuge at my Brother's Feet,
While yet the well-dissembled recent Dread
Glar'd in my Eyes and trembled in my Veins,
Had been a prudent, seasonable Fraud.
To-day's Deceit must wear a different Aspect;
For here has interven'd a whole Night's Space
'Twixt the pretended Fact and its Discovery,
And all that Hurricane of Souls becalm'd.
Slow and reluctant now I shall be seen

And,

And, all-suffus'd with Melancholy, scarce
Scarce permit the Secret to be wrested from me
This is the Guise of Honesty.

LEWIS's *Philip of Macedon*.

* Thus far has Fate, or whatsoe'er o'errules
Given to my Views the Sanction of Success;
Whether by Force or Fraud imports me not.
Who hunts the Lion, or the tusk'd Boar,
Wide o'er the waving Forest now maintains
The arduous Chace, and boldly bounds o'er all;
Now, with less daring Toil, deceitful sinks
The hollow Pit and baits the latent Snare;
Alike to him are all the Ways of War;
Till the fierce foaming Tyrant of the Woods,
Subdued by Force or caught within the Toils
Indignant falls, and crowns him with his Spoils.

PATERSON's *Arminius*.

* Whate'er the Motive be, Deceit I fear
And harsh unnat'ral Force are not the Means
Of public Welfare or of private Bliss.

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

* Since the Tyrant
Tempt, to betray—reward him with his own.
Deceive Deceivers, and Deceit grows Virtue.

HILL's *Merops*.

DEER.

See where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son;
Brother and Sister, mingl'd all together;
No Discontent they know, but in delightful
Wildness and Freedom, lusty Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their Portion. If they see a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monster.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

D E.

DEFEAT.

* The Britons are defeated; look, *Flaminius*;
Back from the Vale in wild tumultuous Flight
Behold their Numbers sweeping tow'rd the Hill;
Already some are swarming up its Side
To reach their Camp for Shelter; pale Dismay
With hostile Rage pursue their broken Rear;
While Massacre, unhidden, cloy's his Famine,
And quaffs the Blood of Nations.

GLOVER's *Boadicea*.

DEFORMITY.

Thou art a Thing so loathsome,
Nature has shut thee quite from that thou art:
Made like the Bird of Night, to be pursu'd,
Abhorr'd, and loath'd by all thy Fellow-Creatures.

SHAKESPEAR's *Twelfth Night*.

Why Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,
And, for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink my Arm thus like a wither'd Shrub;
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;
To shape my Legs of an unequal Size;
To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,
Like to a *Chaos*, or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,
That carries no Impression like the Dam.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VI.*

Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
And yet brought forth less than a Mother's Hope,
An indigested Lump. SHAKESPEAR's *Richard III.*

Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature;
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my Time
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,

And

And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That Dogs bark at me as I halt by them.
 I that in this weak piping Tune of Peace,
 Have no Delight to pass away the Time,
 Unless to view my Shadow in the Sun,
 And descant on my own Deformity.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard III.*

Thou elfish, mark'd, abortive Monster!
 Thou that wast seal'd, in thy Nativity,
 The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell!
 Thou Slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb! *Ibid.*

Thou talk of sacred Love!
 Hast thou a Nook in all that huddl'd Form
 Fit for so soft a Guest? It cannot be.
 Fly from my Sight, thou bungl'd Botch of Nature,
 Thou Snuff of Life, and Ruins of a Man! *Ibid.*

Curse Nature,
 That ne'er reform'd thy Dross! Curse thy own Fate,
 That warm'd that unconcocted Lump to Life,
 Half-finish'd into Man! *Ibid.*

Nature herself start back when thou wert born,
 And cry'd, The Work's not mine.
 The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
 Thy Mountain-Back and thy distorted Legs,
 Thy Face itself
 Half-minted with the Royal Stamp of Man,
 And half o'ercome with Beast, she doubted long
 Whose Right in thee were more;
 And knew not if to burn thee in the Flames
 Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
 In so perverse a Mould? Yet when she cast
 Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
 Unable to resist, and rumpl'd them
 On Heaps in their dark Lodging; to revenge
 Her bungl'd Work, she stamp'd my Mind more fair.
 And

And as from *Chaos*, huddl'd and deform'd,
The Gods struck Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the Sky; so she inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul,
And making less than Man, she made me more.

No! Thour't all one Error, Soul and Body!
The first young Trial of some unskill'd Power,
Rude in the Making-Art, and Ape of *Jove*!
Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,
And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen:
Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,
And wander'd in thy Limbs: Thou Blot of Nature!
Thou Enemy of Eyes! Exereescence of a Man!

LEE's *Oedipus*.

DESART.

So where our wide *Numidian* Wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel thro' the Air, in circling Eddys play,
Tear up the Sands and sweep whole Plains away;
The helpless Traveller with wild Surprize,
Sees the dry Defart all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind dies.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

* O send me to some lonely Defart wild,
Wide as yon bright Etherial high Expanse:
There let me wander friendless and forlorn,
To find the charitable Herd of Beasts,
Driv'n from the faithless Commerce of Mankind.

HAWARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* Next Night—a dreary Night!
Cast on the wildest of the *Cyclad Isles*,
Where never human Foot had mark'd the Shore
These Ruffians left me. - - - - -

Beneath a Shade

I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd
 More desolate at Heart, than e'er I felt
 Before. When *Philemela* o'er my Head
 Began to tune her melancholy Strain,
 As piteous of my Woes ; till, by Degrees,
 Composing Sleep on wounded Nature shed
 A kind but short Relief. At early Morn
 Wak'd by the Chaunt of Birds, I look'd around
 For usual Objects : Objects found I none,
 Except before me stretch'd the toiling Main,
 And Rocks and Woods, in savage View, behind.
 THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

D E S I R E.

* Desire, when young, is easily suppress'd ;
 But cherish'd by the Sun of warm Encouragement,
 Becomes too strong, and potent for Controul :
 Nor yields but to Despair the worst of Passions.
 EL. HAYWOOD'S *Frederick Duke of Brunswick-
 Lunenburg*.

D E S P A I R.

There's nothing in this World can make me Joy :
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told Tale,
 Vexing the dull Ear of a drousy Man.
 SHAKESPEAR'S *King John*.

All Hope of Succour, but from thee, is past ;
 As when upon the Sands the Traveller
 Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
 The Land grow short, he mends his weary Pace,
 While Death behind him covers all the Place :
 So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,
 Which on each other are like Waves renew'd.
 DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*.

What

What Miracle

Can work me into Hope! Heav'n here is bankrupt,
The wondring Gods blush at the Want of Power,
And quite abash'd confess they cannot help me.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

He makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair;
He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no Use
Of any Thing but Thought: Or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass:
Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth
Into a scornful Smile.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

I fancy

I'm turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all:
Living in a shady Forest's *Silvan* Scene,
Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak
I lean my Hand upon the mossy Bark,
And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it;
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary Face; the Herd come jumping
by me,
And, fearless, quench their Thirst while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.

Ibid.

The Damn'd in Hell endure no greater Pain,
Than seeing Heaven from far with hopeless Eyes.

DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

Winds bear me to some barren Island,
Where Print of human Feet was never seen;
O'ergrown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellowing Clouds;
Beneath whose venomous Shade I may have Vent
For Horror that would blast the barbarous World.

LEE's *Oedipus*.

H 2

There

There let me groan my Horrors on the Earth ;
 There bellow out my utmost Gall !
 There sob my Sorrows till I burst with Sighing !
 There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul !

LEE's *Oedipus*.

For cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
 And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
 Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night ?
 On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along ?
 Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
 To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes.

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
 Vow an eternal Misery together.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch !
 Never grow fond of chearful Peace again ?
 Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
 And find out Ways how to encrease Afflictions ?
 We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
 To vary Plagues, and make them look like new ones.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Chuse then the gloomiest Part thro' all the Grove,
 Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground,
 With thy bare Breast lie wedded to the Dew :
 There as thou drink'st the Tears that trickle from thee ;
 So stretch'd, resolve to lie till Death shall seize thee ;
 Thy sorrowful Head hung o'er some tumbling Stream,
 To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds,
 With broken Murmurs, and redoubl'd Groans,
 To help the Gurgling of the Waters Fall :
 Or if thy Passion will not be kept in,
 As in that Glass of Nature thou shalt view
 Thy swell'd drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
 The Tops of Willows, and their Blossoms turn'd,

With

With all the under Sky, ten Fathom down,
 With that the Shadow of the swimming Globe
 Were so indeed, that thou might'st leap at Fate,
 And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars.
 Nay, do not bear it, turn thy wat'ry Face
 To yond misguided Orb, and ask the Gods,
 For what bold Sin they doom the wretched *Titus*
 To such a Loss as that of *Teraminta* ;
 O *Teraminta* ! I will groan thy Name,
 Till the tir'd Echo faint with Repetition,
 Till all the breathless Grove, and quiet Myrtles,
 Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempest blow'd 'em.
 LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds,
 Lighter than Childrens Baubles blown by Winds :
 My Merit, but the rash Result of Chance !
 My Birth unequal ! all the Stars against me ;
 Power, Promise, Choice, the Living, and the Dead ;
 Mankind my Foes, and only Love to friend me !
 DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Whither shall I fly ?
 Where hide me and my Miseries together ?
 O *Belvidera* ! I'm the wretched'st Creature
 E'er crawl'd on Earth. Now, if thou hast Virtue,
 help me ;
 Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of
 Peace
 To my divided Soul that wars within me,
 And raises every Sense to my Confusion.
 By Heav'n, I'm tott'ring on the very Brink
 Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left :
 Do thou at least with charitable Goodness
 Assist me in the Pangs of my Afflictions.
 Could'st thou but think how I have spent that Night,
 Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
 Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,

Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, sure thou would'st not
Talk to me thus ; but like a pitying Angel,
Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,
And hatch warm Comforts there, e'er Sorow freece it.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

I am here ! and thus the Shades of Night around me !
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart !
And I in Hell ! Nay, surely 'tis so with me ;
For every Step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I have heard how desp'rate Wretches, like myself,
Have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night,
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walks :
Sure I'm so curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

As with one
Who, wandring o'er a wide barren Waste,
Views the last Circles of the sinking Sun,
Then gazing round, quite destitute of Hope,
Forsaken and forlorn, sits sighing down,
To mix with Night, and entertain Despair.

SOUTHERN's *Fatal Marriage*;

O let me hunt my travel'd Woes again,
Range the wide Waste of desolate Despair ;
Start any Hope : Alas, I lose myself ;
'Tis pathless dark, and barren all to me.

SOUTHERN's *Oronoko*.

Our Woes are like the genuine Shades beneath,
Where Fate cuts off the very Hope of Day,
And everlasting Night and Horror reign.

ROWE's *Tamerlane*.

This Pomp of Horror
Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul :

Here's

Here's Room for Meditation e'en to Madness,
Till the Mind burst with thinking.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

My sad Soul has
Form'd a dismal melancholy Scene ;
Such a Retreat as I would wish to find :
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome Shades
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell ;
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That bubbling winds among the Weeds ; no Mark
Of any human Shape that had been there ;
Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by Love undone,
Sought that sad Place out to despair, and die in.

Ibid.

There is a stupid Weight upon my Senses,
A dismal sullen Stilness, that succeeds
The Storm of Rage and Grief ; like silent Death,
After the Tumult and the Noise of Life.
Would it were Death, (as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,)
For I am sick of living : My Soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with Anger or Revenge.
Love was th' informing active Fire within ;
Now that is quench'd, the Mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth. *Ibid.*

Be dumb for ever, silent as the Grave ;
Nor let thy fond officious Love disturb
My solemn Sadness with the Sound of Joy :
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal Tale
Of pining Discontent and black Despair ;
For, oh ! I've gone around thro' all my Thoughts ;
But all are Indignation, Love or Shame,
And my dear Peace of Mind is lost for ever.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent*.

Oh! I have Cause to curse my Life, my Being;
To curse each Morn, each chearful Morn, that dawns
With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings
To ev'ry wretched Creature but myself,
To me it brings more Pain and iterated Woes.

Rowe's *Ulysses*.

Have I not Cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted?
Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:
I will indulge my Sorrows, and give Way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair.

Addison's *Cato*.

* Is [Comfort] to be found in thinking, then?
Oh no! my Mind has rang'd from Thought to
Thought,

From Place to Place, to seek it—but in vain.
At length it came unto the Court of Death.
In sullen Majesty the Horror sat
Surrounded by a Croud of busy Courtiers;
Pain, Sickness, Frenzy, and ten thousand Cares.
Dreadful he lookt, yet dreadful smil'd on me.
He smil'd, and sent his Minister Despair
To tempt me in with Promise of Relief.

Martyn's *Timoleon*.

* All-judging Heav'n
Was there no Bolt, no Punishment above?—
No none is equal to despairing Love:
Hell loudly owns it and the Damn'd themselves
Smile to behold a Wretch more curs'd than they.

Havard's *Scanderbeg*.

* Consider how the Desperate fight;—
Despair strikes wild—but often fatal too—
And in the mad Encounter wins Success.

Havard's *Regulus*.

DEVOTION.

Devotion in Distress
Is born, but vanishes in Happiness.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

Methinks at such a glorious Resignation,
The angelick Orders should at once descend
In all the Paint and Drapery of Heav'n,
With charming Voices and with lulling Strings,
To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

No Eloquence can paint
The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul,
You have new form'd, new moulded my Conceptions,
And by the Platform of a Work divine,
New fram'd, new built me, to your own Desires;
Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,
And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection;
Clean as an Anchorite's Grot or Vot'ry's Cell,
And spotless as the Glories of his Steps,
Whom we far off adore.

Ibid.

* But behold

The glimmering Dusk, involving Air and Sky,
Creeps slow and solemn on. Devotion now,
With Eye enraptur'd, as the kindling Stars
Light, one by one, all Heaven into a Glow
Of living Fire, adores the Hand divine,
Who form'd their Orbs, and pour'd forth Glory on
them.

MALLET's *Alfred*.

DISAPPOINTMENT in LOVE.

Are then the Joys of this bless'd Meeting dash'd
So soon, so soon will Fortune snatch thee from me,
And mock my vain Embraces. Thus like one

Who in a Dream with mighty Toil and Labour,
 Strives to embrace some visionary Form,
 Just as he seems to clasp the lovely Object,
 It slides away, and vanishes to Air :
 So I who thro' opposing Difficulties,
 Have cut my tedious Way to thy lov'd Arms ;
 At length am disappointed, and but see thee
 To take my last Farewell. O slipp'ry State
 Of human Pleasures, fleet and volatile,
 Given us and snatch'd again in one short Moment,
 To mortify our Hopes, and edge our Suff'rings.

TRAP'S *Abramule.*

O Love! how are thy precious sweetest Moments
 Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with Disappointments !
 Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quarrels,
 And sullen Coldness give us Pain by Turns ;
 Malicious meddling Chance is ever busy
 To bring us Fears, Disquiet and Delays ;
 And ev'n at last, when, after all our Waiting,
 Eager we think to snatch the dear-bought Bliss,
 Ambition calls us to its sullen Cares,
 And Honour, stern, impatient of Neglect,
 Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures,
 As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
 And Love were not the Business of our Lives.

ROWE'S *Ulysses.*

* Oh ! be hush'd,

Ye Dictates of my ever-torturing Reason :
 Let me not think that I have lov'd, much less,
 That I still love, where all Returns are hopeless.
Frederick is now another's, and whate'er
 My first Pretensions were, they now are nothing.
 What do I here then ?—Why aim I to renew
 The Memory of past Transports in his Mind,
 And become doubly wretched, by adding Guilt

T.

To the fond Folly of believing Softness?

ELIZ. HAYWOOD's *Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.*

DISGUISE.

If but as well I other Accents borrow,
And can my Speech disguise, my good Intent
May carry through itself to that full Issue,
For which I chang'd my Likeness.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear.*

I've heard the Powers themselves of old for Love,
Far less than mine have left their starry Thrones,
And hid their daggling Forms in brutal Shapes;
Less charming were the Beauties which they fought,
And more their Condescension. TRAP's *Abramule.*

* Stay, Madam.

This new Embarrassment, of mingled Pains;
This Tenderness in Rage; these Hopes, Fears,
Startings,

This Art, to colour some ill-hid Distress
That casts *Confusion* o'er your troubled Soul:
Half Sentences broke short, Looks fill'd with Horror,
Are Nature's thin *Disguise*, to cover Danger.

HILL's *Merope.*

* As you fear my Softness of Complexion,
I'll stain it with the Juice of dusky Leaves,
Or yellow Berries, which this various Wood
From Tree and Shrub will yield me. These I'll use
And form a thousand Methods to conceal
The little Gleams of Grace, which Nature lent me.

MASON's *Elfrida.*

D I S.

DISHONESTY.

* Dishonest Minds, just like the jaundic'd Sight,
 See honest Deeds in a dishonest Light:
 Thro' Clouds of Guilt, the Innocent they view,
 And stain each Virtue with some vicious Hue.
 The Just and Good look with a different Eye,
 By generous Hearts they generous Actions try:
 Govern'd by Honour, Honour they revere,
 And think each Virtue, like their own, sincere.

BELLER's *Injured Innocence*.

DISSEMBLER.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry Content to that which grieves my Heart,
 And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
 And frame my Face to all Occasions.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VI. Part 3.*

Thou shalt not break yet, Heart; nor shall she
 know
 My inward Torment by my outward Show.
 To let her see my Weakness were too base,
 Dissembl'd Quiet sit upon my Face;
 My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
 But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind;
 Falshood shall want its Triumph: I begin
 To stagger, but I'll prop myself within;
 The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
 Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

In vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,
 And set the fairest Countenance to View;
 Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadness,
 And inward Languishing: That Oracle
 Eats like a subtle Worm its venom'd Way,

Preys

Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
Howe'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely.

LEE's *Oedipus*.

I cannot love, to counterfeit is base
And cruel too; dissembl'd Love is like
The Poison of Perfumes, a killing Sweetness.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

Forgive me then ye faithful Nymphs and Swains,
Teach me to look like you, to steal your Pains;
To make dissembl'd Tears successful start,
And dropping seem to cool the love-sick Heart:
Then when you view me struggling in the Snare,
Of lying Fears, sick Hopes and false Despair;
For the sad Trial let your Pity plead,
And Heav'n who made the Cause, excuse the Deed.

Ibid.

* O my lov'd Prince, I cannot trust this *Didas*,
His are the Homages which I distrust:
Yon undesigning Croud wears no Disguise,
But this Man's artful Words too smoothly flow,
To spring from that plain Thing, an honest Heart.

LEWIS's *Philip of Macedon*.

DISSIMULATION.

Look fresh and merrily,
Let not our Looks put on our Purposes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and a formal Constancy.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

We'll mock the Time with fairest Show;
Fair Face must hide what the false Heart does know.

SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth*.

When

When Devils will their blackest Sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews,
 As I do now. SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Now we must shew a Masterpiece indeed,
 To meet the Man whom we wou'd make an End of,
 Ev'n at that Time when mortal War's within,
 When the Blood boils and flashes to be at him;
 Yet then to shew the Signs of heartiest Love,
 To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to fear.
 LEE's *Massacre of Paris*.

Nothing is more tedious to a Wretch
 O'erwhelm'd with Misery, than to dissemble
 His Grief, and be deny'd to give it Vent.
 TRAP's *Abramule*.

Curse on him
 First flatter'd with his Tongue; on her that first
 Dissembl'd in her Silence:
 What Miseries have they entail'd on Life,
 To bring in Fraud and Diffidence in Love!
 Simplicity's the Dress of honest Passion;
 Then why our Arts, why to a Man enamour'd,
 That at our Feet effuses all his Soul,
 Must Woman cold appear, false to herself and him.
 STEELE's *Lying Lovers*.

Thy very Looks are Lies, eternal Falshood
 Smiles in thy Lips, and flatters in thy Eyes.
 SMITH's *Phædra and Hyppolitus*.

Diffimulation dwells
 As at her Home in every Smile he wears.
 SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* The Man who dares to dress Misdeeds,
 And colour them with Virtue's Name, deserves
 A double Punishment from Gods and Men.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medæa*.

* Obey

* Obey me, Features, for one supple Moment:
You shall not long be tortured. Here, in Courts,
We must not wear the Soldier's honest Face.

THOMPSON'S *Agamemnon*.

* It was, however, hard, a bitter Task,
To wink at publick Villainy ; to wipe
Each honest Passion from my livid Face,
To bind my Hands, and seal my quiv'ring Lips,
While my Heart burn'd with Rage, and treasur'd up
A Storm of Indignation. *Ibid.*

* Lust and Ambition, *Mirvan*, are the Springs
Of all his Actions, whilst, without one Virtue,
Diffimulation, like a flatt'ring Painter,
Bedecks him with the colouring of them all.

MILLER'S *Mabomut*.

* Let honest Fools the boast of Truth enjoy
To look by Nature, and through Passions speak ;
But Men like me th' inverted Act maintain
To weep in Pleasure, and to laugh at Pain.

HAVARD'S *Regulus*.

* It must be so ! were Men t'appear themselves,
Set free from Customs that restrain our Nature,
Nor Wolves, nor Tygers would dispute more fiercely !
Yet all we boast above the Brute is—What ?
That in our Times of Need we dare dissemble !

CIBBER'S *King John*.

* But be sure,
Suspicion is abroad ; it marks your Steps.
Would you insure these Threats, which now are Air,
Keep your Eye constant ; let no Passion shake it,
No Colour change your Cheek ; open your Face
In Smiles, and let your Tongue grow loose in
Flattery.

FRANCIS'S *Constantine*.

The BEAUTIES of D I S T R A C T I O N.

A thousand Thoughts prey on my tortur'd Soul,
And whirling Fancy turns my Senses round.
SOUTHERN's *Loyal Brother.*

What shall I do? His Fury wildly
Champs upon the Curb:
Anon it foams, and starting with a Bound,
Hurries him headlong far from Reason's Road:
I shake, I tremble at the dismal Consequence;
I can no longer bear this mortal Agony
In him whom dearer than myself I love.
DENNIS's *Iphigenia.*

Oh! hide me from him!
Ye Walls, ye Pillars, from your Basis start,
And crush me with your Fall, ye vaulted Roofs:
Earth ope, and living in thy Womb involve me;
Confusion seize me, Madness waste my Reason,
That I may never, never think again.
OLDMIXON's *Governor of Cyprus.*

D I S T R U S T.

* *Siffredi* gives his Daughter to my Wishes—
But does she give herself? Gay, young, and flatter'd,
Perhaps engag'd, will she her youthful Heart
Yield to my harsher, uncomplying Years?
I am not form'd, by Flattery and Praise,
By Sighs and Tears, and all the whining Trade
Of Love, to feed a fair one's Vanity;
To charm at once and spoil her. These soft Arts
Nor suit my Years, nor Temper; these be left
To Boys and doating Age.

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

* When

* When desperate Ills demand a speedy Cure,
Distrust is Cowardice, and Prudence Folly.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

D O U B T.

Doubt is some Ease to those that fear the worst.

DRYDEN'S *Stats of Innocence*.

Oh ! how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast !
My Thoughts, like Birds when frightened from their
Rest

Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter and hardly flutter, and hardly settle any more.

OTWAY'S *Don Carlos*.

And yet

A kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart ;
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air, too damp, and lugs along
As if she were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Substance made of Fire.
My Senses too are dull, and stupify'd,
Their Edge rebated ; sure some Ill approaches,
And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Soul ;
To tell me Fate's at Hand.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

Come to my Arms, far dearer than my Soul ;
To doubt my Passion shews how well thou lov'st ;
Such kind Suspicion gives me new Delight,
And I am blest beyond a Mortal's Share.

Mrs. WISEMAN'S *Antiochus*.

D O V E.

* Thus when of old the Dove was sent t'explore
The long-wish'd Blessings of a rising Shore,
At length a distant springing Grove she spies,
Crops the first Branch, a sure credential Prize ;

Then

Then to the happy Ark resumes her Wings,
And to the World preserv'd the peaceful Olive brings.
CIBBER's King John.

D R E A M S.

As one who in some frightful Dream would shun
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run,
And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender
Groans. *DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.*

A Dream o'ertook me at my waking Hour
This Morn; and Dreams, they say, are then divine;
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
And some o'erpow'ring God continues Sleep.
DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Like one,
Who in a Dream with mighty Toil and Labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary Form,
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely Object,
It slides away and vanishes to Air.

TRAP's Abramule.

* Let Fools and Cowards start at Fancy's Visions,
Thy well-taught Spirit knows these Dreams are bred
From Fumes and Indigestions that oppress
The Mind, which thus o'erloaded, still throws off
These Crudities, these Ordures of the Soul :
As such despise them. *Themistocles.*

* 'Tis said the Soul, while the tir'd Body sleeps,
Her Mansion often leaves, and roves abroad,
Sometimes to Groves and solitary Cells;
Sometimes to Courts, to Cities, and to Camps,
Mingling with Crouds, then strangely left alone.

The Fall of Mortimer.

* When

* When Night with her black Curtain veils the
World,

And Sleep chains up the Faculties of Men,
The loosen'd Soul oft takes its airy Flight,
Through Ways impassable, and craggy Steeps ;
Sometimes descending to old Ocean's Bosom.
Anon she bounds, and on *Olympus'* Top,
With Wings expanded, seems to reach the Stars.

MARSH's *Amasis*.

DRINKING.

My Heart is thirsty for that noble Pledge,
Fill, *Lucius*, till the Wine o'er-swells the Cup,
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* Love.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

Come to the Banquet all,
And revel out the Day, 'tis my Command ;
Gay as the *Persian God*, our self will stand,
With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted Hand :
Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
While antick Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and *Bellona* join to make us Musick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams : Speak the big Voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our silver Trumpet,
Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasures
In Bowls of Nectar, and replying Thunder.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
Jocund, and free, and swell the Feast with Mirth ;
The sprightly Bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, or too severely wise :
Losses and Disappointments, Cares and Poverty,
The rich Man's Insolence, and great Man's Scorn,

In

164 *The* BEAUTIES of

In Wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

Hard are the Laws of Love's despotick Rule,
And every Joy is trebly bought with Pain.
Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*,
Bacchus! the jolly God of laughing Pleasures.
Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake,
Apollo's Lyre, and *Hermes's* tuneful Shell :
Let Wine and Musick join to swell the Triumph,
To smoothe uneasy Thoughts, and lull Desire.

Rowe's *Ulysses*.

D R O W N I N G.

He in the general Rout
Mistook a swelling Current for a Ford,
And in *Mucazor's* Blood was seen to rise.
Thrice was he seen, at length his Courser plung'd,
And threw him off, the Waves whelm'd o'er him,
And helpless in his heavy Arms he drown'd.

Dryden's *Don Sebastian*.

Like some despairing Wretch,
That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
Then pants and struggles with the whirling Waves,
And catches every slender Reed to save him.

Smith's *Phedra and Hyppolitus*.

D R U N K E N N E S S.

* Till wicked Drink possesses you again,
That Bane to Vertue and to comon Sense,
That makes you live in a continued Mist,
Without the Benefit of one clean Thought;
Nature has prudently contriv'd each Man
In the worst Miseries of human Life

Would

Would be himself, and I, would be I still,
But fordid Drunkenness makes you differ more
From your lov'd Self, than from another Man.

— — — — —
You think yourselves the finest Gentlemen,
When you are most to be despis'd and pity'd ;
Not Monkeys can be more ridiculous,
Besides the Infamy you must contract
In the Opinion of the Good and Wise.

As soon I'd choose a Madman for a Friend ;
You vomit Secrets when o'ercharg'd with Wine,
You often quarrel with the best of Friends :
And she must be as bold as is a Lioness
Who takes you for a Husband. Drink in short
Provokes you to all Folly, to all Vice,
Till you become a Nuisance to Mankind ;

— — — — —
By Drunkenness you are useless at the best,
Unless as Flies or Humble-Bees, meer Drones.
What Office is there in a Commonwealth
A Drunkard can sustain ? unless it be one
To be a Strainer through which Claret runs.
Your Nerves you weaken, and you drown your Minds ;
You're all meer Sops in Wine, your Brains are Boys ;
A Toast is equal to a common Drunkard.

SHADWELL'S *Scourers*.

* O when we swallow down
Intoxicating Wine, we drink Damnation ;
Naked we stand the Sport of mocking Fiends,
Who grin to see our noble Nature vanquish'd,
Subdued to Beasts. Well is drunken God
Drawn in his giddy Carr by reinless Tygers ;
Our Passions then, like swelling Seas, break in ;
The Monarch Reason's govern'd by our Blood,
The noisy Populace declare for Liberty,
While Anarchy, and riotous Confusion,
Usurp the Sovereign's Throne, claim his Prerogative,
Till

Till gentle Sleep exhales the boiling Surfeit ;
 Then this unnatural Rebellion's quell'd,
 The Faction quieted ; those mad Mechanics
 Our trait'rous Spirits all again subside,
 Each to the Body's proper Work repairs.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Wife's Relief*.

D U N G E O N .

Then to a Dungeon's Depth I sent both bound,
 Where stow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge,
 Two Planks their Bed, slipp'ry with Ooze and Lime,
 The Rats brush o'er their Faces with their Tails,
 And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.

DRYDEN'S *King Arthur*.

Haste to the Duugeon, plunge them down
 Far from the Hopes of Day, then let them lie
 Banish'd this World, while yet alive and groan
 In Darknefs and in Horror, let double Chains
 Consume the Flesh of *Memnon's* loaded Limbs,
 Till Death shall knock them off. YOUNG'S *Busiris*.

I am rival'd by his Chains, they clasp
 The Hero round (a cold unkind Embrace)
 And but an Earnest of far worse to come.
 While he my Soul in Dungeon-darknefs clos'd,
 Breaths damp unwholesome Steams, and lives on
 Poison. *Ibid.*

* Thou subterranean Sepulchre of Peace !
 Thou Home of Horror ! Hideous Nest of Crimes !
 Guilt's first sad Stage to her dark Road to Hell !
 Ye thick-barr'd sunless Passages for Air,
 To keep alive the Wretch that longs to die !
 Ye low-brow'd Arches, thro' whose fullen Gloom
 Resound the ceaseless Groans of pale Despair !

Ye

Ye dreadful Shambles, cak'd with *human* Blood !
Receive a Guest, from far, far other Scenes.

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

* There to lie
Where never Sun-beam pierc'd the solid Gloom,
Where rattling Chains, and Doors, that grind the
Hinge,

To let in new Distress, make hideous Concert.

FRANCIS's *Constantine*.

D Y I N G.

Her dying Looks, where new-born Beauty shines,
Oppress'd with Blushes, modestly declines,
While Death approach'd with a majestick Grace,
Pleas'd to look lovely once in such a Face ;
Her Arms, spread to receive her welcome Guest,
With a glad Sigh she drew into her Breast ;
Her Eyes then languishing towards Heav'n she cast,
To thank the Pow'rs that Death was come at last ;
And at th' Approach of the cold silent God
Ten thousand hidden Glories rush'd Abroad.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

His Eye-Balls roll in Death :
Behold the ling'ring Soul's convulsive Strife,
His thick short Breath catches at parting Life.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt,
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
And bury'd half within her.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

He breaths short,
The Taper's spent, and this is his last Blaze.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

His

His drooping Lids, that seem'd for ever clos'd,
 Were faintly rear'd to tell me that he liv'd;
 The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
 Sparkl'd no more with that majestick Fire,
 At which even Kings have trembl'd, but had lost
 Their common useful Office, and were shaded
 With an eternal Night.

ROWE'S *Ambitious Stepmother.*

There Life gave Way, and the last rosy Breath
 Went in that Sigh, Death like a brutal Victor
 Already entred, with rude Haste defaces
 The lovely Frame he's master'd: See how soon
 Those starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre.
 A deadly Cold has froze the Blood,
 The pliant Limbs grow stiff and lose their Use,
 And all the animating Fire is quench'd,
 Even Beauty too is dead, an ashy Pale
 Grows o'er the Roses, the red Lips have lost
 Their fragrant Hue, for Want of that sweet Breath,
 That bleis'd 'em with its Odours as it pass'd.

ROWE'S *Famertane.*

The peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me;
 Ev'n all the tedious Life of Day I've wander'd,
 Bewilder'd with Misfortunes:
 At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my Home;
 Forgetting all the Toils and Troubles past.
 Weary I lay me down, and sleep for ever. *Ibid.*

Sure I am near upon my Journey's End,
 My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail;
 And dancing Shadows swim before my Sight:
 I can no more: Receive me, thou cold Earth,
 Thou common Parent, take me to thy Bosom,
 And let me rest with thee. ROWE'S *Jane Shore.*

Can I behold thee thus?
 See the pale Fingers of approaching Death,
 Damping

the ENGLISH STAGE. 169

Damping those Beauties, chilling all thy Flames,
And only moan thee with an idle Sorrow.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Her catching Grasp, by Fits, strives hard to
hold me!

Her straining Eyes half burst their wat'ry Balls!
Vainly they glare to snatch a parting Look!
And Love, convulsive, shakes her struggling Bosom:
Care comes too late;—her quivering Lips grow pale;
And frightened Beauty, loth to leave its Mansion,
Ebbs flow, with the unwilling Blood away.

HILL's *Henry V.*

* The Pains of Death are on me,
My Heart sinks down, Convulsions shake my Breast,
A shuddering Damp creeps cold along my Veins,
And thick'ning Mists o'ercloud my swimming Eyes.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* There Death displays
His utmost Terrors.—Pale and lifeless, there
She lies, whose Looks were Love, whose Beauty smil'd
The sweet Effulgence of endearing Virtue.

THOMPSON's *Edward and Eleonora*.

* See that sweet Bosom
All gor'd and bloody, heaving yet in Death!
Look on her quiv'ring Lips, and that dead Pale
That creeps o'er all her Bloom.

Virginia.

D Y I N G of OLD AGE.

The Hand of Death
Comes, like eternal Night, with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From these my aged Eyes.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn Fruit that mellow'd long,

VOL. I.

I

Even

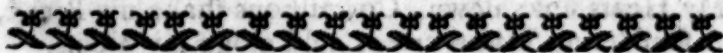
170 *The* BEAUTIES of

Even wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner ;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more,
Till, like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still.

DRYDEN's *Oedipus*.

He with a cold
And shaking Hand, just in the Pangs of Death,
Groan'd out a Parting ;
Fain would have spoke, but falter'd in his Speech
With undistinguish'd Sounds.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.



E A G L E.

SO the Eagle,
That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire Jove,
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
Forsake the Nest, to try his tender Pinions
In the wide untrack'd Air, till bolder grown,
Now like a Whirlwind on the Shepherd's Fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey ;
Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in-vain,
Wreathing his spiry Tail.

ROWE's *Ulysses*.

* The Eagle thus prepar'd to mount the Sky
To the Sun's Orb undazzled darts his Eye,
And spurns the Ground with awful Dignity ;
Exulting in his Pride, is pleas'd to view
The feather'd Tribe, admiring where he flew.

With

With failing Strength they tempt the wond'rous
Height,

But faint beneath the radiant Load of Light.

While he alone enjoys the sovereign Sway,

Alone supports the Sun's encreasing Ray,

And joyous revels in the Blaze of Day.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* As when some Serpent his dread Length extends,

Safe in the Brake, and his scal'd Curls unbends;

Jove's watchful Bird down from his Height of Skies

Impetuous stoops, then gripes secure the Prize;

Vain is Resistance now, nor aught avail,

The Crest erected high, and wreathing Tail;

His strong-ribb'd Sides the Victor-Eagle gores,

And tears him struggling, as aloft he soars.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

ECLIPSE.

The moist Star,

Upon whose Influence Neptune's Empire stands,

Was sick almost to Doomsday with Eclipse.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

The Silver Moon is all o'er Blood;

A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face;

A vast Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet.

Sound there, found all your Instruments of War,

Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,

And beat a thousand Drums, to help her Labour.

DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day,

On either Side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

172 *The* BEAUTIES of
ELDER BROTHER.

My Claim to her by Eldership I prove ;
Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

Birthright's a vulgar Road to kingly Sway,
'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's Way ;
Dropp'd from above, he lights into a Throne,
Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon ;
Heav'n's Choice ! a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

I lov'd her first, and cannot quit my Claim,
But will preserve the Birthright of my Passion.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Is not the Elder
By Nature pointed out for Preference ?
Is not his Right enroll'd among those Laws
Which keep the World's vast Frame in beauteous
Order ?

Ask those thou nam'dst but now, what made them
Lords ?

What Titles had they had, if Merit only
Could have conferr'd a Right ? If Nature had not
Strove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first,
And stamp'd the noble Mark of Eldership
Upon their baser Metal.

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

* An Elder Brother, a less awful Parent,
He should assuage you, he should intercede ;
Softens my Failings, and indulge my Youth.

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

ELOQUENCE.

For your Words they rob the *Hybla* Bees,
And leave them honeyless.

SHAKESPEAR: *Julius Caesar*.

Ev'ry Word he speaks a *Syren's* Note
To drown the careless Hearer.

BEAUMONT: *Sea Voyage*.

Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Fools,
Or Knaves, who use them when they want good
Sense;

But Honesty needs no Disguise or Ornament.

OTWAY: *Orphan*.

When he spoke, what tender Words he us'd!
So softly, that like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell.

DRYDEN: *Spanish Friar*.

I'll try
To change the Soldier's to the Lover's Style,
Use all the strongest Eloquence that Art
Or the sharp Anguish of my Soul can frame,
To plead my Passion, and promote my Love.

BECKINGHAM: *Scipio*.

Ye faithful Lovers Shades of old,
Whose Spirits once inform'd the female Mold;
Who for the Charms of some successful Youth,
Have prov'd blest Miracles of Love and Truth;
Descend and give, ye fair Cælestial Throng,
Fire to my Heart, and Musick to my Tongue.

SEWELL: *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* O Eloquence! thou violated Fair,
How art thou woo'd, and won to either Bed,
Of Right or Wrong! O when Injustice folds thee,
Dost thou not curse thy Charms for pleasing him,
And blush at Conquest?

I 3

* Could

* Could Words, O *Regulus*, express the Joy,
 The Fulness of our Joy at thy Return ;
 This welcome Office had not then been mine ;
 Then, every Grace that marks the Orator,
 The Force of Rhetorick, the Flowers of Speech,
 That *Athena* practis'd, or *Minerva* taught ;
 Had all been summon'd to perform the Task,
 And all been baffled in the weak Attempt.

HAVARD'S *Regulus*.

* Now with fine Phrase, and Foppery of Tongue,
 More graceful Action, and a smother Tone,
 That Orator of Fable, and fair Face,
 Will steal on your brib'd Hearts.

YOUNG'S *Brothers*.

EMBRACE.

Ant. I thought how those white Arms would fold
 me in,

And strain me close, and melt me into Love :
 So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
 And added all my Strength to every Blow.

Cleop. Come to me, come, my Soldier, to my Arms,
 You've been too long away from my Embraces ;
 But when I have you fast, and all my own,
 With broken Murmurs, and tumultuous Sighs,
 I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
 And mark you red with many an eager Kiss.
 Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle Nets like *Vulcan*,
 In thy Embraces I would be beheld
 By Heav'n and Earth at once,
 And make their Envy what they meant their Sport :
 Let those who took us blush, I would love on
 With awful State, regardless of their Frown,
 As their superior God.

DRYDEN'S *All for Love*.

Let me hold thee
 Thus to my Bosom ! Ages let me grasp thee,

Life

Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul!
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
 I'll break them with *Jocasta* in my Arms:
 Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom,
 And aet my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room.

LEE's *Oedipus*.

I swear I prefs thee with as hearty Joy
 As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,
 When from a Dream of Death she wak'd and found
 Her Lover safe, and sleeping by her Side.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Oh! I will hold thee with these longing Arms;
 Hold thee till Morn, and from that Morn till
 Evening;

From Evening to Mid-day, from Day to Night,
 From Night to Death—I'll clasp thee thus for
 ever.

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

Eternal Comfort's in thy Arms:
 To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease
 Than downy Pillows, deck'd with Leaves of Roses.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Thus let me grow to thee, too close for Fate to
 sever:

Oh! let Death find me in these dear, dear Arms,
 And looking on thee, spare my better Part,
 And take me willing hence.

DRYDEN's *Cleomenis*.

Thus, my *Chryseis*, thus
 Embrace me close, and join thy Lips to mine.
 There's no Security in other Joys:
 Here Happiness is rivetted alone;
 Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the Sweets
 Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

LANSDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

O let me press thee,
Pant on thy Bosom, sink into thy Arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious Fold.

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

EMPEROR and EMPIRE.

See GREATNESS.

To you the Drudg'ry of Pow'r I give ;
Cares be your Lot ; reign you, and let me live :
Were I a God, the drunken World should roll,
The little Emmets with the human Soul
Care for themselves, while at my Ease I fate,
And second Causes did the Work of Fate.

Dryden's *Aurengzebe*.

There's no true Joy in such unwieldly Fortune :
Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make,
All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
Why was I born a Prince ? Proclaim'd a God ?
Yet have no Liberty to look Abroad.
Thus Palaces in Prospect bar the Eye,
Which pleas'd and free would o'er the Cottage fly,
O'er flow'ry Lawns to the gay distant Sky.
Farewell then Empire, and the Racks of Love ;
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove,
Stretch'd like a *Silvan* God, on Grass lie down,
And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.

Lee's *Alexander*.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years ;
Till grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about :
The Place thus made for it's first breathing free,
It moves again for Ease and Luxury ;
Till swelling by Degrees, it has possess'd
The greater Space, and now crowds up the Rest :
When from behind there starts some petty State,
And pushes on its now unwieldly Fate :

Then

Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd
With scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me ?
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun
To worship my Uprising ? Menial Kings
Ran coursing up and down my Palace Yards,
Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
And at my least Command all started out,
Like Racers for the Goal. DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Emperor ! Why that's the Style of Victory !
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unselt Wounds,
Salutes his Gen'ral thus. But never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears ;
For I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The Name of Soldier with inglorious Ease ;
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sat still, and saw it press'd by other Hands. *Ibid.*

Oh ! that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life so great, so vain !
Where I th' Extremes might not be forc'd to chuse,
And, bless'd with some mean Wife, no Crown could
lose,

Where the dear Partner of my little State,
With all her smiling Offspring at the Gate,
Blessing my Labours, might my coming wait ;
Where in our humble Bed all safe might lie,
And not in cursed Courts for Glory die.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Reign, reign, you Monarchs that divide the World,
Busy Ambition ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and Happiness like mine :
Like gawdy Ships th' obsequious Billows fall,

And rise again to lift you to their Pride :
They wait but for a Storm and then devour you.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Have we not seen him shake his silver Reins,
O'er harness'd Monarchs, to his Chariot yok'd ;
In fullen Majesty they stalk along
With Eyes of Indignation and Despair ;
While he aloft displays his impious State,
With half their riv'd Kingdoms o'er his Brow,
Blazing to Heav'n in Diamond and in Gold.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

* When Empires are at Stake, Nothing is just,
Or great, but what implicitly maintains them.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt*.

* What is Empire, all the glitt'ring Trophies
Of Power and wide-extended Sway, when poiz'd
Against the weightier Virtues of the Mind ?

ELIZ. HAYWOOD's *Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh*.

* Who careless sits, and nods upon a Throne,
Rules by the Will of others, not his own :
Of every Ill he justly bears the Blame ;
But all the Praise of Good his Subjects claim. *Ibid.*

* The Genius of imperial Rule,
All-incommunicable, knows no Equal ;
Nay, knows no Second. MALLET's *Muflapha*.

* If thou think'st
That Crowns are vilely property'd, like Coin,
To be the Means, the Specialty of Lust,
And sensual Attribution — If thou think'st
That Empire is of titled Birth, or Blood ;
That Nature in the proud Behalf of one,
Shall disfranchise all her lordly Race,
And how her gen'ral Issue to the Yoke

Of private Domination—then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy King.

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* Extended Empire, like expanded Gold,
Exchanges solid Strength for feeble Splendor.

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

* Right, to rule *Men*, is now longer held
By dull Descent, like *Land's* low Heritage.
'Tis the pluck'd Fruit of Toil—'tis the paid Price
Of Blood, lost nobly.

HILL's *Merops*.

* 'Tis Empire! Empire! Empire! Let that Word
Make sacred all I do, or can attempt!
Had I been born a Slave, I should affect it:
My Nature's fiery, and of course aspires.
Who gives an Empire, by the Gift defeats
All End of giving; and procures Contempt
Instead of Gratitude. An Empire lost,
Destroy'd, would less confound me, than resign'd.

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

ENCHANTMENT.

* He †, ripe and frolick of his full-grown Age,
Roving the *Celtic* and *Iberian* Fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick Shelter of black Shades imbower'd
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off'ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a chrystal Glass,
To quench the Drought of *Phæbus*; which as they
taste,

(For most do taste thro' fond intemp'rate Thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human Countenance,
Th' express Resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd

† *Comus*.

Into

Into some brutish Form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other Parts remaining as they were.

Yet when he walks his tempting Rounds, the Sor-
cerer

By magic Power their human Face restores,
And outward Beauty, to delude the Sight.

— — — They (so perfect in their Misery)
Not once perceive this foul Disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their Friends and native Home forget.
To roll with Pleasure in a sensual Sty.

MILTON's *Comus*.

* Within the Navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypress Shades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries;
And here to ev'ry thirsty Wanderer,
By sly Enticements gives his baneful Cup.
With many Murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing Poison
The Visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious Likeness of a Beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding Reason's Mintage,
Character'd in the Face.

Ibid.

ENEMY.

* Such Foes indeed must surely aim the Blow,
Who praise to wound, and honour to destroy.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* But if, tho' in a Foe, to reverence Virtue,
Withstand Oppression, rescue injur'd Innocence,
Step boldly in betwixt my Sire and Guilt,
And save my King, my Father from Dishonour;
If this be Sin, I have shook Hands with Penitence.

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* To

* To exult

Ev'n o'er an Enemy oppress'd, and heap,
And heap Affliction on th' Afflicted, is the Mark
And the mean Triumph of a dastard Soul.

The Regicide.

ENJOYMENT. See FALSEHOOD.

Yet this was she, ye Gods! the very she,
Who in my Arms lay melting all the Night,
Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips,
To meet mine there, and parted at the Passage,
Who, loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
And shrunk into my Bosom, there to make
A little longer Darkness.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*;

When I have once enjoy'd my sweet *Evanthe*,
And blest my Youth with her most dear Embraces,
I have done my Journey here, my Day is out;
All that the World has else is Fool'ry,
Labour, and Loss of Time.

BEAUMONT's *Wife for a Month*;

Oh! let me press these balmy Lips all Day,
And bathe my love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses!
Now, by my Joys, thou art all sweet and soft,
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love:
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure and blest'd Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my *Lucina*.
No God or Goddess ever was ador'd
With such Religion as my Love shall be:
For in those charming Raptures of my Soul,
Clasp'd in thy Arms, I'll waste myself away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord;

While

While to the Honour of *Lucina's* Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the Loss for ever.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one?
Gives all she can, and lab'ring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but taste and live:
So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,
And thinks itself does for a Time lie dead;
Till like a String screw'd up with eager Haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

When you were gone, and
None but I left with that charming Maid,
What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade!
With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
With Pangs I grasp'd her like a dying Man:
Like Light and Heat incorp'rate we lay,
We bless'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.

LEE's *Sophonisba*.

What said he not, when in the bridal Bed
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms?
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,
He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile,
To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and
lov'd,

And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes.

LEE's *Alexander*.

When will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
May vanish in his Breast? That I may hold him
Fast as my Fears can make me; hug him close
As my fond Soul can wish; give all my Breath
In Sighs and Kisses; swoon, die away with Rapture!

Ibid.

These

These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
And follow her with such Pursuit of Kisses,
That e'en our Souls shall lose themselves i' th' Pleasure.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

When your kind Eyes look languishing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did soft Embraces join,
A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then Wishes, and a Warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all Extasy and Trance,
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did
dance,

And speechless Joys, in whose Tumult tost,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being lost.

DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

There's no Satiety of Love in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou still art new: Perpetual Spring
Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place,
And I grow rich by giving.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,
And, like chaf'd Odours, melt in Sweets away,
Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

DRYDEN's *Secret Love*.

Oh! with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice!
Oh! how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near Sweets they took my Sense away,
And I even lost the Power to reach at Joy.
But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far,
As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

O thou

184 *The* BEAUTIES of

O thou great Chymist, Nature!
Who draw'st one Spirit so divinely perfect,
Thou mak'st a Dreg of all the World besides.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

Who'd be that fordid foolish Thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd.

Ibid.

Queen. How dear, how sweet, his first Embraces
were?

With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And suck'd my Breath at every Word I spoke,
As if he drew his Inspiration thence:
While both our Souls came upwards to our Mouths,
As neighb'ring Monarchs at their Borders meet.
I thought, O no 'tis false, I could not think!
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Teresa. Then sure his Transports were not less than
your's.

Qu. More! more! for by the high-hung Tapers
Light,

I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red,
His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,
And sparkl'd thro' their Casements humid Fires:
He sigh'd and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have
spoke;

All he could say was *Love*, and *Leonora*.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

In thy Possession Years roll round on Years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again.

Kisses;

Kisses, Embraces, Languishings and Deaths,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various Seasons of our Loves.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

I'll steal into the eternal Knot of Love,
This Night; this Night shall tell thee how I love
thee:

When Words are at a Loss, and the mute Soul
Pours out herself in Sighs and gasping Joys;
Life grasps the Pangs of Bliss and murm'ring Plea-
sures,

Thou shalt confess all Language then is vile,
And yet believe me most without my vowing.

LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

I found a Pleasure I ne'er felt before,
Dissolving Pains, and swimming shudd'ring Joys.

LEE's *Princess of Cleve*.

The Ties of Minds are but imperfect Bands,
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Make haste to Bed,
There let me tell my Story in thy Arms;
There in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
Betwixt our Dyings, e'er we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battle and Success,
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer Things
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech,
And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

Your

Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes ; where some are in the Bud,
Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall.

DRYDEN's *Amphytrion*.

Let me not live, but thou'rt all Enjoyment ;
So charming and so sweet, that not a Night
But whole Eternity were well employ'd,
To love thy each Perfection as it ought.

Ibid.

Oh ! how I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace !
Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,
And shoot itself into your much lov'd Bosom !
Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy,
Nay, agonize with Pleasure at your Sight,
With such inimitable Proofs of Passion,
As no false Love could feign ?

Ibid.

Now let us start, and give a Loose to Love,
Feast every Sense with most luxurious Pleasure ;
Improve our Minutes, make 'em more than Years,
Than Ages, and even live the Life of Gods !

ROWE's *Ambitious Stepmother*.

Oh ! let me sink upon thy gentle Bosom,
And blushing tell how greatly I am blest !
Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow,
That all the Pleasures of my Virgin State
Were poor and trifling to the present Rapture.
A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breast,
And while I fondly gaze upon thy Face,
Ev'n Thought is lost in exquisite Delight.

Ibid.

Once in a lone and secret Hour of Night,
When ev'ry Eye was clos'd, and the pale Moon,
And Stars alone shone, conscious of the Theft ;
Hot with the *Tuscan* Grape, and high in Blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her Chamber ;
I found the fond, believing, love-sick Maid,

Loose,

Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wishes;
 Fierceness and Pride, the Guardians of her Honour,
 Were charm'd to Rest, and Love alone was waking;
 Within her rising Bosom all was calm,
 As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
 Are gently lifted up and down by Tides:
 I snatch'd the glorious golden Opportunity,
 And with prevailing youthful Ardor press'd her,
 Till with short Sighs, and murmuring Reluctance
 The yielding Fair one gave me perfect Happiness;
 Ev'n all the live-long Night we pass'd in Bliss,
 In Extasies too fierce to last for ever:
 At length the Morn and cold Indifference came,
 When, fully sated with the luscious Banquet,
 I hastily took Leave, and left the Nymph
 To think on what was pass'd, and sigh alone.
 I saw her soon again, alas! too soon;
 For, Oh! that Meeting was not like the former:
 I found my Heart no more beat high with Transport;
 No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for Enjoyment:
 'Twas pass'd, and Reason took her Turn to reign,
 While every Weakness fell before her Throne.

ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*.

The ravishing Thoughts of mighty Joys to come,
 Kept me in Extasy, and made me dumb;
 When on thy snowy Breast dissolv'd I lie,
 What Monarch can there be more blest than I?

CARROL'S *Perjur'd Husband*.

Then haste, my Charmer,
 Let's feast our famish'd Souls with am'rous Riot,
 With fiercest Bliss atone for our Delay,
 And in a Moment love the Age we've lost.

SMITH'S *Phedra and Hippolytus*.

* Accurst Fruition! most enchanting Ill!
 Thou Good sublime in Prospect, pleasing Ruin!
 Destructive of thyself, and Woman's Peace!

Oh!

188 *The* BEAUTIES *of*,

Oh! wherefore, partial Nature, didst thou frame
Our Souls so different from perfidious Man's?

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

ENTHUSIASM.

At *Delpbos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as a Spider's Web,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

Something I'd unfold,
If that the God would wake; for something still there
lies

In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read thro' Mists:
'Tis great! prodigious! 'tis a dreadful Birth
Of wondrous Fate! And now, just now disclosing!
I see how terrible it dawns,
And my Soul sickens at it!
Now the God shakes me! He comes! He comes!

DRYDEN's *Oedipus*.

I feel him now
Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The roused God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts, and dilates himself;
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury; my old Arteries burst;
My shrivell'd Skin, like Parchment, crackles at the
hallow'd Fire.

I shall be young again! *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raged *Bacchanals*,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:
O charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom!

Lull

Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With powerful Strains ! *Manto*, my lovely Child !
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild. *Ibid.*

ENTRY.

Great Bullingbroke !

Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider, seem'd to know,
With slow but stately Pace kept on his Course ;
While all Tongues cry'd, God save thee, *Bullingbroke !*
You would have thought the very Windows spake :
So many greedy Looks of Young and Old,
Thro' Casements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage, and that all the Walls
With painted Imag'ry had said at once,
Jesu reserve thee ! Welcome *Bullingbroke !*
Whilst he from one Side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud Steed's Neck,
Bespoke them thus ; *I thank you, Countrymen.*
And thus, still doing thus, he pass'd along :
But, as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious :
E'en so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did scowl on *Richard* ; no Man cry'd, God save him ;
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcome Home :
But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience,) *That had not God* (for some strong Purpose) steel'd
The Hearts of Men, they must, *per Force*, have melted,
And Barbarism itself have pity'd him.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard II.*

What

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 To grace, in captive Bands, his Chariot Wheels !
 Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney-Tops,
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sat
 The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome* ?
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal Shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,
 To hear the Replication of your Sounds
 Made in her concave Shores.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Caesar*.

Your glorious Father, my victorious Lord,
 Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurels,
 Is entring now, in martial Pomp, the Palace :
 Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
 Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish Wealth* ;
 Chariots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,
 Succeed ; and next a hundred neighing Steeds,
 White as the fleecy Ram on *Alpine Hills*,
 That bound, and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
 As they disdain'd the Victory they grace ;
 Pris'ners of War in shining Fetters follow,
 And Captains, of the noblest Blood of *Africk*,
 Sweat by his Chariot Wheels, and lick, and grind,
 With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise :
 The swarming Pop'lace spread on every Wall,
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
 Their Hold thro' clefted Stones, stretching, and staring
 As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

ERROR.

Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's Child,
 Why dost thou shew to the apt Thoughts of Men,
The

the ENGLISH STAGE. 191

The Things that are not soon conceiv'd?
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

EVENING.

The God of Day does to his *Thetis* haste,
In Clouds of Gold and shining Purple dress'd:
Each lab'ring Husbandman his Setting waits,
And to his coarse, but welcome, Home retreats:
The drudging Oxen from the Yoke are freed;
And scatt'ring Ewes which on the Mountains feed,
Are by their Shepherd to Inclosures led;
Whilst the gay chirping Flutt'ers of the Air,
To their own mossy Architects repair.

MOUNTFORD's *Greenwich Park*.

See the descending Sun,
Scatt'ring his Beams about him as he sinks,
And gilded Heaven above, and Seas beneath,
With Paint, no mortal Pencil can express.

HOPKINS's *Pyrrhus*,

The setting Sun descends
Swift to the Western Waves; and guilty Night
Hasty to spread her Horror o'er the World,
Rides on the dusky Air.

ROWE's *Ulysses*.

* The Star, that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the Top of Heaven doth hold;
And the gilded Car of Day
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantick* Stream;
And the slope Sun his upward Beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole
Pacing toward the other Goal
Of his Chamber in the East.

MILTON's *Comus*.

* The

192 The BEAUTIES of

* The grey-hooded Even
Like a sad Votarist in Palmer's Weeds
Rose from the hindmost Wheels of *Phæbus' Wain*.
MILTON's *Comus*.

* Two such I saw, what Time the labour'd Ox
In his loose Traces from the Furrow came,
And the swink't Hedger at his Supper sat. *Ibid.*

* The Veil of Evening, o'er these murmuring
Woods around
A lonely Horror speaks. MALLET's *Alfred*.

E U N U C H.

Pleasure forsook his early Infancy:
The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man,
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind.
DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

E X A M P L E.

Example is a living Law, whose Sway,
Men more than all the written Laws obey.
SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

* When I am gone,
Who shall take Care to form their ductile Minds,
(Unprincipled as yet in Virtue's School)
To shew them Honour's Path—to turn their Steps
From Vice's Flow'r-strew'd Way?—Say whose Ex-
ample,
Bettering all Precept, still shall shine before them,
The fairest Call to Good,— HAVARD's *Regulus*.

EXISTENCE.

To *be*, is better far than *not to be*,
 Else Nature cheated us in our Formation.
 And when we *are* the sweet Delusion wears
 Such various Charms and Prospects of Delight;
 That what we cou'd not *will*, we make our *Choice*.
 Desirous to prolong the Life she gave.
 Madmen and Fools may hurry o'er the Scene,
 The wise Man walks an easy sober Pace,
 And tho' he sees one Precipice for all,
 Declines the fatal Brink of looking back
 On what he leaves, and thinking where he falls.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

EXPECTATION.

* Now do I feel what Women do who long
 For Pleasures unexperienc'd, and forbid.
 The Want of what we wish to know, begets
 Suspence; and that inflames the wild Desire.

EL. HAYWOOD's *Duke of Brunswick-
 Lunenburgb.*

* How the Time
 Loiters in Expectation!—Then the Mind
 Drags the dead Burthen of an hundred Years
 In one short Moment's Space—The nimble Heart
 Beats with impatient Throbs—sick of Delay
 And pants to be at Ease. HAVARD's *Regulus*.

* When will Occasion smile upon our Wishes
 And give the Tortures of Suspence a Period?
 Still must we linger in uncertain Hope
 Still languish in our Chains, and dream of Freedom;
 Like thirsty Sailors gazing on the Clouds,
 Till burning Death shoots through our wither'd
 Limbs?

* With what a leaden and retarding Weight
Does Expectation load the Wing of Time?

MASON's *Elfrida*.

EYES.

The Abstract of all Beauty, Soul of Sweetness :
Defend me, honest Thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
What Eyes are there ! rather what little Heavens !
To stir Mens Contemplations ! What a Paradise
Runs thro' each Part she has ! Good Blood be temp'rate :
I must look off ; too excellent an Object
Confounds the Sense that sees it.

BUCKINGHAM's *Chances*.

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears, and Flames of Love ?

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

Shall I ne'er bask in her Eye-shine again,
Nor view the Love that play'd in those dear Beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand Smiles.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Your fiery Eye,
Which, like the Sun at Noon, none could behold,
But with a Snatch of Light, and then be dazzl'd,
Now like a cold and drouzy Winter Star,
Bears a bleak Brightness : O Decay of Lustre !

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

O turn away those Basilisks, thy Eyes,
The Infection's fatal, and who sees them dies.

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

Methought her Eyes
Grew larger, and a thousand frantick Spirits,
Seething like rising Bubbles on the Brim,
Peep'd from their wat'ry Brink, and glow'd upon me.

DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

When

When with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
He snatch'd, he tore forth from their bloody Orbs
The Balls of Sight, and dash'd them on the Ground.
Ibid.

Their Glances could create a Day in Cells,
And kindle freezing Hermits into Dalliance.
TATE's Loyal General.

My Eyes won't lose the Sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing.
OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

There is Discourse in Eyes ; Consent, Denial,
All understood by Looks. *LEE's Princess of Cleve.*

Her Eyes,
Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command ;
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Power.
DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,
Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
And bless the kindred Beauties of thy Eyes :
Thy Eyes which, could his own fair Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day.
ROWE's Ambitious Stepmother.

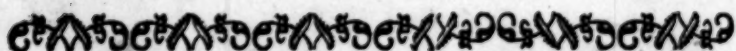
You strive to cloud your Brightness, and restrain
The Lightning of your Eyes, lest on the Spot
Its Force should flash me dead. *TRAP's Aoramus.*

More fatal Influence flashes from thy Eyes,
Than all those glitt'ring Balls that light the Skies. *Ibid.*

* But her EYES——
Say, is it possible that these were made
Without the illuminating Fire of Heav'n ?
K 2 Say,

Say, could they kindle such Desires in me,
Yet want the Property of Heat themselves?

HAVARD'S *Scanderbeg*.



FAIRIES.

THEY dance their Ringlets to the whistling
Winds,

The Honey-bag steal from the humble Bees.
And for Night-Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glow-worm's Eyes,
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-beams from their sleeping Eyes.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

I fright the Maidens of the Villages,
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootless make the breathless House-wife churn;
And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm;
Mislead Night Wand'ers, laughing at their Harm:
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,
And when she drinks, against her Lips I bob,
And on her wither'd Dewlap pour the Ale.
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,
Sometime for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she;
And Taylor cries, and falls into a Cough,
And then the whole Choir hold their Hips, and laugh,
And waxen in their Mirth, and sneeze, and swear
A merrier Hour was never wasted there. *Ibid.*

FALSHOOD. See ENJOYMENT. See IMPRE-
CATION. See INCONSTANCY.

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name;
Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;

And

And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend
And blots the noble Work.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Had she been true,
If Heav'n would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it. SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

He hates, he loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd ;
Oh, he is false ! That great, that glorious Man,
Is Tyrant 'midst of his triumphant Spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn !
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs,
Then cool'd them with his Tears ! di'd on my Knees !
Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd, and sworn the wondring Stars away !
False to *Statyra* ! False to her that lov'd him !
That lov'd him cruel Victor as he was,
And took him bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood,
Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd them o'er
And o'er in Tears, then bound them with my Hair,
Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

LEE's *Alexander*.

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,
And I could hate myself for being kind :
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in Store for perjur'd Love ;
Send, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead ;
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,
In Height of Pomp, when he is warm'd and young, }
Bolted with Thunder, let him rush along :

And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
 Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes ;
 Nay, after Death,
 Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Oh ! I could tear my Flesh,
 Or him, or you, or all the World to Pieces !
 My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow-room ;
 'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds :
 O that it had a Space might answer to
 Its infinite Desire ! where I might stand,
 And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls. *Ibid.*

I wou'd my Royal Lord, but cannot blame you,
 I feel a Spirit within me, which calls up
 All that is Woman wrong'd, and bids me chide,
 But you are *Mitbridates*, that dear Man
 Whom my Soul loves, else were you all the Kings,
 All Worlds, all Gods, I could let loose upon you
 For those deep Injuries which I must suffer ;
 Cou'd like the frightening Winds disturb all Nature
 With venting of my Wrongs, but I am hush'd
 As a spent Wave, and all my fiery Pow'rs
 Are quench'd, when I but look upon your Eyes,
 Where like a Star in Water I appear,
 A pretty Sight, but of no Influence,
 And am at best but now a shining Sorrow.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

She has a Tongue that can undo the World ;
 She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me :
 Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
 Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
 When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,
 When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,
 Her Whispers trembl'd thro' my cred'ulous Ears,
 And told the Story of my utter Ruin. *Ibid.*

Oh,

Oh, my hard Fate ! Why did I trust her ever ?
 What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood ?
 The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction :
 We are vent'rous Barks, that leave our Home
 For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal :
 At first they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks
 Of Summer Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs :
 Sometimes, like *Sirens*, charm us with their Songs,
 Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks ;
 But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us !
 Or rather help the new Calamity !
 And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman !
 The Lightning, follow'd with a Thunderbolt,
 Is marble-hearted Woman ! All the Shelves,
 The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,
 Are Woman all ! the Wrecks of wretched Men !
 LEE'S *Mitridates*.

She's lost ! She's gone ! The Beauty of the Earth :
 All that in Woman could be Virtue call'd,
 Is lost ; corrupted are her noble Faculties ;
 The Temper of her Soul is quite infected :
 Inconstancy has spotted all her white, her Virgin
 Beauties. *Ibid.*

Semandra, my most fair, dear, gentle Mistress ;
 That sweet protesting Creature, that pure Whiteness,
 Where I so deep had writ my Vows in Blood,
 Is false to me ; and that eternal Bond of Oaths
 Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd :
 Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
 Her Hand has giv'n her faithless Heart away. *Ibid.*

False as thou art,
 Thou once wer't Empress of my Soul, and I
 Still drag thy Chains. Speak then, *Semandra*, speak ;
 For I am doz'd, so weary with complaining,
 That I could stand and listen to the Winds,
 And think that Women talk'd : Observe the Rain,

And think that Women wept : Or in the Clouds
Behold *Semandra's* Form still fleeing from me.

LEE's *Mithridates*.

I could tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart,
And had not Pow'r to keep it. Oh ! the Curse
Of doating on, ev'n when I find it Dotage !
Bear Witness, Gods ! You heard him bid me go :
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith. I'll die, I will not bear it,
I can keep in my Breath, I can die inward,
And choak this Love. DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Castalio ! Oh ! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E'er he would falsify his Vows to me ?
Make Haste, Confusion, then ! Sun, lose thy Light !
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth !
For my *Castalio's* false !
False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather !
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey !
I feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breast,
And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

There was a Time when
Belvidera's Tears, her Cries and Sorrows,
Were not despis'd : When, if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look but sad, there was indeed a Time,
When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left her till he had found the Cause.
But now, let her weep Seas,
Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst
Her Heart asunder, still he bears it all,
Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms ;
In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs, and Joys, Not

Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted ;
 At Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.
 But when we met, and I with open Arms
 Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
 Oh ! then he threw me from his Breast
 Like a detested Sin. As I hung too
 Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,
 He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
 And had no Pity on my Cries ;
 Dash'd me disdainfully away with Scorn :
 He did ; and more, I fear, will ne'er be Friends,
 Tho' I still love him with unbated Passion :
 Alas ! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er
 Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
 Yet bless him Gods, where'er he goes.

OTWAY's *Orphans*.

Oh, the bewitching Tongues of faithless Men !
 'Tis thus the false *Hyena* makes her Moan,
 To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den.
 Your Sex are so, such false Dissemblers all ;
 With Sighs and Complaints y' entice poor Womens Hearts,
 And all that pity you are made your Prey. *Ibid.*

Drive me, O drive me from that Traitor, Man !
 So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
 In Lion's Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den,
 Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
 That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean :
 Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb ;
 Where starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
 I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
 See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep ;
 Yet not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death,
 Can there be found so terrible a Ruin
 As Man ! False Man ! Smiling destructive Man !

LEE's *Theodosius*.

I'll never see him more, but to upbraid him ;
 Not tho' he should repent, and strait return,
 Nay, proffer me his Crown——No more of that :
 Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs ;
 For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,
 As all the World shall praise——This is the Course
 Which Honour bids me take. But, oh ! permit me,
 For I am yet all Tendernefs ; the Woman,
 The weak, the fond, the mild, the coward, Woman,
 Dares not look forth, but runs about my Breast,
 And visits all the warmer Mansions there,
 Where she so oft has harbour'd false *Varanes* :
 Cruel *Varanes* ! False forsworn *Varanes* !
 Therefore, alas ! allow me
 A little Time for Love to make his Way :
 Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
 And many Tears, and many Oaths it cost him ;
 And, oh ! I find he will not be dislodg'd
 Without a Groan at parting : Hence for ever.
 No, no, he vows he will not ye be raz'd,
 Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewel,
 Which thus I sacrifice——And, oh ! I swear
 Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
 Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to serve him,
 As now I shed these Drops, or vent these Sighs,
 To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Last Night he flew not with a Lover's Haste,
 Which eagerly prevents th' appointed Hour :
 I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,
 And list'ned to each softly treading Step,
 In hopes 'twas he ; but still it was not he.
 At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
 So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him ;
 All pale and speechless, he survey'd me round :
 Then with a Groan he threw himself A-bed,
 But far from me, as far as he could move,

And

And sigh'd and tofs'd, and turn'd, but still from me.
At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side ;
He pull'd it back as if he'ad touch'd a Serpent :
With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,
And ask'd, how I'ad offended him ?
He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans :
So restless pass'd the Night, and at the Dawn
Leap'd from the Bed, and vanish'd.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

What have I done, ye Pow'rs ! what have I done !
To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd !
And, like a Rose just gather'd from the Stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside
To wither on the Ground ! Tell me Heav'n !
Why name I Heav'n ? There is no Heav'n for me :
Despair, Death, Hell have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.
When I had rais'd his grow'ling Fate from Ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire, and to me,
When each Embrace was dearer than the first ;
Then ! then to be contemn'd ! then, then thrown off !
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathsome.
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the closer ; but ungrateful Man,
Base barb'rous Man, the more we raise our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and chill his Ardour !
Racks, Poisons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,
And any Death is welcome.

Ibid.

Ye sacred Pow'rs, whose gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows and Flatt'ries ;
Still let me pass neglected by their Eyes :
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,

That

That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane.

Rowe's *Fair Penitent*.

Hear this, ye Pow'rs, mark how the fair Deceiver
Sadly complains of violated Truth :
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom Day and Night, whom Heav'n and Earth
have heard,
Sighing to weep, and tenderly protest
Ten thousand Times she would be only mine ;
And yet behold she has giv'n herself away,
Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another. *Ibid.*

Falshood and Fraud grow up in every Soil,
The Product of all Climes. ADDISON'S *Cato*.

* Heaven ! must the Traitor Man pursue our Sex
With restless Artifice and labour'd Vileness ;
Hunt us thro' all the Wiles and Turns of Caution,
Till tir'd with vain Defence his Snares surround us ;
And shall he, then, when, pitying his feign'd Tor-
ments,

We give him up our All—Shall he then shun us ?
With cold Disdain, or curst Indifference,
Repay the Fierceness of a Flame he rais'd ?
And shall not we revenge the Traitor's Falseness ?
Religion never spoke it—Only Saints,
And cool-soul'd Hermits, mortify'd with Care
And bent by Age and Falsies, whine out Maxims,
Which their brisk Youth had blush'd at.

HILL'S *King Henry V.*

* *Gustavus* ! how, ah ! how hast thou deceiv'd me !
Who could have look'd for Falseness from thy Brow ?
Whose heav'nly Arch was as the Throne of Virtue,
Thy Eye appear'd a Sun to cheer the World,

Thy

Thy Bosom Truth's fair Palace, and thy Arms,
Benevolent, the Harbour for Mankind.

BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa*.

* Ah Tyrant Prince ! ah more than faithless *Tancred* !

Ungenerous and inhuman in thy Falshood ;
Hadst thou, this Morning, when my hopeless Heart,
Submissive to my Fortune, to my Duty,
Had so much Spirit left, as to be willing
To give thee back thy Vows, ah ! hadst thou then
Confess'd the sad Necessity thy State
Impos'd upon thee, and with gentle Friendship,
Since we must part at last, our Parting softened ;
I should indeed, I should have been unhappy,
But not to this Extream——Amidst my Grief
I had with pensive Pleasure, cherish'd still
The sweet Remembrance of thy former Love,
Thy Image still had dwelt upon my Soul,
And made our guiltless Woes not undelightful.
But coolly thus—How could'st thou be so cruel ?—
Thus to revive my Hopes, to sooth my Love
And call forth all its Tenderness, then sink me
In black Despair—What unrelenting Pride
Possess'd thy Breast, that thou could'st bear unmov'd
To see me bent beneath a Weight of Shame ?
Pangs thou canst never feel ? How couldst thou
drag me

In barbarous Triumph at a Rival's Car ?
How make me Witness to a Sight of Horror ?
That Hand, which, but a few short Hours ago,
So wantonly abus'd my simple Faith,
Before th' attesting World given to another,
Irrevocably given !

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

F A M E.

F A M E.

The Evil that Men do, lives after them ;
The Good is oft interred with their Bones.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

Fame, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous Crowd,
Ever in Lies most confident and loud.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

Will future Fame my present Ills relieve ?
And what is Fame, that flutt'ring noisy Sound,
But the cold Lie of universal Vogue ?
Thousands of Men fall in the Field of Honour,
Whose glorious Deeds die in inglorious Silence,
Whilst vaunting Cowards, favour'd by blind Fortune,
Reap all the Fruit of their successful Toils,
And build their Fame upon their noble Ruins.

H. SMITH's *Princess of Parma*.

Vain empty Words
Of Honour, Glory, and immortal Fame !
Can these recall the Spirit from its Place,
Or reinspire the breathless Clay with Life,
What tho' your Fame with all its thousand Trumpets,
Sound o'er the Sepulchre, will that awake
The sleeping Dead ? SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

Some when they die, die all ; their mouldring
Clay,
Is but an Emblem of their Memories :
The Space quite closes up thro' which they pass'd.
That I have liv'd, I leave a Mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining Age from vulgar Time,
And give it whole to late Posterity.
My Name is writ in mighty Characters,
Triumphant Columns and eternal Domes,
Whose Splendour heightens our *Egyptian* Day,
Whose Strength shall laugh at Time till their great
Basis, Old

Old Earth itself shall fail. In after Age,
Who war or build, shall build or war from me,
Grow great in each, as my Example fires ;
'Tis I of Art the future Wonders raise,
I fight the future Battles of the World.

YOUNG'S *Busiris*.

* Ill shall we judge, if from the Mouth of Fame
We mark the Characters of Vice and Virtue.
Here Pageants rise, made by Tradition Heroes,
Form'd by the Poet or the loose Historian ;
There you behold imaginary Gods,
Rais'd by the venal Breath of Slaves to Heav'n,
Sworn with the Praise of Fools, ignobly great,
By Lust, Ambition, Tyranny or Rapine ;
While the good Prince, whose soft indulgent Nature
Delights in Peace, and blesses all with Plenty
Who smile beneath him, is revil'd and censur'd,
As an inactive, useless, idle Drone.

CH. JOHNSON'S *Medea*.

* I hate this *Fame*, false Avarice of *Fancy*.
The sickly *Shade* of an *unsolid* Greatness !
The lying *Lure* of Pride that *Europe* cheats by !

HILL'S *Alzira*.

* I courted Fame but as a Spur to brave
And honest Deeds : And who despises Fame,
Will soon renounce the Virtues that deserve it.

MALLET'S *Mustapha*.

F A M I N E.

Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,
Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice,
Wild Hunger eat ; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death.

The

The Soldier in th' Assault, of Famine falls,
And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.
DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

This Famine has a sharp and meagre Face;
'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone;
Where Age and Youth, their Landmark ta'n away.
Look all one common Sorrow.

DRYDEN's *Cleomenes*.

He daily dies by Hours and Moments,
All vital Nourishment but Air is wanting:
Three rising Days, and two descending Nights,
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by Turns,
But brought no kind Vicissitude to him.
His State is still the same, with Hunger pinch'd,
Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death,
Which halting onwards, as his Life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground. *Ibid.*

Death, like a lazy Master stands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the slow Hands of Famine.
Ibid.

F A N C Y.

Lovers and Madmen have such seething Brains;
Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more
Than cool Reason ever comprehends.
The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of Imagination all compact:
One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold;
That is the Madman. The Lover all as frantick,
Sees *Helen's* Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt*:
The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to
Heav'n,
And as Imagination bodies forth
The Forms of Things unknown, the Poet's Pen
Turns

Turns them to Shapes, and gives to airy Nothing
A local Habitation, and a Name.

Such Tricks have strong Imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some Joy,
It comprehends some Bringer of that Joy :
Or in the Night imagining some Fear,
How easy is a Bush suppos'd a Bear.

SHAKESPEAR's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

F A T E.

Men at some Times are Masters of their Fates ;
The Fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
But in ourselves, that we are Underlings.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

Gods ! would you be ador'd for doing Good,
Or only fear'd for proving mischievous ?
How would you have your Mercy understood ?
Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be infamous ?
Supreme first Causes ! you whence all Things flow,
Whose Infiniteness does each little fill :
You, who decree each seeming Chance below,
So great in Pow'r, were you as good in Will,
How could you ever have produc'd such Ill ?
Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,
Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame ?
Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,
Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair and Shame,
Had never found a Being, nor a Name.
'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,
Evil with you has Co-eternity,
Than blindly taking it the other Way,
That merciful, and of Election free,
You did create the Mischiefs you foresee.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

Let

Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her
Mind;
He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind.

DRYDEN's *Indian Emperor*.

On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and
Fears!
Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the dark
Our Fortunes meet us.

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?
And how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by Free-will in our own Paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If Ill, 'tis ours; if Good, the Act of Heav'n.

DRYDEN's *Tempest*.

If this Day's angry Gods ordain my Fate,
Know then I fall like some vast Pyramid,
I bury Thousands in my great Destruction,
And tho' the first,
If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me?
Or can I help immutable Decree?
Down then vast Frame, with all thy lofty Tow'rs,
Since 'tis so order'd by th' Almighty Powers;
Press'd by the Fates unloose thy golden Bars,
'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Man makes his Fate according to his Mind:
The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
But she's a Drudge when hector'd by the Brave.
If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the
Doom,

And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom.

DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*.

Be juster, Heav'ns! Such Virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,

And

And shuffles with a random Hand the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

'Tis wonderful, yet ought not Man to wade
Too far in the vast Deep of Destiny.

DRYDEN and LEE's *Oedipus*.

The Gods are just :

But how can Finite measure Infinite ?
Whatever is, is in its Causes just,
Since all Things are by Fate ; but purblind Man
Sees but a Part o'th' Chain, the nearest Link,
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poises all above.

Ibid.

To you, great Gods, I make my last Appeal ;
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crime reveal :
If wand'ring in the Maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun ;
Impute my Errors to your own Decree,
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. *Ibid.*

Thus with short Plummets Heav'n's Deep will we
found,
That vast Abyfs where human Wit is drown'd !
In our small Skiff we must not launch too far,
We here but Coasters, not Discov'ers are.

DRYDEN's *Tyrannick Love*.

Which of us two the Heav'ns
Have mark'd for Death, is yet above the Stars.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain,
It may afflict, but Man may not complain.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Good Heav'ns ! why gave you me
A Monarch's Soul,

An

And crusted it with base *Plebeian* Clay?
 Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,
 And such a Span to grasp them? Sure my Lot
 By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd
 In Fate's eternal Volume. *DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

Tell me why, good Heav'n!
 Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
 Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
 That fill the happy'st Man? Ah! rather, why
 Didst not thou form me fordid as my Fate,
 Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
 Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
 Is this just Dealing, Nature!

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

Ye cruel Pow'rs!
 Take me as you have made me, miserable:
 You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my Fate;
 And you made that, not I.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Was it for this, ye cruel Gods! you made me
 Great like yourselves, and, as a King, to be
 Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?
 Why rather was I not a Peasant-Slave,
 Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
 And to my destin'd Load enur'd betimes?

ROWE's Ambitious Stepmother.

Yet 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,
 To think what their State is, and what it should be:
 Impatient of their Lot, they reason fiercely,
 And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

REWE's Ulysses.

And therefore wer't thou bred to virtuous Know-
 ledge,
 And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul,
 That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery Passions:

To

To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course ;
To bear with Accidents, and every Change
Of various Life ; to struggle with Adversity ;
To wait the Leisure of the righteous Gods,
Till they in their own good appointed Hour,
Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once ;
A long and shining Train ; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy Fate, and say the Gods are
just. Rowe's *Ulysses*.

'Tis the cruel Artifice of Fate,
Thus to refine and vary on our Woes,
To raise us from Despair, and give us Hopes,
Only to plunge us in the Gulph again,
And make us doubly wretched. TRAP's *Abramule*.

* Oh ! is there not
A Time, a righteous Time, reserv'd in Fate ;
When these Oppressors of Mankind shall feel
The Miseries they give ; and blindly fight
For their own Fetters too ? THOMPSON's *Sopbonisca*.

* Little do we know of Fate ;
Perhaps our Fortune is not in our Power.
We are the Sport and Plaything of high Heaven,
And while this *second* Cause presumes to act,
Think, and reflect, is acted by the *first* ;
As the great *Mover* set us so we go.
CH. JOHNSON's *Medea*.

* In this, injurious Fate is ever kind,
Perversely good ; they, whom it most concerns,
Are still the last to know their wretched Doom.
FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* To-day, in Snow array'd, stern Winter rules
The ravag'd Plain.—Anon the teeming Earth
Unlocks her Stores, and Spring adorns the Year :
And shall not we—while Fate, like Winter frowns,
Expect revolving Bliss ? *The Regicide*.
FEAR.

F E A R. See DEATH.

Fear is the last of Ills :
In Time we hate that which we often fear.

SHAKESPEAR's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

I feel my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,
And a cold Sweat trills down all o'er my Limbs,
As if I were dissolving into Water. DRYDEN's *Tempest*.

Fear is the Tax that Conscience pays to Guilt.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

* Where Fear prevails, what Conduct can be
blameless ?

— — — — —
The Wretch that fears to drown, will break thro'
Flames ;

Or, in his Dread of Flames, will plunge in Waves.
When Eagles are in View, the screaming Daws
Will cower beneath the Feet of Man for Safety.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt*.

* Sunk into childish Fears,
And weak Uncertainties.—My feeble Soul,
But half instructed in the pious Task,
Should have a Martyr's Strength, before it felt
A Martyr's Suff'ring. — HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* Fear on Guilt attends, and Deeds of Darknes ;
The virtuous Breast ne'er knows it. *Ibid.*

* Ye ruling Powers !
Let me not weild the Sceptre of this Realm,
When my degenerate Breast becomes the Haunt
Of haggard Fear.—O ! what a Wretch is he,
Whose fev'rous Life, devoted to the Gloom
Of Superstition, feels th' incessant Throb
Of ghastly Pannic !—In whose startled Ear
The Knell still deepens, and the Raven croaks !

The Regicide.

* The

* The Weakness we lament ourselves create.
Instructed from our Infant Years to court,
With counterfeited Fears, the Aid of Man;
We learn to shudder at the rustling Breeze,
Start at the Light, and tremble in the Dark;
Till Affectation, rip'ning to Belief,
And Folly, frighted at our own Chimeras,
Habitual Cowardice usurps the Soul.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*;

F E M A L E S.

All Females have Prerogative of Sex,
The She's ev'n of the savage Herd are safe;
All when they snarl or bite, have no Return
But Courtship from the Male.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*;

F I G H T. See BATTLE.

Fighting,
Through all the Mazes of the bloody Field,
I haunted his sacred Life: I sought him
Where Ranks fell thickest: 'Twas indeed the Place
To seek *Sebastian*! Thro' a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men:
But still I came too late; for he was flown
Like Lightning, swift before me, to new Slaughter!
I mov'd a-crook, and made irregular Harvest;
Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain;
For he was still supplying Death elsewhere.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

* To fight *Emilius*
In a just Cause, and for our Country's Glory,
Is the best Office of the best of Men;
And to decline it when these Motives urge,
Is Infamy beneath a Coward's Baseness.—

HAVARD'S *Regulus*;

F I L I A L

F I L I A L P I E T Y.

* E'er since Reflection beam'd her Light upon me,
 You, Sir, have been my Study. I have plac'd,
 Before mine Eyes in ev'ry Light of Life,
 The Father and the King. What Weight of Duty
 Lay on a Son from such a Parent sprung;
 What virtuous Toil to shine with his Renown;
 Has been my Thought by Day, my Dream by Night.

— — — — —
 But first and ever nearest to my Heart
 Was this prime Duty; so to frame my Conduct
 Tow'rd such a Father, as, were I a Father,
 My Soul would wish to meet with from a Son.
 And may Reproach transmit my Name abhorr'd
 To latest Time—if ever Thought was mine
 Unjust to Filial Reverence, Filial Love.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* Have I then no Tears for thee, my Father?
 Can I forget thy Cares, from helpless Years
 Thy Tenderness for me? An Eye still beam'd
 With Love? A Brow that never knew a Frown?
 Nor a harsh Word thy Tongue? Shall I for these
 Repay thy stooping venerable Age
 With Shame, Disquiet, Anguish and Dishonour?
 It must not be!—Thou first of Angels! Come
 Sweet Filial Piety! and firm my Breast!
 Yes, let one Daughter to her Fate submit,
 Be nobly wretched—but her Father happy.—

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

* Oh! would *Eugenia*
 Exert the Spirit of Virtue; let the Sense
 Of Filial Piety inspire her Breast,
 And at the Marriage-Altar offer up
 The Passions of the Heart. FRANCIS's *Eugenia*.

FLATTERY and FLATTERER.

Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glassies, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatt'ers.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

These Couchings and these lowly Courtesies,
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn Pre-ordinance and first Decree
Into the Lane of Children. Be not fond
To think that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel Blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality,
With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet Words,
Low-crooked Court'sies and base Spaniel Fawning.

Ibid.

Nay do not think I flatter;
For what Advancement may I hope from thee?
Thou no Revenue hast, but thy good Spirits,
To feed and cloath thee. Why should the Poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candy'd Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
Where Gain may follow Feigning.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

Such smiling Rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy Cords a-twain,
Which are t'intrince, t'unloose, smoothe every Passion,
That in the Nature of their Lords rebel,
Being Oil to Fire, Snow to their colder Moods.
Renege, affirm, and turn their *Halcyon* Beaks,
With every Gale and Vary of their Masters,
Knowing Nought like Dogs, but following.

SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

Give me Flatt'ry,
 Flatt'ry the Food of Courts! that I may rock him,
 And lull him in the Down of his Desires.

BEAUMONT's *Rollo*.

No Flatt'ry, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't:
 It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
 Use to cajole and soften Fools withal.
 If thou hast Flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't;
 Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

'Tis next to Money current there,
 To be seen daily in as many Forms,
 As there are Sorts of Vanities and Men.
 The superstitious Statesman has his Sneer,
 To smooth a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him.
 The grave dull Fellow of small Bus'ness sooths
 The Hum'rist, and will needs admire his Wit.
 Who without Spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist
 Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon?
 Or a grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,
 Squeeze him by th' Hand, and praise his good Com-
 plexion?

Ibid.

There like a Statue thou hast stood besieg'd
 By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts:
 Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gaudy Round,
 Met nothing but a Lie in ev'ry Face;
 And the gross Flatt'ry of a gaping Croud,
 Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
 The Stuff, or Royal Nonsense. When I spoke,
 My honest homely Words were carp'd and censur'd,
 For Want of courtly Style: Related Actions,
 Tho' modestly reported pass'd for Boasts:
 Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,
 Thy hungry Minions thought their Right invaded,
 And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Why

Why didst thou flatter me? why give me once
A Daughter's Pow'r, and snatch it from me now?
Like a mad Painter, wanted of thy Skill
Delighting to deface thy own fair Works.

SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

O Flatt'ry!

How soon thy smooth insinuating Oil
Supples the toughest Fool. FENTON's *Marianna*.

Beware of Flatt'ry! 'Tis a flow'ry Weed
Which oft offends the very Idol Vice,
Whose Shrine it would perfume. *Ibid.*

* To me there is no Musick in such Praise,
'Tis Flattery all, the Fools Delight and Ruin.
MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* Let me tell you,

That what would from a Flatterer displease,
Is Justice from a Friend.— HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* Flatt'ry but ill becomes a Soldier's Mouth;
Leave we the Practise of those meaner Arts
To Smooth-tongu'd Statesmen, and betraying Coun-
tiers. MARSH's *Amasis*.

* Cease, cease this Flatt'ry!

'Tis a mean, vicious Habit those contract,
Who hide the settl'd Purpose of their Souls
Under its smooth and glitt'ring Ornaments,
As they disdain'd the honest Company
Of plain and native Truth. *Ibid.*

* He who can listen pleas'd to such Applause,
Buys at a dearer Rate than I dare purchase,
And pays for idle Air with Sense and Virtue.

MALLET's *Mustapha*.

* Love may perhaps inspire your soothing Tongue
With Eloquence to soften, and persuade

220 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

The melting Fair to break her Resolution,
And hear, at least, if not return your Love :
The firmest Purpose of a Woman's Heart
To well-tim'd, artful Flattery may yield.

LILLO's *Elmeric*;

* 'Tis such pernicious Flatterers,
Such busy, ready, fawning Slaves as thou art,
That choak and stifle Truth, poison all Virtue,
And curse Mankind with Tyrants and Oppressors:
Virginia.

F L I G H T. *See* FEAR.

Have I not seen the *Britons* quite dishearten'd ?
Run, run, *Bonduca* ; not the quick Race swifter ;
The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
Not half so fearful : Not a Flight drawn Home,
A round Stone from a Sling, a Lover's Wish,
E'er made that Haste that they have. By the Gods,
I have seen these *Britons*, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run Time ; and roaring,
Basely for Mercy roaring : The light Shadows
That in a Thought scour o'er the Fields of Corn,
Halted on Crutches to them ; I have seen them,
Like boding Owls, creep into Tods of Ivy,
And hoot their Fears to one another nightly.

BEAUMONT's *Bonduca*;

F L O O D.

The fruitful *Nile*
Flow'd e'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd. Men and Beasts
Were borne upon the Tops of Trees, that grow
On th' utmost Margin of the Water-Mark :

Then

Then with so swift an Ebb the Flood drove backward,
It split from underneath the scaly Herd:
Here monstrous *Phoca* panted on the Shore,
Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails,
Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em
Sea-Horses, flound'ring in the slimy Mud,
Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

FLOWERS.

All Flowers will droop in Absence of the Sun,
That wak'd their Sweets. DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Farewell, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear.
Who now shall bind your Stems? Or when you fall,
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?

DRYDEN's *State of Innocence*.

FONDNESS.

So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

She would hang on him,
As if Encrease of Appetite had grown,
By what it fed on.

Ibid.

His Soul is so enfetter'd to her Love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list;
Ev'n as her Appetite shall play the God
With his weak Function. SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Fonder than Mothers to their first-born Joys.

DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

Let me not live,
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half so fond. DRYDEN's *All for Love*.

How I lov'd,
Witness ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.
One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love ;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love :
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day,
And ev'ry Day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more. *Ibid.*

Thou art the only Comfort of my Age :
Like an old Tree I stand amongst the Storms ;
'Thou art the only Limb that I have left me :
My dear green Branch ! and how I prize thee Child,
Heav'n only knows ! LEE's *Theodosius*.

Oh ! she doats on him ;
Feeds on his Looks ; eyes him as pregnant Women
Gaze at the precious Things their Souls are set on.
LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

So the soft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,
Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid ;
Will talk, and rave, and with the Nurses strive,
And fond it still as if it were alive ;
Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Croud,
And shrieks to see them wrap it in the Shroud.
LEE's *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

I languish with the Fondness of my Love,
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my Heart.
Oh ! thou'rt the very Fountain of my Joys,

The

The Spirit of my Peace, my Spring of Life,
All that my Wishes would, or Heav'n can give;
SOUTHERN'S *Disappointment*.

I joy more in thee,
Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the Gods for all her Travail past.
OTWAY'S *Venice Preserv'd*.

I had so fix'd my Heart upon her,
That wheresoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For Time to come, she was my only Joy,
With which I us'd to sweeten future Cares:
I fancy'd Pleasures, none but one who loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them. *Ibid.*

At the Sight of her my Soul dilates itself,
As at the View of a long absent Friend,
Unsatiated with gazing. DENNIS'S *Iphigenia*.

Thou wast the very Darling of my Age;
I thought the Day too short to gaze upon thee:
That all the Blessings I could gather for thee,
By Cares on Earth, and by my Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my Fondness to bestow.
ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*.

What Pleasure I took in thee!
What Joy thou gav'st me in thy prattling Infancy!
Thy sprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty!
How have I stood and fed my Eyes upon thee!
Then lifted up my Hands, and, wond'ring, blest
thee! *Ibid.*

Oh! that Form!
That Angel Face, on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her, till my Soul
With very Eagerness went forth to meet her,
And issu'd at my Eyes! Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the Indian Mines,

224 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields ;
What was there Art could make, or Wealth could buy,
Which I have left unfought to deck her Beauty ?

ROWE's *Jane Shore*.

He lov'd me,
With Fondness and with Tenderneſs he doated,
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles.

Ibid.

And will you ever be thus kind, my Lord ?
Ever thus charming ? Ever thus ſincere ?
Will not Reflection freeze this Marriage Nectar ?
Will not your Draughts of Love be bitter, think you,
When longer mix'd with Pleaſure's Wormwood, Wife.

HILL's *Fair Inconſtant*.

Shall I know any Thing unknown to thee !
Thou haſt my Soul, thou keep'ſt my Key of Thought,
How can my Secrets then be hid from thee ?
Yes, I will tell thee, tho' my Death ſucceeds it. *Ibid.*

F O O L.

Fortune takes care that Fools ſhould ſtill be ſeen ;
She places them aloft, o' th' topmoſt Spoke
Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature, her Vocation. If ſhe form
A Man, ſhe loſes by it ; 'tis too expensive ;
'Twould make ten Fools : A Man's a Prodigy.

DRYDEN's *Oedipus*.

F O R G I V E N E S S.

Forgive the Sallies of my Paſſion,
For I have been to blame, Oh, much to blame !
Have ſaid ſuch Words, nay, done ſuch Actions too,
Baſe

(Base as I am) that my aw'd conscious Soul
Sinks in my Breast; nor dare I lift an Eye
On him I have offended.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Oh! my Bosom Comforter!
Thou dearest, richest Cordial to my Soul!
Thou hast a Sea of Pity, pour it on me,
Shed thy soft Dew of Mercy on my Love,
And, oh! forgive the Wretch who kneels before thee;

HILL's *Fair Inconstant*.

* *Safe* and *forgiven* be the Hand I fall by.
Power is yet *mine*, and it *absolves* my Murder.
Live, my proud Enemy, and live in *Freedom*:
Live—and observe, tho' *Christians* oft act ill,
They must *forgive* ill Actions in another.

I will go *farther* yet;—I will not *leave* thee,
Till I have soften'd *Envy* into *Friendship*.
—Mournful *Alzira* has been *too unhappy*:
Lov'd to *Distress*, and married to Misfortune!
I would do something to atone her Wrongs;
And with a *softer Sense*, imprint her Pity:
Take her,—and owe her to the Hand she hates.
Live—remember me, without a *Curse*.
Resume lost Empire, o'er your conquer'd States:
Be Friends to *Spain*—nor Enemies to *me* †.

HILL's *Alzira*.

FORTITUDE.

In struggling with Misfortunes
Lies the true Proof of Virtue. On smooth Seas
How many bauble Boats dare set their Sails,
And make an equal Way with firmer Vessels:
But let the Tempest once enrage the Sea,

† See above. p. 74.

And then behold the strong-rib'd *Argosie*
 Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
 Like *Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus*;
 Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main?
 Or to avoid the Tempest, fled to Port,
 Or made a Prey to *Neptune*. Ev'n thus
 Do empty Shew and true-priz'd Worth divide
 In Storms of Fortune.

SHAKESPEAR's *Troilus and Cressida*.

Thou hast been
 As one in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing:
 A Man who Fortune's Buffets and Rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal Thanks. And blest are they
 Whose Blood and Judgment mingl'd are so well,
 That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger
 To sound what Stop she pleases

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me.
 I have a Soul that like an ample Shield,
 Can take in all, and Verge enough for more;
 Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's,
 Souls know no Conquerors. DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Nor am I less, ev'n in this despicable Now,
 Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,
 And froze your Hearts beneath your torrid Zone.

Ibid.

Dejected! No, it never shall be said
 That Fate had Power upon a *Spartan* Soul:
 My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,
 And stable as the Fabrick of the World,
 Propp'd on itself. Still I am *Cleomenes*,
 I fought the Battle bravely which I've lost;
 And lost it but to *Macedonians*,
 The Successors of those who conquer'd *Asia*.
 'Twas for a Cause too! Such a Cause I fought!

Un-

Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword,
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, stood in View,
To see the Rivals each other gore,
But wish'd the Conquest mine.
I fled, and yet I languish not in Exile;
But here in Egypt whet my blunted Horns,
And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loss.

DRYDEN'S *Cleomenes*.

Be chearful, fight it well, and all the Rest
Leave to the Gods and Fortune. If they fail us,
Their's be the Fault; for Fate is their's alone:
My Virtue, Fame, and Honour are my own. *Ibid.*

With such unshaken Temper of the Soul
To bear the swelling Tide of prosperous Fortune,
Is to deserve that Fortune. In Adversity
The Mind grows rough by buffeting the Tempest;
But in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease,
And loses all her Firmness. ROWE'S *Tamerlane*.

Thou hast seen Mount *Atlas*,
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its Height:
Such is that haughty Man; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

Thy Virtues, Prince, have stood the Test of Fortune,
Like purest Gold, that tortur'd in the Furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its
Weight. *Ibid.*

Where shall we find a Man that bears Affliction,
Great and majestick in his Griefs, like *Cato*?
Heavens! with what Strength, what Steadiness of
Mind,
He triumphs in the Midst of all his Sufferings!

How

228 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thanks the Gods that throw the Weight upon
him !
ADDISON's *Cato*.

How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Thro' the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Bright-
ness ;

His Suff'rings shine, and add a Glory round him.
By Heav'n ! such Virtues join'd with such Success,
Distract my very Soul : Our Father's Fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.
Ibid.

Tho' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind despair :
When press'd by Dangers, and beset with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpose ;
And when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeseen Expedients bring Relief.

A. PHILLIPS's *Distress'd Mother*.

* Thus to bear Misfortune,
As what can be a greater, than to live
At Distance from the Object of our Wishes ;
That Object unenjoy'd, and in the Pow'r
Of our worst Foe—is Constancy so firm,
Such strong Adherence to the holy Mandate,
As shall stand foremost in the Race of Time.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* With native Lustre, and unborrow'd Greatness,
Thou shin'st, bright Maid, superior to Distress ;
Unlike the trifling Race of vulgar Beauties,
Those glitt'ring Dew-drops of a vernal Morn,
That spread their Colours to the genial Beam,
And sparkling quiver to the Breath of May ;
But when the Tempest with sonorous Wing,

Sweeps

Sweeps o'er the Grove, forsake the lab'ring Bough,
Dispers'd in Air or mingled with the Dust.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

* No Distress

Absolves *Dejection*: 'Tis the Brave's *Prerogative*
To feel without *complaining*. *Hercules*
Before he was a *God*, was, oft, *unhappy*.
What an unma'st'ring Monarch must *be* make
Who reigns not o'er *Adversity*.

HILL'S *Merope*.

* O Shame to Fortitude!

Shame to that manly Passion, which inspires
Its vigorous Warmth, when the bleak Blasts of Fate
Would chill the Soul. O call the ready Virtue
Quick to thy Aid, for she is ever near thee,
Is ever prompt to spread her seven-fold Shield
O'er noble Breasts.

MASON'S *Elfrida*.

FORTUNE. See FATE, FOOL, VICISSITUDE.

When Fortune means to Men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatning Eye.

SHAKESPEAR'S *King John*.

Will Fortune never come with both Hands full,
But write her fair Words still in foulest Letters?
She either gives a Stomach, and no Food;
Such are the Poor in Health: Or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomach; such are the Rich,
That have Abundance, and enjoy it not.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry IV.*

Fortune had no Hand:

In what our Swords by Dint of Valour won,
She to the Brave was ever a curs'd Foe;
But I at last have bound her to my Chariot,
By conquering Virtue to be drag'd along;

And

230 *The* BEAUTIES *of*

And while her broken Wheel is proudly borne,
She shall be forc'd our Triumph to adorn.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purpl'd Greatness met my ripen'd Years.
When first I came to Empire, I was borne,
On Tides of People crouding to my Triumphs:
The Wish of Nations, and the willing World,
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me, till I took Pains,
And work'd against my Fortune; chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose, yet still she came again.
My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her; and now she's gone.
Gone, gone, divorce'd for ever!
Fortune is *Cæsar's* now, and what am I?
Oh! I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my low-water Mark:
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another Course.
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a Heart that swells in Scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.
Glutton of Fortune! thy devouring Youth
Has starv'd thy wanton Age.

DRYDEN's *Alf for Love*.

Nature meant me
A Wife, a silly, harmless, household Dove,
Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit:
But Fortune that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of Falshood, to be happy.

Ibid.

Why

Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,
Which knows not to disguise its Griefs and Weakness;
But bears its Workings outward to the World. *Ibid.*

I am made a shallow forded Stream,
Seen to the Bottom; all my Clearness scorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd. *Ibid.*

Fate's dark Recesses we can never find,
But Fortune at some Hours to all is kind:
The Lucky have whole Days, which still they chuse;
Th' Unlucky have but Hours, and those they lose.
DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.

Good Fortune that comes seldom, comes more well
come. *DRYDEN's Oedipus.*

My Soul's ill-marry'd to my Body:
I would be young, be handsome, be belov'd.
Could I but breathe myself into *Adrastus*,
Were but my Soul in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battle,
And had my Rival Pris'ner; Brave, brave Actions!
Why have not I done these? My Fortune hinder'd:
There's it, I have a Soul to do them all;
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young handsome Fools. Body and Brawn
Do all her Work: *Hercules* was a Fool,
And strait grew famous: A mad boist'rous Fool!
Nay, worse, a Woman's Fool.
Fool is the Stuff of which Heav'n makes a Hero.
Ibid.

Fortune's a Mistress that with Caution's kind,
Knows that the Constant merit her alone:
They who tho' she seem froward, yet court on.
OTWAY's Don Carlos.

Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Work would cease, and half the World grow
idle. *OTWAY's Orphan.*
Pleasure

232 *The* BEAUTIES of

Pleasurè has been the Bus'ness of my Life,
And every Change of Fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to myself.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

In all my Wars good Fortune flew before me ;
Sublime I sat in Triumph on her Wheel. *Ibid.*

* Fortune sometimes assumes a rugged Brow,
But to endear her Smiles, and make the Turn
More welcome to us, as 'tis unexpected —
How sweet is Rest after a toilsome Day !
How pleasant Light after a Length of Darkness !
How relishing Good-fortune after Ill.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* The soft Moisture
Fills my womanish Eyes, while on the sudden Turns
Of Fate I think, on Fortune's sad Reverses.
Oft when blind Mortals think themselves secure
In Height of Bliss, they touch the Brink of Ruin.

THOMPSON's *Agamemnon*.

* Now, generous *Sigismunda*, comes my Turn
To shew my Love was not of thine unworthy
When Fortune bade me blush to look to thee.
But what is Fortune to the Wish of Love ?
A miserable Bankrupt ! O 'tis poor,
'Tis scanty all, whate'er we can bestow !
The Wealth of Kings is Wretchedness and Want. —

THOMPSON's *Tancred and Sigismunda*.

F R E E D O M.

* The meanest Man who's free, should look with
Pity
Upon a Slave, adorn'd in all his Pride.

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* He

* He who contends for Freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deemed his Sovereign's Foe :
No, 'tis the Wretch that tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing Slave, the Traitor in the Bosom,
Who best deserves that Name ; he is a Worm
That eats out all the Happiness of Kingdoms.

THOMPSON'S *Edward and Eleonora*.

* Freedom is
The brilliant Gift of Heav'n, 'tis Reason's Self
The Kin of Deity.

BROOKE'S *Gustavus Vasa*.

* Why am I left *unfree* to *chuse*—yet press'd
To tell thee my Decision ?—The *compell'd*
To *yield*, disgrace Consent, and make Faith doubtful ;
Kings should disdain to dread their *powerful* Foes
Lest, should they deign, to swell the Pride of *weak*
ones.

I am a *Captive*. He, who holds not Freedom
Has not his Will his *own*—and chuses *nothing*.

HILL'S *Merops*.

FRIEND.

Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It uses an forc'd Ceremony :
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith.
But hollow Men, like Horses, hot at Hand,
Make gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and, like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Caesar*.

The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel :
But do not dull thy Palm with Entertainment
Of each unfledg'd unhatch'd Comrade. Beware

Of

Of Entrance to a Quai-rel ; but being in,
 Bear't, that the Opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every Man thy Ear, but few thy Voice.
 Take each Man's Censure, but reserve thy Judgment.
 Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be ;
 For Loan oft loses both itself and Friend :
 Borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.
 This above all, to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any Man.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Hamlet*.

True Happiness
 Consists not in a Multitude of Friends,
 But in the Worth and Choice. Nor would I have
 Virtue a popular Regard pursue :
 Let them be good that love me, tho' but few.

BEN. JOHNSON'S *Cynthia's Revels*.

I had a Friend that lov'd me ;
 I was his Soul : He liv'd not but in me :
 We were so clos'd within each other's Breast,
 The Rivets were not found that join'd us first.
 That does not reach us yet : We were so mix'd,
 As meeting Streams ; both to ourselves were lost.
 We were one Mass ; we could not give nor take,
 But from the same ; for he was I, I he.
 Return my better Half, and give me all myself,
 For thou art all !
 If I have any Joy when thou art absent,
 I grudge it to myself : Methinks I rob
 Thee of thy Part.

DRYDEN'S *All for Love*.

Had you a Friend so desperately sick,
 That all Physicians had forsook his Cure,
 All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within ;
 The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature
 Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away :
 Could you behold him beg with dying Eyes

A Glass

A Glass of Water, and refuse it him,
Because you knew it ill for his Disease?
When he would die without it, how could you
Deny to make his Death more easy to him?

DRYDEN'S *Rival Ladies*.

Thus from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together.
One Bed has held us, and the same Desires,
The same Aversion still employ'd our Thoughts:
Whene'er had I a Friend that was not *Polydor's*
Or *Polydor* a Foe that was not mine?

OTWAY'S *Orphan*.

Neither has any Thing he calls his own,
But of each other's Joys as Griefs partaking,
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Thou Brother of my Choice: A Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tie, by holy Friendship.
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languished for thy Absence: Like a Prophet
That waits th' Inspiration of his God.

ROWE'S *Tamerlane*.

Art thou not Half myself?
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason
Guided our Wills.

ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*.

Who knows the Joys of Friendship?
The Trust, Security and mutual Tenderness?
The double Joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship, our only Wealth, our last Retreat and
Strength,
Secure against ill Fortune and the World?

Ibid.

• We

236 *The* BEAUTIES of

* We, *Marcus*, will be ever Friends ! A Friend
Outweighs th' Indulgence of a short-liv'd Joy.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt.*

* As Fire and Water are of common Uses,
As in their Kinds essential for Support ;
So is a Friend, just such a Friend as you ;
The Joys of Life are heighten'd by a Friend ;
The Woes of Life are lessen'd by a Friend ;
In all the Cares of Life, we by a Friend
Assistance find—— Who'd be without a Friend ?

WANDESFORD's *Fatal Love.*

* Thou think'st me, sure, that abject Slave thou art
A Stranger to the sacred Laws of Friendship
Whom generous Sentiments could never warm.
Shall I, because the Waves begin to swell
And gathering Clouds portend the rising Storm,
Desert my Friend and poorly fly to Shore ?
Let them come on, and rattle o'er my Head :
To the full Tempest's Rage expos'd together,
Safe in the Barque of Innocence we'll ride,
Outbrave the Billows, and deride their Tumult.

FROWDE's *Philotas.*

* A Friend, who can, and does not shield, betrays
me.

THOMPSON's *Coriolanus.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is constant in all other Things,
Save in the Office and Affairs of Love ;
Therefore all Hearts in Love use their own Tongues :
Let ev'ry Eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no Agent ; for Beauty is a Witch,
Against whose Charms Faith melteth into Blood.

SHAKESPEAR's *Much ado about Nothing.*

Be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*,
Were I a common Laugher, or did use

To

To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Protester, if you know
That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Caesar*.

Alex. Rise all, and thou, my second self, my
Love,
O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth
Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart:
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thy Arms at Di-
stance?

Hug me, or, by Heav'n, thou lovest me not.

Heph. Not love my Lord! Break not the Heart
you fram'd,

And moulded up to such an Excellence;
Then stamp'd on it your own immortal Image.
Not love the King! Such is not Woman's Love!
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred Flame
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.

Alex. Thou do'st, thou lov'st me, Crown of all
my Wars!

Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Laurels!
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* loves the King. No Tears, *Hephestion*!
I read thy Passion in thy manly Eyes,
And glory in those Planets of my Life,
Above the rival Lights that shine in Heav'n.
I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it all ye Princes,
Tho' never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A Height as I, yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to save this Darling of my Soul.

LEE's *Alexander*.

In their Nonage a Sympathy
Unusual join'd their Loves:

They

They pair'd like Turtles ; still together drank,
 Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the Choice.
 Like twining Streams both from one Fountain fell,
 And as they ran still mingled Smiles and Tears.

LEE's *Cæsar Borgia*.

By Heav'ns I love
 My *Polydor* beyond all worldly Joys,
 And would not shock his Quiet, to be blest
 With greater Happiness than Man e'er tasted.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

Friendship's the Privilege
 Of private Men ; for wretched Greatness knows
 No Blessing so substantial.

TATE's *Loyal General*.

There's Virtue in thy Friendship
 Would make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
 Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

OTWAY's *Venice Preserv'd*.

He lov'd me well ; so well he could but die
 To shew he lov'd me better than his Life ;
 He lost it for me.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Friendship is Power and Riches all to me ;
 Friendship's another Element of Life :
 Water and Fire not of more general Use
 To the Support and Comfort of the World,
 Than Friendship to the Being of my Joy ;
 I would do every Thing to serve a Friend.

SOUTHERN's *Fate of Capua*.

Live, live, and reign for ever in my Bosom,
 Safe and unrival'd there possess thy own.
 And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
 Ye Saints that once were Women here below,
 Be Witness of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
 Which here to this my other self I vow ;

If

If I not hold her nearer to my Soul
Than every other Joy the World can give,
Let Poverty, Deformity, and Shame,
Distraction and Despair seize me on Earth ;
Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter,
Nor taste the Bliss of your celestial Friendship.

ROWE'S *Jana Shore*.

Friendship is above the Reach of Fortune,
Not to be rated from the blind Events
Of giddy Chance.

TRAPP'S *Abramule*.

Friendship is still accompany'd with Virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous Minds.
But 'tis a Stranger to such Breasts as ours.
True, we can join in Factions and Cabals,
And form Conspiracies ; but still the Bond
Which holds our mercenary Souls together,
Is our own Interest.

Ibid.

Marcus, the Friendships of the World are oft
Confederacies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure :
Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis ;
And such a Friendship ends not but with Life.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

* Friendship thou greatest Happiness below !
The World would be a Desert, but for thee ;
And Man himself, a nobler Sort of Brute :
Wherefore did Heav'n our God-like Reason give ?
To make the Charms of Conversation sweet ;
To open and unbosom all our Woes :
For Life's sure Medicine is a faithful Friend.

TRACY'S *Periander*.

* Friendships that are not founded upon Virtue
Deserve no better Names than Leagues in Vice
What seeks the Drunkard in his best-lov'd Friend ?
A Brain to bear, a Thirst by Wine unslack'd.
What he, who gives the Rein to wanton Joys ?

Some

Some Wretch of Morals diff'lute as himself.
 Thus our own Appetites confirm the Choice ;
 And when we think we seal a Man our Friend,
 And most approve him, we approve ourselves.

FROWDE's *Philotas*.

* Thou speak'st him as Humanity exacts
 From Man to Man, and not like byas'd Friendship.—
 Friendship, that fondly sees but half our Faults,
 And multiplies our Virtues.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg*.

* Friendship?—I have too deeply read Mankind
 To be amus'd with Friendship ; 'tis a Name
 Invented merely to betray Credulity :
 'Tis Intercourse of Interests—not of Souls
 Betwixt the Wise ; and when the Fool will deal,
 He only purchases a Lot of Air
 Yet pays his Wife, or Fortune for the Bargain.

HAVARD's *Regulus*.

* The two firm Rocks on which all Friendships stand
 Are Love of Freedom, and our Country's Glory ;
 Piety, Valour, and paternal Love
 Form the arising Pile : The other Virtues
 Candour, Beneficence, and moral Trust,
 Are Superstructures, and adorn the Dome.

Ibid.

* Reproach or mute Disgust is the Reward
 Of candid Friendship, that disdains to hide
 Unpalatable Truth.

The Regicide.

* In Life's first Spring
 Our green Affections grew apace, and prosper'd ;
 The genial Summer swell'd our joyful Hearts,
 To meet and mix each growing fruitful Wish.
 We're now embark'd upon that stormy Flood
 Where all the Wise and Brave are gone before us,
 Ere since the Birth of Time, to meet Eternity.

JONES's *Earl of Essex*.

* Friend-

* Friendship! A Commerce between Fools and
Knaves
Of fordid Flattery, and weak Believing.

FRANCIS'S *Constantine*.

PROTESTATION of FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! thou art so near my Heart, that thou may'st
see
Its Bottom; sound its Strength and Firmness to thee.
OTWAY'S *Venice Preserv'd*.

Oh my lov'd Friend! till now I never know
The Pangs of parting Friendship.
At Distance I have tasted of the Pain,
When the rude Morn has Sunder'd us away
To our Repose: But by my Soul, I swear,
Ev'n then my Eyes would drop a silent Tear,
Repugnant still to close and shut out thee.

LANDSDOWN'S *Jew of Venice*.

* Welcome, my worthy Friend; my Soul has pin'd
And mourn'd in Secret for the Want of thee;
By Heav'n I find I am but Half myself,
When thou my better Part, art absent from me:
For I, like Lovers, with Impatience wait,
Each Moment think an Age till you return.

TRACY'S *Periander*.

* O more than Brother! O my nobler Self!
I swear by Honour, by the sacred Instinct
That Nature kindled in my infant Breast,
That Taste improv'd, and Reason makes immortal;
My Soul that languish'd for thee, finds her Powers
Restor'd to Health and Vigour in thy Presence:
Not more refreshing are the Dews of Heaven
To *Araby's* dry Desert, than to me
Thy Sight and wish'd Return.

MALLET'S *Muſſapha*.

FROWN.

All these Wrongs
Have never made me sour my patient Cheek,
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Face.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard II.*

He parted frowning from me,
So looks the chaf'd Lion
Upon the daring Huntsman, who has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII.*

Mark, my *Sebastian*, how that sullen Frown,
Like flashing Lightning, opens angry Heav'n,
And while it kills, delights.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian.*

FUGITIVE.

* The Great and Free, when Fugitives, are Slaves,
And where they seek Protection, find their Graves.

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt.*

FUTURE STATE.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold Obstructions, and to rot ;
This sensible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod ; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods ; or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribb'd Ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds ;
Or blown with restless Violence about
The pendent World ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain Thought
Imagine howling ; 'Tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,

The

That Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprisonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death.

SHAKESPEAR's *Measure for Measure*.

The Thought of Death, to one near Death is
dreadful !

Oh ! 'tis a fearful Thing to be no more !
Or if to be, to wander after Death ;
To walk as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day,
And when the Darknes comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves, and in the silent Vault,
Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps,
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghost
Into your lifeless Lips :
Then, like a lone benighted Traveller,
Shut out from Lodgings, shall your Groans be an-
swer'd,
By whistling Winds, whose every Blast shakes
Your tender Form to Atoms. *Ibid.*

That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh ! 'tis true,
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy Death,
To see thy *Antony* making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
Most noble in the Presence of thy Coarse.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

In th' other World our Souls shall there be mixt,
Who knows but there our Joys may be compleat,
A happy Father thou, and I perhaps
The smiling Mother of some little Gods.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

If I must die,
Why then there's one Day less for human Ills :

M 2

And

And who wou'd moan himself for suffering that,
Which in a Day must pass something or nothing?
I shall be what I was again, before
I was *Adrastus*.

DRYDEN'S *Oedipus*.

They talk of Heroes, and celestial Beauties,
And wond'rous Pleasures in the other World. *Ibid.*

O blissful Prospect of a future State!
Delightful Extasy in Thoughts of Death!
Methinks thro' all the vast and verdant Meads,
No Rose lies blasted, and no Myrtle fades,
But ever blooms
Thro' all *Elizium*, all the flow'ry Groves.

HOPKINS'S *Pyrrhus*.

Methinks I'm more at ease now Death approaches,
Secure of any future Separation
From her I love.
We soon shall meet never to part again;
In that my Hopes are center'd, and by that
Imagination wound so high, that now
My Soul intent on *Paradise* in Her,
Even on the Rack its Firmness shall maintain,
All wrapt in Thought and negligent of Pain.

TRAP'S *Abramule*.

When thy great Soul has left
Thy tortur'd Body, stay a Moment for me
However a while in this inferior Region,
I shall o'ertake thee, Son.

Ibid.

There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd: The firm Patriot there,
Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,
Tho' still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune cross'd,
Shall find the generous Labour was not lost.

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

* The Gods are always just :—
 And tho' we never meet again on Earth—
 Thou know'st there is a Place— a destin'd Place,
 Where Honesty and Virtue shall revive ;
 There every Sense shall be absorb'd in Thought,
 The Contemplation of our heav'nly Essence ;
 Where the first Mover shall himself instil
 Divine Instruction ;— Where uncloy'd we taste
 The Banquet of the Soul, the Feast of Gods ;
 Where no Misfortune enters, where no Care
 Sends forth the anxious Sigh— but all is Peace,
 Fullness of Pleasure, and eternal Joy.

HAVARD's *Regulus*.

F U T U R I T Y.

To be, or not to be ! that is the Question ?
 Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
 The Stings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ? To die ! To sleep
 No more ! and, by a Sleep to say we end
 The Heart-Ach, and the thousand nat'ral Shocks
 That Flesh is Heir to ! 'Tis a Consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ! to sleep !
 To sleep, perchance to dream ! Ay, there's the Rub ;
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
 When we have shuff'd off his mortal Coyle,
 Must give us Pause, There's the Respect
 That makes Calamity of so long Life :
 For who could bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
 Th' Oppressor's Wrongs, the poor Man's Contumely,
 The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
 That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin ? Who would Fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life,

But that the Dread of something after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourne
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the native Hue of Resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought,
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
 With this Regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the Name of Action.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,
 How you will tremble there, to stand expos'd
 The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts
 That must be doom'd for Murder! Think on Murder!
 That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;
 The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
 I know this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought.
 Sure there is none but fears a future State;
 And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
 Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.

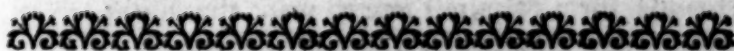
DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Thus Men too careless of their future State,
 Dispute, know nothing, and repent too late.

DRYDEN's *Duke of Guise*.

Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
 And draw the distant Landskip as they please:
 But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
 To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.



G A R B.

* **H**OW graceful is the Garb of Wretchedness
When worn by Virtue? Fashions turn to
Folly?

Their Colours tarnish, and their Pumps grow poor
To her Magnificence. BROOKE'S *Gustavus Vasa*.

G H O S T.

Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my Blood cold, and my Hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Julius Caesar*.

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,
And started like a guilty Thing
Upon a fearful Summons. SHAKESPEAR'S *Hamlet*.

Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or Blasts from Hell,
Be thy Events wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable Shape,
That I will speak to thee. Oh! oh! answer me;
Let me not burst in Ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearf'd in Earth,
Have burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Has op'd its pond'rous and marble Jaws,
To let thee out again? What may this mean,
That thou, dear Corse, again in compleat Steel
Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Morn,
Making Night hideous, and us Fools of Nature,
So horribly to shake our Disposition,
With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls?

M 4

I am

I am thy Father's Spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain Time to walk the Night,
 And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires,
 Till the foul Crimes, done in my Days of Nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

* If parted Souls

Can leave the Midnight Caverns dark and damp
 Where sleeps their mouldering Dust, to walk on Earth ;
 This very now, the Spectre of a Man——
 It bore the Semblance of my buried Father——
 Stalk'd pale and terrible athwart my Sight?
 And glar'd a Look of Anger as it pass'd !

— — — — — I saw it plain.
 In my lone Tent, deep Murmurs struck mine Ear,
 From airy Voices whispering thro' the Gloom.
 I listen'd: When at once a Wave of Flame
 Burst, dimly flashing round me, and disclos'd
 The hideous Vision.— MALLET's *Mustapha*.

G O L D. See AVARICE and MISER.

Gold ! yellow, glitt'ring precious Gold !
 Gold that will make Black white, Foul fair, Wrong
 right,
 Base noble, Old young, Coward valiant !
 Ha ! you Gods ! why this
 Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides ;
 Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads !
 This yellow Slave
 Will knit and break Religions ; bless th' Accurs'd ;
 Make the-hoar Leprosy ador'd ; place Thieves,
 And give them 'I tle, Knee, and Approbation,
 With Senators on the Bench.

SHAKESPEAR's *Timon of Athens*.

'Tis Gold
 Which buys Admittance ; oft it doth, yea, and makes
 Diana's

Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their Deer to the Stand of the Stealers; and 'tis Gold
Which makes the true Man kill'd, and saves the Thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief and true Man.
What can it not do and undo?

SHAKESPEAR's *Cymbelline*.

* Tempting Gold alone

In this our Age more Marriages compleats
'Than Virtue, Merit, or the Force of Love.
'Tis not th' external Sweetness of the Face,
Th' inward Excellence of a virtuous Mind,
The just Behaviour, and the graceful Mien,
With all th' Endowments Nature can bestow
Can please the Wretch whose Riches are his God,
Who'd rather ransack *Indian* Mines for Gold
Than revel in some matchless Beauty's Arms:
For which, may he ne'er taste the Joys it yields,
But as a *Midas*, wallowing in his Store,
Like him be curst amidst his Heaps of Wealth.

WANDESFORD's *Fatal Love*.

* O *Jove*, why didst thou fix thy unerring Stamp
On Gold to mark the adulterate from the true,
And gavest no Token to distinguish Man
From Man; the righteous from the base Allay.

CH. JOHNSON's *Medea*.

* For Gold, they want it most, who have it most;
Yet is it known a smooth-tongu'd Orator:
All the Gods second those, whom Fortune blesses.

Ibid.

* O Gold! wer't not for thee, what great Design,
What bold Ambition, that outstretches Justice,
Could have Success? Thou buy'st our very Prayers:
Thou art the Heart of Opposition,
And the Tooth of Faction. Wer't not for thy Aid

Success would vary like the uncertain Wind,
And Honesty might prosper !

HAVARD's *King Charles I.*

* Ye gilded Slaves of Avarice and Power,
Who hug, ev'n Bondage, in the Shape of Gold !
Look backwards to *Dentatus*' great Example,
Whose best Ambition was to serve his Country ;
From *Pyrrhus*' Breast what Honours did he tear !
His Armies routed, and himself expell'd,
Driv'n like an Outcast from *Italian* Land :
And when the Senate, for his glorious Deeds
Thinking his Triumph (tho' by far more grand
Than e'er reach'd *Rome* on Wings of Acclamation)
Too poor to speak their Gratitude, decreed,
That tho' no *Roman* could possess in Land
Above seven Acres—he should be excepted
And up to fifty swell'd the lavish Grant :
Did he accept the Offer of the Senate ?——
Did he not tell them—that, with Justice, *Rome*
Might with a jealous Eye behold that Man,
Who aim'd at more Possessions than the rest,
And stood the foremost in Distinction's Rank ?——

HAVARD's *Regulus.*

* The Lust of Gold succeeds the Lust of Conquest,
The Lust of Gold, unfeeling and remorseless !
The last Corruption of degenerate Man !

S. JOHNSON's *Irene.*

G L O R Y.

* Real Glory

Springs from the silent Conquest of ourselves ;
And without that the Conqueror is nought
But the first Slave.

THOMPSON's *Sophonisba.*

* O Glory ! how deceitful is thy View !
Such are thy Charms, that o'er th' uncertain Way

Of

Of Vice and Faction, thou, to hide the Danger,
Dost to the outward Eye shew fair Appearance :
And then too late looks backward to the Path
Of long neglected Virtue.

HAVARD's *King Charles I.*

* Glory, tho' deaf to dying Groans in War,
May lend a pitying Ear to Peace unfoil'd.

CIBBER's *King John.*

* Can brave *Leontius* be the Slave of Glory ?
Glory, the casual Gift of thoughtless Crowds !
Glory, the Bribe of avaritious Virtue !

S. JOHNSON's *Irene.*

* Disease confers
The Stamp of Value upon Health ; and Glory
Is the fair Child of Peril. *The Regicide.*

GRATITUDE.

* He that hath Nature in him must be grateful,
'Tis the Creator's primary great Law
That links the Chain of Beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser Nature,
Tying the Weak and Strong, the Poor and Pow'rful,
Subduing Men to Brutes, and ev'n Brutes to Men.
Themistocles.

* The Wretch, whom Gratitude once fails to bind,
To Truth or Honour let him lay no Claim ;
But stand confess'd the Brute disguis'd in Man.
And when we wou'd, with utmost Detestation,
Single some Monster from the Traitor-herd,
'Tis but to say, Ingratitude's his Crime.

FROWDE's *Philotas.*

* When Gratitude o'erflows the swelling Heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted Praise

For

For Benefits receiv'd ; propitious Heaven
Takes such Acknowledgment as fragrant Incense,
And doubles all its Blessings. LILLO's *Elmerick*.

* Do thou repay the Gift
Left unrewarded Mercy lose its Charms.
Profuse of Wealth, or bounteous of Success,
What Heav'n bestows the Privilege to bless ;
Let no weak Doubt the gen'rous Hand restrain,
For when was Pow'r beneficent in vain.

S. JOHNSON's *Irene*.

G R A V E.

The reconciling Grave
Swallows Distinction first, that made us Foes,
Then all alike lie down in Peace together.
SOUTHERN's *Fatal Marriage*.

* What will they then avail him in the Grave ?
His various Policies, refin'd Devices,
His subtle Wit, his quick capacious Thought ?
Will they go with him to the Grave ? No, no !
Why then should he be proud ?

MARTYN's *Timoleon*.

* Shall I not rest
Within the peaceful Tomb, where I may sleep
In calm Oblivion, and forget the Wrecks
Of stormy Life—No Sounds disturb the Grave
Of murder'd Husbands !—Or the dismal Scream
Of Infants perishing.—
The Regicide.

G R E A T N E S S.

Now climb'st *Tamora Olympus*' Top,
Safe out of Fortune's Shot and sits aloft,
Advanc'd above pale Envy's threatening Reach,
As when the golden Sun salutes the Morn,

And

And having gilt the Ocean with his Beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his glitt'ring Coach,
And overlooks the highest piercing Hills.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

He doth bestride the narrow World,
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable Graves.

SHAKESPEAR's *Julius Cæsar*.

He like a Pyramid revers'd is grown,
Ev'n from a Point, to the most dreadful Greatness,
His very Name already shakes the World.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Now more Mountains rise, more Rivers flow,
And more Stars shine in my still growing Empire.
The Sun himself surveys it not at once,
But travels for the View, whilst far disjoin'd,
My Subjects live unheard of by each other;
These wrapp'd in Shades, whilst those enjoy the Light,
Their Day is various, but their King the same.

YOUNG's *Busiris*.

GREATNESS or POWER. See SCORN.

See EMPEROR and EMPIRE. See VICISSITUDE.

Could great Men thunder,
As *Jove* himself doth, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his Heav'n for Thunder:
Nothing but Thunder. Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous Bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
Than the soft Myrtle: O, but Man! proud Man!
Dress'd in a little brief Authority,
Most ignorant of what lies most assur'd,

But

But glassy Essence, like an angry Ape,
Plays such fantastic Tricks before high Heav'n,
As make the Angels weep ; who with our Spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

SHAKESPEAR's *Measure for Measure*.

We cannot weigh our Brother with ourself :
Great Men may jest with Saints ; 'tis Wit in them,
But in the Less foul Prophanation. *Ibid.*

That in the Captain's but a cholerick Word,
Which in the Soldier is flat Blasphemy. *Ibid.*

Farewel, a long Farewel to all my Greatness !
This is the State of Man : To-day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hope ; To-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him :
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,
His Greatness is a rip'ning, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys, that swim on Bladders,
This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my Depth. My high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy
Of a rude Stream that must for ever hide me.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII.*

Greatness, thou gaudy 'Torment of our Souls,
The wise Man's Fetter, and the Rage of Fools.

OTWAY's *Alcibiades*.

I now begin to loath all human Greatness ;
I'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be my Guide ;
Love, that's more worth than all the World beside.
State grows uneasy when it hinders Love,
A glorious Burden which the Wise remove.

Whom

Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love.

DRYDEN's *Aurengzebe*.

Greatness, most envied when least understood,
Thou art no real but a seeming Good ;
Sick at the Heart, thou in the Face look'st well ;
By thy exalted State we only gain
To be more wretched than the Vulgar can

SEDLEY's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

How are we banded up and down by Fate,
By so much more unhappy, as we're great !

OTWAY's *Don Carlos*.

And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

For I disdain

All Pomp when thou art by : Far be the Noise
Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another Way.
Free as the Forest Birds we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our Fathers were ;
Fly to the Arbours, Grotts, and flow'ry Meads,
And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls ;
Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,
Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields :
And when the golden Evening calls us Home,
Wing to our downy Beds, and sleep till Morn. *Ibid.*

* O ! hard Condition ours ! twin-born with
Greatness !

What infinite Heart's-ease does high Birth lose,
That the low World enjoys ! and what boast we,
Save Ceremony, which low Life has not too ?
And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony ?
What else but Place, Degree, and empty Form ?
What drink'st thou of, instead of Homage sweet,

But

But poison'd Flattery ?—O ! be sick, vain Greatness,
 And bid thy Ceremony give the Cure !
 Can'st thou when thou command'st the Beggar's Knee
 Command the Health of it ?—No, thou proud Dream !
 Laid in thy high-rais'd and majestic Bed,
 Thou sleep'st less soundly, than the wretched Slave ;
 Who with full Body, and a vacant Mind,
 Gets him to Rest, cramm'd with distressful Bread,
 Never sees horrid Night, that Child of Hell !
 But sweats in the Sun's Eye, from Rise to Set ;
 And follows so the ever-rolling Year,
 With profitable Labour to his Grave !
 And but for Ceremony such a Wretch
 Winding up Days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,
 Has greatly the Advantage of a King !

HILL's *Henry V.*

* Oh Greatness ! thou art but a flatt'ring Dream,
 A watry Bubble, lighter than the Air.

TRACY's *Periander.*

* Oh Greatness ! Bane of Virtue and of Honour,
 Sure Great and Good can never meet in one.
 Who would not rather wish in homely Cells
 Or meanest Cottages to lead his Life,
 Where dwells Content, inestimable Prize !

Ibid.

* What a Scene
 Of solemn Mockery is all human Grandeur !
 Thus worshipp'd, thus exalted by the Breath
 Of Adulation, are my Passions sooth'd ?
 My secret Pangs asswag'd ? The Peasant-hind
 Who drives his Camel o'er the burning Waste,
 With Heat and Hunger smote, knows happier Days,
 And sounder Nights than I. MALLETT's *Mussapha.*

* How happy they, beneath the humble Roof
 Who live by Nature, and by Nature love !
 Theirs is the calm, the peaceful State of Bliss ;

While

While venal Grandeur, whose accurst Abode
The pleasing God-head still abhorrent flies,
Tastes no true Joy ; and only seems to love,
Dissembling, faithless, full of secret Woes.

PATERSON's *Arminius*.

* What a Blindness

Is theirs of human Grandeur ! Give me, Gods !
A Cottage and Concealment. HILL's *Merope*.

* My little ones ! Come to your Sire's Embrace :
'Tis all he can bestow—In them behold
What human Grandeur is—The Peasants Offspring
Have some Retreat, some safe, tho' lowly Home :
But you, my Babes, you have no Habitation !

MALLET's *Afred*.

* Thrice happy they, who sleep in humble Life,
Beneath the Storm Ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The Great should have the Fame of Happiness,
The Consolation of a little Envy ;
'Tis all their Pay, for those superior Cares,
Those Pangs of Heart, their Vassals ne'er can feel.

YOUNG's *Brothers*.

GRIEF.

My Grief lies all within, 'Tis meet
And those external Manners of Laments,
Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
That swells with Silence in my tortur'd Soul :
There lies the Substance.

SHAKESPEAR's *Richard II.*

Grief has so wrought upon him,
He takes false Shadows for true Substances.

SHAKESPEAR's *Titus Andronicus*.

My Grief was at the Height before thou cam'st.
And now like *Nilus*, it disdaineth Bounds. *Ibid.*

Give

Give Sorrow Words : The Grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.

SHAKESPEAR's *Macbeth*.

'Tis not alone my inky Cloke,
Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Together with all Forms, Modes, Shews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play :
But I have that within which passes Show,
These are but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet*.

But to persevere

In obstinate Condolement, is a Course
Of impious Stubbornness : 'Tis unmanly Grief :
It shews a Will most uncorrect to Heav'n,
A Heart unfortify'd, a Mind impatient,
An Understanding simple and unschool'd.
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar Thing to Sense,
Why should we in our peevish Opposition
Take it to Heart ? Fie ! 'tis a Fault to Heav'n ;
A Fault against the Dead ; a Fault to Nature ;
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
Is Death of Fathers, and who still have cry'd,
From the first Coarse to his that died To-day,
This must be so.

Ibid.

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious Storm
Invades us to the Skin ; so 'tis to thee,
But where the greater Malady is fix't,
The lesser is scarce felt : When the Mind's free
The Body's delicate. The Tempest in my Mind,
Doth from my Senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. SHAKESPEAR's *King Lear*.

I felt

I felt no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like fest'ring Wounds, grown cold, begins to smart,
The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.

ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.

Grief, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

DRYDEN'S *Aurengzebe*.

Her stiff'ning Grief,
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Is dull to mine.

DRYDEN'S *Oedipus*.

The Sun, who with one Look surveys the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch like me : And could the World
Take a right Measure of my State within,
Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me.

DRYDEN'S *Maiden Queen*.

My Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half-shut Eyes
She peeps, and sickens at the Sight of Day.

DRYDEN'S *Rival Ladies*.

There is a Kind of mournful Eloquence
In thy dumb Grief, which shames all clam'rous Sorrow:

LEE'S *Theodosius*.

I am dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be;
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no End.

OTWAY'S *Caius Marius*.

I have been in such a dismal Place,
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers ;
Bound in with Darkness, o'erspread with Damps ;
Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
The good old King, majestick in his Bonds,
And midst his Griefs, most venerably great,
By a dim-winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours : He lay stretch'd along
Upon th' unwholsome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,

And

And ever and anon a silent Tear
 Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard :
 My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
 As early Blossoms are with Eastern Blasts.
 He sent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,
 He threw his aged Arms about my Neck,
 And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close ;
 So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
 We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

DRYDEN's *Spanish Friar*.

Oh ! nothing now can please me :
 Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
 And all the inseparable Train of Grief,
 Attend my Steps for ever.

DRYDEN's *Ambitrian*.

All Days to me henceforth are equal :
 To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
 Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
 One hated Line of more extended Woe.

CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*.

It is the Wretch's Comfort still to have
 Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe ;
 Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
 Which they, unseen, may wail, and weep, and mourn,
 And, Glutton-like, devour alone.

Ibid.

Time gives Increase to my Afflictions :
 The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes
 Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
 Come heavy loaden with th' oppressive Weight
 To me ; with me successively, they leave
 The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
 And all the Damps of Grief that did retard their
 Flight ;

They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
 Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head,
 Then fly with Joy and Swiftnefs from me.

Ibid.

Oh

Oh let us not support,
But sink each other down !
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Grief?
Thy Heart will burst ; thy Eyes look red, and start :
Give thy Soul away, and tell me thy dark Thought,
Thy second self should feel each other's Wound,
And Woe should be in equal Portions dealt. *Ibid.*

For this I mourn, and will for ever mourn ;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swell'n and wat'ry Eyes,
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

Ibid.

That eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spight,
Preys on the rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty.

ROWE'S *Ambitious Stepmother*.

His Griefs have rent my aged Heart asunder ;
Stretch'd on the damp unwholsome Earth he lies,
Nor had my Prayers or Tears the Power to move him.
Now motionless, as Death, his Eyes are fix'd,
And then anon he starts, and casts them upwards,
And, groaning, cries, I am th' Accurs'd of Heav'n.

ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*.

O take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee ;
I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear ;
And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the Stream, and weep for both,

Ibid.

No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheek,
Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes ;

But

But haggard Grief, lean-looking, fallow Care
And pining Discontent, a rueful Train
Dwell on my Brow all hideous and forlorn.

Rowe's *Jane Shore*.

Now sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
Her waning Form no longer shall incite
Envy in Woman, or Desire in Man:
She never sees the Sun, but thro' her Tears;
And wakes to sigh the live-long Nights away. *Ibid.*

Might my big swollen Heart
Vent all its Grievs, and give a Loose to Sorrow,
Marcia, could answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace
With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Addison's *Cato*.

But know, young Prince, that Valour soars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction:
These are not Ills, else they would never fall
On Heaven's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men.
The Gods in Bounty work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons and the Calms of Life. *Ibid.*

Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things:
Our Lives discolour'd with the present Woes,
May still grow bright and smile with happier Hours.
So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by Degrees the floating Mirror shines;
Reflects each Flower that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows. *Ibid.*

A Soul

A Soul exasperated in Ills, falls out,
With every Thing, its Friend, itself. *Ibid.*

What a rich Feast the canker Grief has made,
How has it suck'd the Roses of thy Cheeks!
And drank the liquid Crystal of thy Eyes.
SEWELL's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

Thou and thy Sorrows now are all at Peace,
But I have Woes, unnumbered Woes to come:
If any ask whose Eyes are forc'd to see
Unhallow'd View, a murder'd Lover's Coarse;
If any ask whose Arms expect to grasp
A dying Father in a last Embrace;
If any ask what Orphan's Tongue must charm
The Ghost of Sorrow in a widow'd Mother,
Conduct him here. In me behold that Wretch,
The Scene and Center of all human Grief. *Ibid.*

I saw her
Cast on the Ground, in mourning Weeds she lies,
Her torn and loosen'd Tresses shade her round,
Thro' which her Face, all pale as she were dead,
Gleams like a sickly Moon, too great her Grief
For Words or Tears, but ever and anon,
After a dreadful still insidious Calm,
Collecting all her Breath, long long suppress'd;
She sobs her Soul out in a lengthen'd Groan,
So sad it breaks the Heart of all that hear,
And sends her Maids in Agonies away.
YOUNG's *Bufris*.

A-while she stood
Transform'd by Grief to Marble, and appear'd
Her own pale Monument; but when she breath'd
The secret Anguish of her wounded Soul,
So moving were the Complaints, they wou'd have sooth'd
The stooping Falcon to suspend his Flight,
And spare his Morning Prey. FENTON's *Marianne*.

* O grudge me not the dear Repast of Grief !
 Grief is the only Food my Sense can bear !
 Love has resign'd its Fondness to Affliction
 Which with the same Impatience seeks its Object,
 And thus would feed its Woes with full Despair

CIBBER's *Cæsar in Ægypt.*

* Ev'n Grief becomes her !
 Grief reigns with silent Pleasure in her Face
 As if delighted to be dress'd in Beauty.

MARTYN's *Timoleon.*

* Talk not to me of Comfort, Lord ; talk to the
 Waves
 While o'er the troubled Ocean, bellowing loud
 The stormy Winds in wild Contention blow ;
 And toss the liquid Mountains to the Sky.
 Hush them to Peace, and then to me speak Comfort.

FROWDE's *Philotas.*

* 'Tis impotent to grieve for what is past
 And unavailing only to exclaim.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg.*

* Words will have Way : Or Grief, suppress'd in
 vain,
 Would burst its Passage, with th' *entrusting* Soul.

HILL's *Alxira.*

* I prithee let me grieve ! Is that deny'd me ?
 No,

I will not be debar'd the Right of Lamentation :
 O that my Wailings had the Thunder's Voice,
 That I might rive the very inmost Earth,
 Till from the hollow Womb grim Death might rise
 To give my Mis'ries their only Cure.

CIBBER's *King John.*

* O Luxury
 Of mutual Ill !—Let us enjoy the Feast !

To

To Groan re-eccho Groan, in Concert raise
Our Lamentation; and when Sorrow swells
Too big for Utterance, the silent Streams
Forbear to flow, the Voice again shall wail.

The Regicide.

* Act for me, now, and save me, Great *Alcides*!
To Power like thine, all Things are possible;
And Grief, oppress'd on Earth, finds Friends in
Heaven.

Then when the woe-press'd Heart is tir'd with Care,
And every human Prospect bids *despair*,
Break but one Gleam of *Heavenly* Comfort in,
And a new Race of Triumphs, thence, begin.

HILL's Merope.

* We know,
There oft is found an Avarice in Grief;
And the wan Eye of Sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret Hoard of *treasur'd* Woes
In pining Solitude.

MASON's Elfrida.

* Am I fair?
Am I a Princess? Love and Empire mine?
Gay gorgeous Visions dancing in my Sight!
No, here I stand a naked shipwreck'd Wretch,
Cold, trembling, pale, spent, helpless, hopeless,
mad.

Cast on a Shore as cruel as the Waves,
O'er-hung with rugged Rocks too steep to climb;
The Mountains Billows loud, come foaming in
Tremendous, and confound, ere they devour.

YOUNG's Brothers.

GROVE.

This shadowing Defart, unfrequented Wood,
I better brook than flourishing peopl'd Towns,

VOL. I.

N

Here

Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes
Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes.

SHAKESPEAR's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Dear solitary Groves, where Peace does dwell !
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence !
How willingly could I for ever stay
Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,
List'ning to the Harmony of warbling Birds,
Tun'd with the gentle Murmur of the Streams ;
Upon whose Bank, in various Livery,
The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
Their Heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly
down

See their own Beauties in the crystal Flood.

ROCHESTER's *Valentinian*.

GUILT.

Behold her guilty Looks ; for Guilt will speak,
Tho' Tongues were out of Use

SHAKESPEAR's *Othello*.

Where shall I find a Refuge ?
No barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt
So much transcending their's ; but drive me out :
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.

LEE's *Alexander*.

Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so
horrid,
As can express my Guilt. DRYDEN' *All for Love*.

My Senses blaze, my last I know is come,
My last of Hours, 'tis wondrous horrid now,
My lawless Love, and boundless Power reproach me.

LEE's *Mitbridates*.

O Power of Guilt, you fear to stand the Test,
Which Virtue brings, like Sores your Vices shake
Before this *Roman* Healer: But by the Gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the Malady,
And let the Venom flow before your Eyes.

LEE's *Theodosius*.

Let us go together,
Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched Pair, dispell'd their Paradise;
Let's find some Place, where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsome and venomous, where Poisons hang
Like Gums against the Walls, where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes; there we'll inhabit.

OTWAY's *Orphan*.

The Horror that attends on waking Guilt,
Now seizes on my Thoughts, and hurries them
Into the Wildness of a mad Despair.

SOUTHERN's *Disappointment*.

When Guilt is in its Blush of Infancy,
It trembles in a Tenderness of Shame;
And the first Eye that pierces thro' the Veil,
That hides the Secret, brings it to the Face.
But thine amazes me, and seems confirm'd
Beyond Confusion bold, and dares the Light.

SOUTHERN's *Spartan Dams*.

Why dost thou tremble when I look upon thee!
When thou would'st speak, upon thy fault'ring
Tongue
Thy Accents die. All Arguments of Guilt!
Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy Face,
And thy young Treason blushes to be seen:
The murder'd Body, at the Murd'rer's Touch,
Will bleed afresh; nor can Betrayers bear
The Sight of one betray'd, without Confusion.

LANDDOWN's *Heroic Love*.

Earth open quick, and take me to the Centre ;
 Ye Cedars, fall and crush me, to conceal me :
 But what Retreat can hide me from my Thoughts ?
 For I have seen my Shame, and that's to me
 As much as if the assembled World beheld it !

DENNIS's *Rinaldo and Armida.*

Guilt is the Source of Sorrow, 'tis the Fiend,
 Th' avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
 With Whips and Stings.

ROWE's *Fair Penitent.*

And dost thou bear me yet, thou passive Earth !
 Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous Weight ?
 And you, ye glittering heavenly Hosts of Stars,
 Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I shall blast you ;
 For I am all Contagion, Death, and Ruin,
 And Nature sickens at me.

Ibid.

Now as I pass, the crowded Way shall sound
 With hissing Scorn, and murm'ring Detestation ;
 The latest Annals shall record my Shame ;
 And when th' avenging Muse with pointed Rage
 Would sink some impious Woman down to Hell,
 She'll say, she's base, she's false, she's foul as *Phædra*.

SMITH's *Phædra and Hippolytus.*

Henceforth, let no Man trust the first false Step
 Of Guilt, it hangs upon a Precipice,
 Whose steep Descent in last Perdition ends.
 How far I'm plung'd down beyond all Thought,
 Which I this Evening fram'd ; but be it so,
 Consummate Horror, Guilt beyond a Name !
 Dare not my Soul repent ; in thee Repentance
 Were second Guilt, and thou blasphem'st just Heav'n
 By hoping Mercy. Ah, my Pains will cease,
 When Gods want Power to punish ;
 Rise never more, O Sun, let Night prevail,

Eternal

Eternal Darkness close the World's wide Scene,
And hide me from *Nicanor* and myself!

YOUNG'S *Busiris*.

Why all these Signs in Nature, why this Tumult,
To tell me I am guilty? If my Crown
The Fates demand, why let them take it back.
My Crown indeed I may resign, but oh!
Who can awake the Dead?
'Tis hence these Speeches shock my Midnight
Thoughts,

And Nature's Laws are broke to discompose me;
'Tis I that whirl these Hurricanes in Air,
And shake the Earth's Foundations with my Guilt.

Ibid.

Why do they lay me on a Couch of Thorns!
How should I rest? They bid me close my Eyes!
But thro' the Lids I see a thousand Forms;
Numberless Terrors! I shut both Ears; and yet
I hear infernal Howlings! Death and Despair
Have laid hold upon me—O miserable that I am!
Wou'd I had died as innocent as *Gloucester*!
Let me think no more: Is there no Physician
Can cure the Mind? Nothing to kill Reflection;
That I could drink Oblivion down! O when
Shall I have Rest?

PHILLIPS'S *Duke of Gloucester*.

The Noon of Night is past, and gentle Sleep,
Which friendly waits upon the labour'd Hind,
Flies from the Embraces of a Monarch's Arms;
The Mind disturb'd denies the Body Rest.
Of all the Evils that attend Mankind,
Spite of Philosophy, the worst is Death:
Or wherefore does our Nature fear it most?

STURMY'S *Love and Duty*.

* The Guilty ever are most hard to pardon :
Vice makes them stubborn, haughty, and remorseless ;
And as their Views all center in Self-Love,
Soon hate what once controuls that darling Passion.

ELIZ. HAYWOOD's *D. of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.*

* As by Degrees from long, tho' gentle Plains,
Great Floods arise, and overflow the Rains ;
So Men from little Faults to great proceed,
Guilt grows on Guilt, and Crimes do Crimes succeed.

WANDESFORD's *Fatal Love.*

* The guilty Mind
Debases the great Image that it wears,
And levels us with Brutes.

HAVARD's *Scanderbeg.*

* What a State is Guilt,
When ev'ry Thing alarms it ! like a Centinel,
Who sleeps upon his Watch, it wakes in Dread,
Ev'n at a Breath of Wind. *Ibid.*

* Late, too late I find,
Nor Faith, nor Gratitude, nor friendly : Trust,
No Force of Obligations can subsist
Between the Guilty. BROOKE's *Gustavus Vasa.*

* O what a State is Guilt——how wild ! how
wretched !
When Apprehension can form nought but Fears,
And we distrust Security herself !——

HAVARD's *Regulus.*

* Such is the Fate of Guilt to make Slaves Tools,
And then to make 'em Masters——by our Secrets.
Ibid.

* 'Tis the Fate of those who once are guilty
Never to be believ'd when innocent.

CIBBER's *King John.*

* How

* How Guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious
Breast, intimidates the Brave, degrades the Great.

S. JOHNSON'S *Irene*.

* When haughty Guilt exults with impious Joy,
Mistake shall blast, or Accident destroy ;
Weak Man with erring Rage may throw the
Dart,
But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty Heart.

Ibid.

* Jealous of Danger, Men make haste in Guilt :
Worst, to be safe, and hold no Means too wicked.

HILL'S *Mirage*.

* He who puts on Guilt, must cast off Shame.

Ibid.

* Oh conscious Guilt !

How dumb, thy Voice, unlook'd-for, strikes the
Bold.

Ibid.

* Outcasts of Virtue,

What Nation will receive us ? Whither fly ?
Where-e'er the Sun drives round the various Day,
'Tis the same Sun, that here beheld our Guilt ;
In vain the Midnight Cloud shall fall upon us,
Nor shall the Grave's eternal Darkness hide it ;
'Twill rise to future Worlds.

FRANCIS'S *Eugenia*.

* 'Tis Guilt alone,

Like Brain-sick Frenzy, in its feverish Mood,
Fills the light Air with visionary Terrors,
And shapeless Forms of Fear.

Ibid.

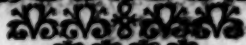
Infernal

272 *The BEAUTIES, &c.*

Infernal Guile!
How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous Shape,
Of Rage and Doubt, Suspicion and Despair,
To rend my Soul! more wretched far than they
Made wretched by my Crimes!

Barbarossa.

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